The Saturday Evening
POST
November 26, 1960 - 15¢

The Inside Story of
THE MAYO CLINIC

Adventures of the Mind:
HOW LIFE BEGAN

3034 ANGU ATL P FEB 62
MR BYRON·R DAWSON
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FOR OVER A CENTURY, MUSIC'S IMMORTALS HAVE PRAISED PIANOS BUILT BY STEINWAY & SONS

Wausau Story

Mr. Steinway (above) points out piano-making details to Anne Ference, Employers Mutuals Nurse. "A Steinway piano," he says, "is the result of many individual endeavors, coordinated into one fine product. Employers Mutuals people understand this. They work the same way." At left, Mr. Steinway and R. E. Dvorak, Employers Mutuals Resident Vice President.

by **JOHN H. STEINWAY,** *Steinway & Sons, Steinway Place, Long Island City, New York*

"Thomas A. Edison wrote to us back in 1890 to say he'd decided to purchase a Steinway grand piano because . . . 'for some reasons unknown to me it gives better results than any so far tried.'

"I'm tempted to borrow from Mr. Edison's letter in talking about Employers Mutuals of Wausau. However, in this case, the reasons *are* known to us.

"We know Employers Mutuals people are sincerely interested in helping us prevent accidents. From their visits alone, it seemed they were out to know about all of the 12,000 parts in one of our pianos . . . and about every step required during the ten months to a year it takes to build a Steinway.

"But it was in terms of safety that they watched our work and working methods. As a result, the Accident Prevention reports prepared for our management are a combination, like piano-making itself, of craftsmanship and devoted integrity.

"They continue to work in the same way . . . the 'Wausau Way'. That sums up the many reasons we know they're 'good people to do business with'."

★ ★ ★

Employers Mutuals has offices all across the country to serve you. We write all forms of Fire, Group Health and Accident, and Casualty Insurance (including Automobile). In the field of Workmen's Compensation we are one of the largest. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals Safety Director C. H. McGinnis is told that 52% of the manufacturing cost of a Steinway piano goes into workmanship. Over half of the workmen have been with the firm 25 years or more.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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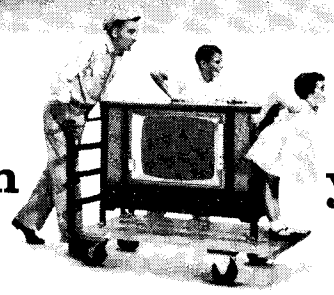

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THE COVER

Down by the station, early in the morning, we find a lady in distress—in an ornery vehicle. You've heard of the Oldsmobile and the Hupmobile? Meet the Immobile. Doubtless its battery has collapsed, too, this being a snappy, late-autumn day. "I was tempted to paint the lady's ankles blue," says our unchivalrous artist, Amos Sewell. Obviously Sewell has no intention of fixing that flat. That means we editors must resolve this dilemma; so we offer three suggestions: (1) She can sit there until the 6:33 pulls in, eleven hours hence, bearing the man of the house. (2) She can play dead (or "simply curl up and die—of embarrassment"), thus bringing the town constable on the run. (3) She can change the wheel herself, and hope that she is neither arrested nor recognized.

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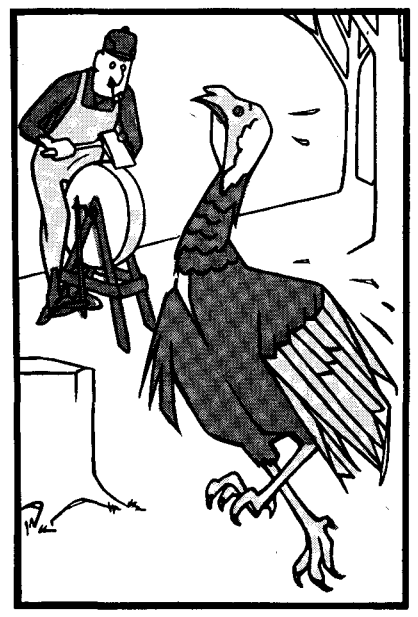

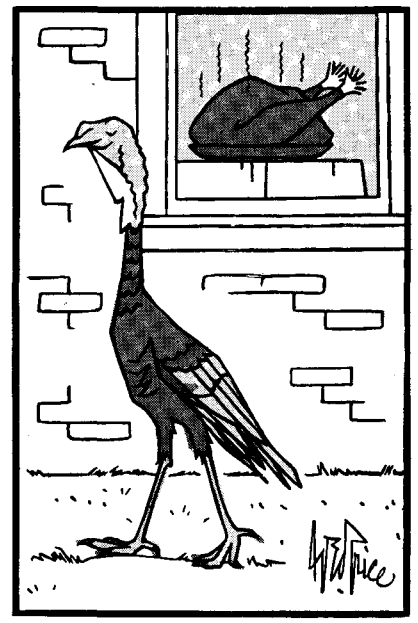

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Letters

Equality for Negroes

Dear Sirs:

[ARE NEGROES READY FOR EQUALITY? by Carl T. Rowan, Oct. 22] is indeed an objective analysis of a difficult problem. . . . No platitudes, no excuses, no apologies—just good old-fashioned common sense. We need more of this type of thinking by everyone if anything really constructive is to be done to improve the "equality" of our long-on-patience Negro citizens.

DANA A. LUND
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rowan has expressed so very well just what all of the thinking Negroes have had in mind for so long. I only wish that there could be more Negroes who would really face up to the problem. Maybe seeing this fine article in your magazine will bring them forward.

VALERIE S. ARANHA
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

An insult to 17,000,000 Negro Americans.

THE REV. A. L. ROACH
Mt. Nebo Baptist Church
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

His implication that all minority groups live under some kind of "social handicap," and therefore their crime, delinquency, illegitimacy, etc., should be discounted somewhat, would not sit well at all with my Chinese and Japanese friends. As one who works in an "international settlement," I have seen, firsthand, the enviable high moral standards maintained by the Orientals regardless of economic status.

RAY SHERRARD
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I refer to [Rowan's question], "Is it a fact that Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and other colored groups constitute the nation's major crime problem?"

He would be much more justified in calling "colored" all Virginians, North Carolinians and Georgians, for the proportion of "colored" to what we euphemistically call "white" is infinitely greater in those states than in Puerto Rico. Mexico, of course, has very few Negroes.... Perhaps Mr. Rowan is under the impression that people with dark hair and dark eyes are "colored."

R. P. MARTINEZ
Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Sirs:

The Negro already *has* political equality. By the Constitution and by Supreme Court decisions he has it, and whether he is ready, whether he deserves it, or even whether he wants it, is totally irrelevant.

IRVING S. MILLER
Bainbridge Island, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The concept of being ready might be considered relevant *if* the inalienable right of equality, though denied at birth, were granted to the many Negroes who are "ready"—those who have fulfilled, in an outstanding way, the moral and intellectual qualifications set up for the Negro by the white supremacists who cannot even hope to equal the same accomplishments. But to those who have made great contributions go the insults, and greater efforts are made to mock them. You are familiar with the taunt, "So what? You are still a nigger". . . .

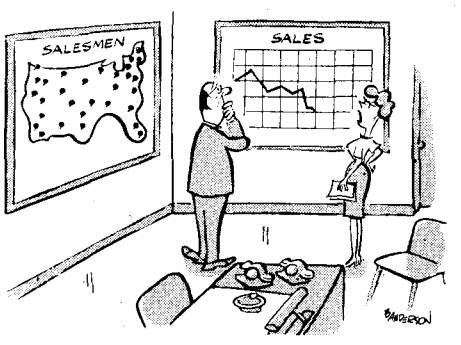
I believe that the Negro "does something" about the incidence of Negro crime, slums, etc., every time one decides that he will not become a criminal, disregarding the fact that his status in America will not change.

MARIAN HORACE GRIFFIN
Chicago, Ill.

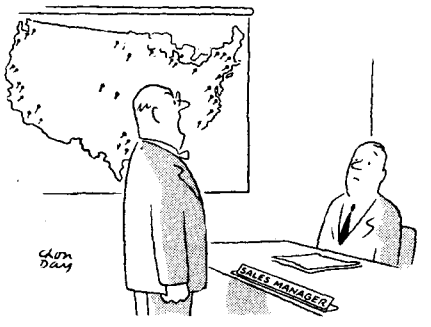
Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rowan's discerning, honest reporting pertinent to certain difficulties within the Negro race took courage, unlimited. I honor him for it.

MARJORIE D. MCMILLAN
Gainesville, Fla.



"I suggest you take the pins out of the map and stick them into your salesmen."



"My advice to you, Hawkins, is to take the pins out of the map and stick them into the salesmen."

PINNING US DOWN

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed the cartoon by [Brad] Anderson on page 91 of your Oct. 15 issue.

I enjoyed it even more several years ago [Nov. 27, 1954] by Chon Day. In fact we had it enlarged and it now hangs in our conference room.

DAVID L. HYMAN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Maybe Chon Day would like to stick a few pins into Brad Anderson.

BILL LEVINE
Toronto, Ontario

(Continued on Page 6)

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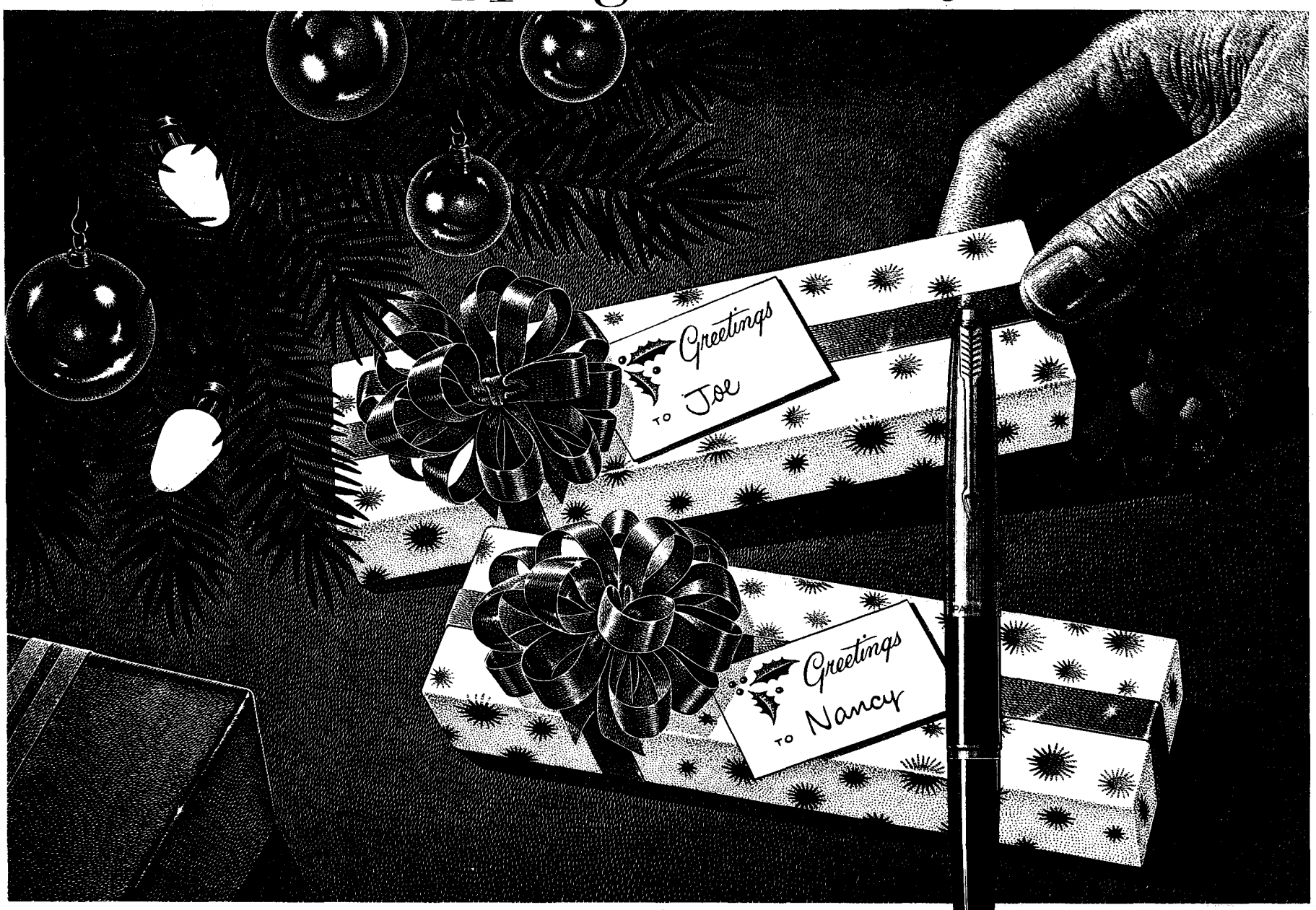
Christmas shopping made easy...



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If Parker can't conceal an honest pride in the new 45 pen, your favorite people won't either. Step up to a pen counter and pick out several.* The people who get 45's will use them to write you the nicest Christmas thank-you letters you ever received.

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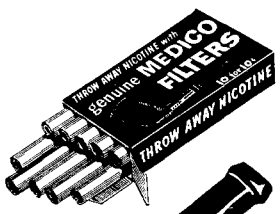

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Praise From the Founder

Dear Sirs:

In re THE FACE OF AMERICA: SMALL-FRY WORLD SERIES (Oct. 8), Harry Paxton's article SMALL BOY'S DREAM COMES TRUE [May 14, 1949] was the real beginning of the countrywide growth of Little League baseball. Your thoughtful kindness in remembering that humble beginning, which *The Post* itself brought to full meaning, was most generous.

CARL E. STOTZ
Williamsport, Pa.

● *As mentioned in the text with our photo, Mr. Stotz founded the Little League and nourished it into a thriving activity.—ED.*

Jogging Our Geographers

Dear Sirs:

It is my opinion that Ernest O. Hauser is misinformed as to the highest mountain in Europe. It is not Mt. Blanc as he claims in his article, [THE LONGEST UNDERGROUND HIGHWAY, Oct. 22]. It is Mt. Elbrus, which is located in a range of mountains that are on the Europe-Asia border.

LEO J. CONLEY
Stoneham, Mass.

● *Mt. Blanc: 15,781 ft.; Mt. Elbrus: 18,481 ft.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading your editorial in the Oct. 15 *Post* (TO UNDERSTAND OTHER NATIONS, LEARN WHERE THEY ARE!) in which you mention a survey to determine how many of your "college-graduate acquaintances" could name the provinces of France. Tut, tut! *The Post* is living in the past. An up-to-date atlas will show you that the provinces of France are no longer in existence, and the country is divided into numerous small sections known as departments.

EDWARD E. RAMSDELL
West Orange, N.J.

● *Officially the provinces were abolished during the French Revolution and administrative departments substituted. Unofficially the provinces are very much in being. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

My salute to you for your editorial. . . .

I am an exchange student from the Philippines taking practical training in horticulture here. Considering the facts that our soldiers had fought, suffered and died together in the defense of democracy, that our flags had flown together once, it is always a disappointment for me to be asked if my little country is in South America or near Hawaii.

RIZALINO T. DILAG JR.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

In reply to your statement, "A required, one-semester course in plain old-fashioned geography, either in college or high school, wouldn't hurt a bit," I'd like to cheer you by saying, "We have it." For the past fifteen years I have been teaching a one-semester course in World Geography at Omaha Central High School. It is required of all freshmen along with English I and math. By the time the students advance to World History I in the second semester of next year, they will know the exact location of the Olympic Games of 1960 as well as those of 776 B.C.

DOROTHY M. CATHERS
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

In regard to Pete Martin's statement [I CALL ON LERNER AND LOEWE, Oct. 8] that actor Robert Goulet has been seen nowhere outside of Canada, since when is Warren, Ohio, in Canada and since when is it nowhere?

Robert Goulet appeared in the Kenley Players' production of *Carousel* this last summer at the Packard Music Hall in Warren, Ohio, and was warmly received.

IRENE V. TKATCH
Poland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

We would appreciate it if you would acknowledge that Warren, Ohio, is actually "somewhere."

BARBARA LYNN AND JOAN CAIN
Warren, Ohio

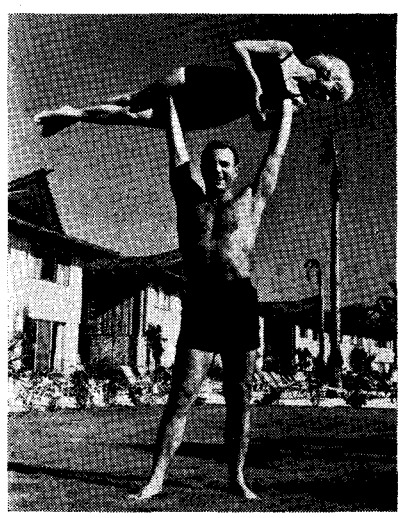
● *We hereby acknowledge it.—ED.*

"Bar Belle"

Dear Sirs:

We post articles such as THE MAN WHO SLUGGED THE MAN WHO RODE THE THUNDER [KEEPING POSTED, Oct. 15] on the bulletin board to create interest and enthusiasm for our fitness program.

Now, if we only had a bar "belle" like the one Lieutenant Colonel Rankin is



holding in your picture, we'd be sure to have a more receptive group.

JOHN ROGERS
Boys' Physical Education Dept.
Marston Junior High School
San Diego, Calif.

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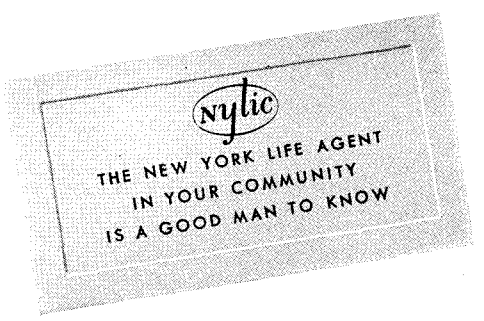
Call your New York Life Agent soon, or write: New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-60, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.)



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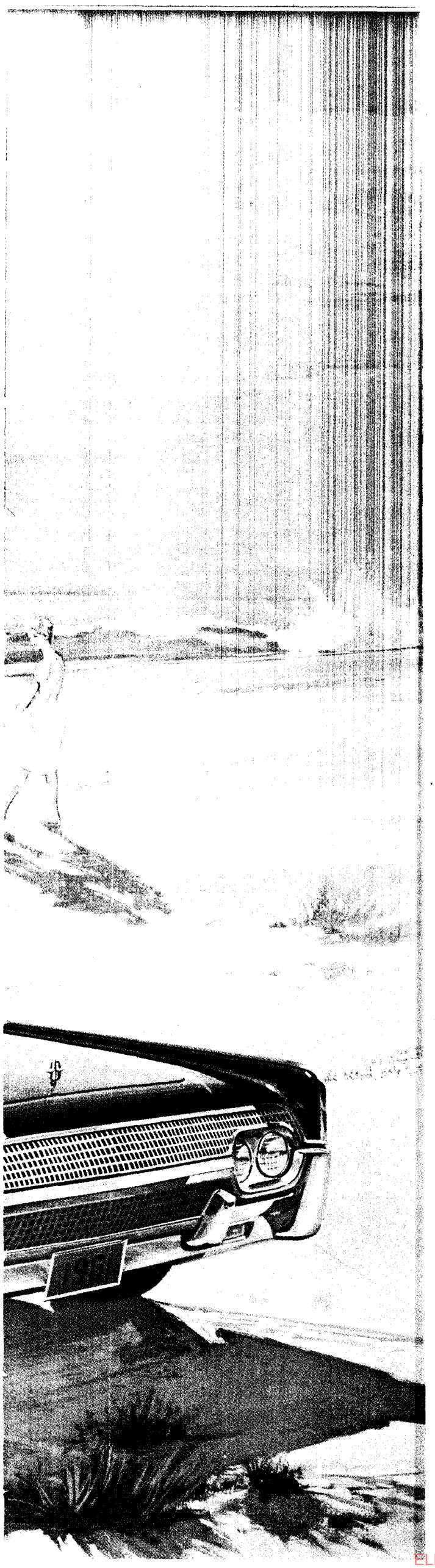

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The 1961 Lincoln Continental is built to unprecedented standards of quality and reliability—standards shared with no other car in America. In fact, tolerances on many parts are so demanding that special machine tools had to be designed and built before the parts could be manufactured.

Extraordinary reliability

A trouble-free car is the essential foundation of true motoring satisfaction. That is why every single car is given a 12-mile road test (and the inspection list has 189 check points!). Why parking brake conduits are lined with nylon so cables cannot rust and stick. Why the electric motors that operate the power windows are dipped in latex rubber to seal out moisture. Why front suspension points that formerly required lubrication every 2,000 miles now have a sealed lubrication system that needs attention only at 30,000-mile intervals. Why, in fact, we insist on several thousand extra operations that we could eliminate without any visible change in the car. All these extra operations are performed on every 1961 Lincoln Continental to make it as trouble-free as possible.

Other specific features contribute to the comfort and convenience of the 1961 Lincoln Continental: The only center-opening doors on any American automobile—counterbalanced for a wonderful new ease of entrance, and all safety-locked at a flick of the driver's finger. Seats cushioned in nearly three times the amount of foam rubber used on other luxury automobiles. And the 1961 Lincoln Continental has been so thoughtfully engineered and so carefully built that maintenance servicing, including oil changes, is necessary only at 6,000-mile intervals—just twice a year under normal driving conditions.

The merit of ideal size

Interior space is astonishing in so sleek a vehicle (front seat hip room is *virtually the same*, even though the car is narrower; the driver's leg room is increased, though the car is 14 inches shorter over-all). Equipment is so complete that power brakes, power steering, even power window lifts are *standard*. And, particularly noteworthy, the line includes America's only four-door convertible.

Enduring Continental styling

Here is the modern convenience of sensible size brilliantly set forth in the enduring beauty of a new concept of Continental styling. This classic design makes possible an authentic luxury car that is not one inch longer than it absolutely must be to convey six passengers in deep-cushioned ease and superlative smoothness.

Frankly, if you love beautiful machinery, you owe yourself an hour at the wheel of the new Lincoln Continental. For only those who have driven it can begin to know how completely it outmodes everything that has gone before it. Lincoln-Mercury Division *Ford Motor Company*

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

America's first ideally sized fine car

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Editorials

How Much Lint Picking Can Our "Prestige" Stand?

The recent election campaign bristled with "issues" which had no business being kicked around in public. The effort to expose past negotiations with the Nationalist Chinese on the details of the defense of Formosa against Communist attack was unworthy of any candidate for a major office. Similarly, the obvious desire of this country to build a fire under Castro in Cuba was not something to be kicked around in a public debate. The possibility that all this engaging frankness about delicate international issues might later embarrass the country seemed generally overlooked.

But perhaps the silliest of these diversions was the moaning and groaning about America's supposed "loss of prestige." The basis for this inferiority complex, so industriously promoted by our liberals, appears to be the success of international Communism in stirring up anti-United States mob actions in various parts of the world plus the ill-advised activity of the United States Information Service in asking bewildered foreigners how they 'thought Uncle Sam's "image" was doing. The theory is that if we had handed out more money, Uncle Sam would be universally loved and admired, although possibly broke.

One of the most realistic comments we have seen on these prestige jitters appeared in the column conducted by Paul Jones in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* Mr. Jones agrees that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," as the Declaration of Independence phrased it, is important; but he can't understand the worry over rumbles by the "rag, tag and bobtail" element here and there. As he points out, "the UN has ninety-nine members. In each of at least fifteen of the nations represented, the government can turn anti-Yankee demonstrations on and off as easily as you manipulate your garden hose. In forty or fifty others anybody with money to spend can get signs painted, hire a couple of thousand street rioters and stage an anti-American protest. . . . How can you measure the prestige of the United States in solid, enduring terms if you measure it in terms of every little scuffle among the juvenile delinquents of foreign capitals?"

The sponsorship of these outbursts, whatever regional gripes are cited to explain them, is always the same. A release by the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security shows how the Communists promoted these outrages from Bogotá to Tokyo. We had one in San Francisco, and the Communist organizer boasted in an interview that he expected to stir up similar riots in any city in which the House Committee on Un-American Activities undertook to hold hearings. Has America suffered a "loss of prestige" in San Francisco? The question answers itself.

Countries that get things done in the world aren't much concerned about being loved. The Soviet Union, which the prestige set is forever telling us has more prestige than we have, woos the uncommitted peoples with a meat ax. We, or too many of us, project an image, as Mr. Jones puts it, of Miss Columbia "walking timorously down the street, wondering, 'How do I look? Why is everybody staring at me?'" And when, as in the recent campaign, you have Presidential candidates producing statistics to show how everybody hates us, it looks like time to pull up our socks and get on with the job, letting the neighbors think what they please.

Regard for Honor Is the Best Thing a Boy Scout Learns

The nationwide wave of salutes to the Boy Scouts of America these past months in celebration of their golden anniversary is a well-deserved tribute to an organization which for five decades has been providing wholesome outlets for a boy's congenital energy. Many of the activities in the scout program are familiar to us all—the hikes, the woodcraft, the lessons in survival, the work done for wildlife preservation, the huge jamborees. But there is another phase of the program which, though not so familiar, may well be the most significant and enduring of all—the inculcation of honor as an ideal.

There have been millions of boys who, until they became scouts, had never had honor held up to them as a code, a guide to conduct. They knew, of course, that some things were said to be wrong; that there were certain things you'd better not do because someday you might have to answer for them, that others should be avoided because a cop might be watching. But what about the times when there are no cops in sight? Lots of lads—the scouts come from all social levels and all kinds of homes—had never before been taught that you are really supposed to act as your own policeman, that it is often necessary to refrain from doing something simply because it's not an honorable thing to do.

A famous prison warden was once quoted as saying that of the thousands of adult convicts who had passed through his hands he couldn't recall one who had in youth been a Boy Scout. This can be carried too far. It's difficult to believe that not one of the 30,000,000 American boys who have belonged to the scouts ever ran afoul of the law in later life. But it is not too much to say that his chance of doing so was lessened by his experience as a scout, by the emphasis put on fair play, respect for proper authority and the other prerequisites for decent citizenship.

Even the most relentless skeptic must admit this much about the hundreds of millions of boy-hours spent with den mothers and scoutmasters: These hours were not devoted to tossing rocks through the windows of passing trains, prowling the streets in gangs or stealing hubcaps. This fact alone has made the Boy Scout movement one of America's most effective—as well as oldest—forces against juvenile delinquency. As for the stress laid on a sense of personal honor, no one can measure the consequences. But if the teaching lingers with only a fraction of the millions of boys exposed to it, the Boy Scout movement must be credited with having prevented a powerful lot of adult delinquency too!

It Takes a Lot of Law to Protect a Babbling Brook

A long-range development of our water resources will be required to meet constantly increasing usage. However, several who testified before the Senate Select Committee on National Water Resources sounded a cautionary note. Certain streams should be left unchanged. Their natural scenic and recreational values, it was held, are worth more than anything that might be gained by their development for power, irrigation, water supply or other uses.

The Department of the Interior joined in recommending this exemption, and it deserves support. These unspoiled streams, most of them small, represent something that is becoming rare. With their clean, free-flowing water, tumbling over rocky stream beds or lazing along in woods-shaded pools, they recall some of the beauty of the America that was. Their values are intangible. They are measurable only in terms of the human heart and spirit.

Two things are necessary if we are to preserve these values. One is to get public support. The other is some sort of rational classification of our rivers and lesser streams according to actual utility. One such classification has been suggested by Dr. John J. Craighead of Montana State University and is receiving strong support in Montana. It would divide streams into four groups—wild, semiwild, semideveloped and the developed and harnessed rivers. In the wild and semiwild classes the streams and their watersheds are either wholly or largely in virgin condition, and scenic and recreational values would be given precedence in plans involving them. Such streams are now confined mostly to the Mountain States. But other areas contain streams with qualities worth preserving.

Wisconsin is doing something about the problem with a program to maintain its good fishing streams in as natural a condition as possible. The Province of Ontario in Canada has set up land- and water-use designations, which include wilderness areas and lakes and rivers that are not to be developed, but are to retain their natural qualities.

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What did the explorer miss most in the polar vastness?

IMAGINE—if you can—a world in which you'd never hear a single familiar sound.

An explorer of the Antarctic once lived alone for weeks in this kind of silence. And later he wrote that he missed nothing so much as the voices of friends, the songs of birds—and countless other sounds that we hear daily.

Sound plays a great part in our lives—a fact to which millions of Americans with imperfect hearing will testify. If your hearing is good now, how can you *keep* it that way? Equally important, what can you do to protect your children's hearing?

Fortunately, most symptoms of ear trouble in adults are easily recognized. They include straining to hear low-pitched conversations, feelings of fullness or congestion, ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears. Any one of these symptoms should be investigated by your physician.

It's more difficult to tell when a child's hearing is affected. But there are signs that should alert parents to trouble. Inattention, a tendency to shyness, a desire to be alone and inability to pronounce words properly—all these may indicate a hearing difficulty.

Should any of these signs appear, a child's hearing should be tested. Moreover, it's advisable to have a child's ears examined after measles, chicken pox, mumps, whooping cough, swollen adenoids and a sore throat from any cause—even though there are no symptoms of ear trouble.

Ear infections are no longer the serious problem they once were—thanks to the antibiotic drugs. When given promptly, these drugs usually bring rapid cure. And surgery is of great benefit to many people in middle and later life afflicted with chronic progressive deafness.

Modern hearing aids are also a boon to many people—young and old. Simple and easy to operate—and hardly noticeable when worn—these aids are often helpful to the hard-of-hearing in their work and social activities.

Those who are hard of hearing are in great need of patience and understanding. Without it they are likely to feel the loneliness of the Antarctic explorer. Speaking slowly and distinctly is a great help. Fingers should be kept away from the lips since many deafened people unconsciously depend on some lip reading.

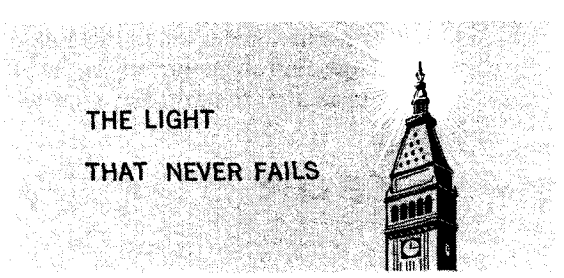
Your best protection against ear troubles at all ages lies in regular tests of your hearing and prompt treatment at the first sign of any difficulty in hearing. If these safeguards are followed, medical science can do much to maintain good hearing and prevent deafness.

Metropolitan Life

INSURANCE COMPANY©

A MUTUAL COMPANY

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



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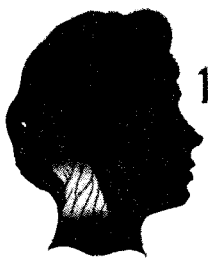
WHAT DO DOCTORS DO FOR TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients in ANACIN® for headache pain

BETTER THAN ASPIRIN OR ASPIRIN WITH BUFFERING

How Tension Headaches Start



1. Tension

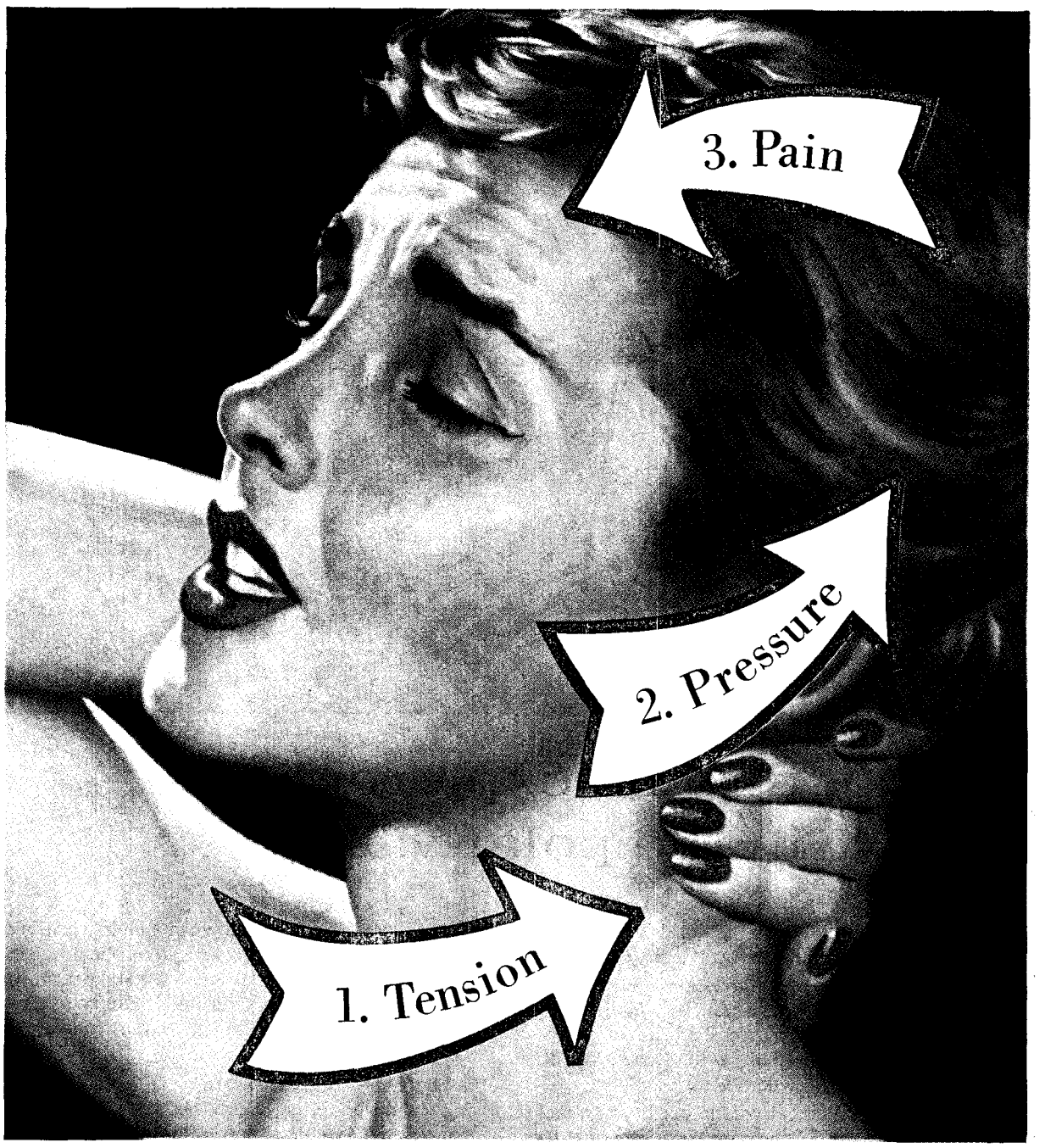
Nervous tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles.

2. Pressure

Tension puts painful pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels in the head.

3. Pain

Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (not found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.



ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

When *you* suffer pain from headache, neuritis or neuralgia, why not take what most doctors recommend—the ingredients in Anacin! Here is *why* Anacin gives more complete pain-relief. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever. They have *no* special medication to relax your nervous tension. Anacin contains *a number* of medically proven ingredients, including *special medication* that not only relieves pain incredibly fast, but also relaxes tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. In this way Anacin assures a better 'total' effect in relieving pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

FOR *FAST--FAST--FAST* RELIEF

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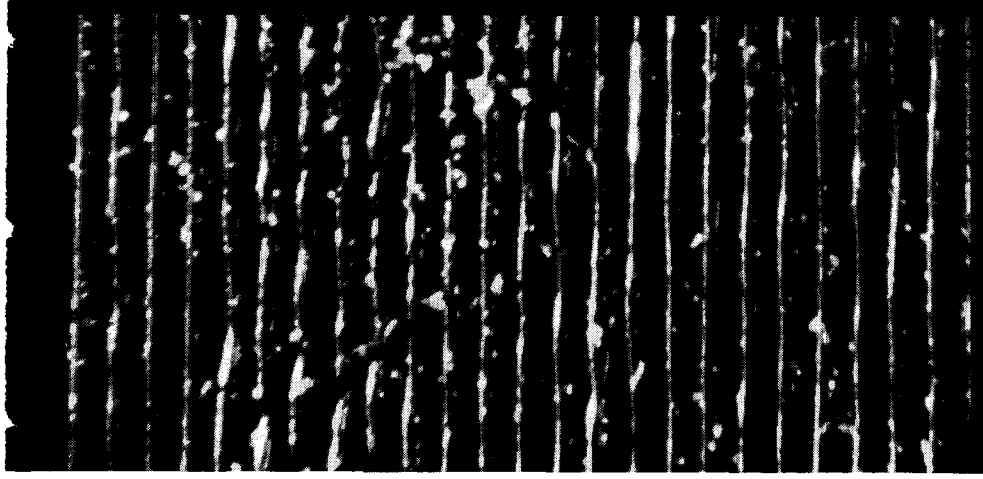
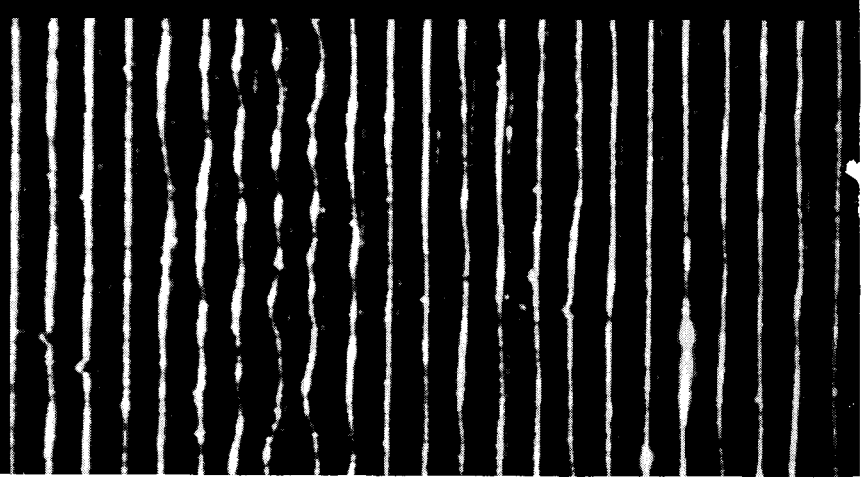
New, from General Electric! Stereo with Resonance

The Only Stereo that vacuum-cleans your records as they play!

Microphotograph of dusty record grooves before cleaning



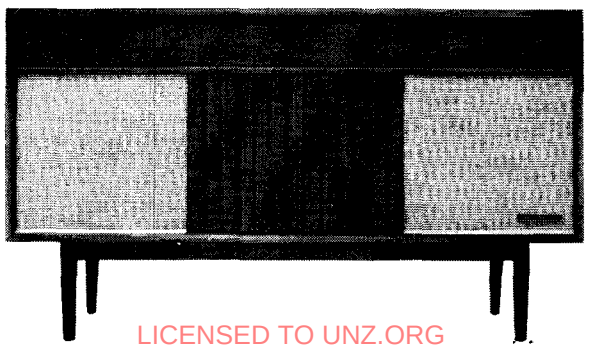
Microphotograph of grooves cleaned by the "Vacu-Magic" Sweeper



Dust produces surface noise. Up to now there wasn't much you could do about it. But *now* General Electric *has* done something about it! The "Vacu-Magic" Cleaner, a tiny vacuum cleaner mounted in the tone arm, draws up dust as your records play *before* the stylus can touch it. The photo above shows a heavily dusted record half cleaned with Vacu-Magic. The microphotos show you the record grooves themselves before and after cleaning with "Vacu-Magic." Obviously, the dust-free grooves will give the cleanest sound.

Clean, distortion-free sound is more important than ever with General Electric's new, exciting Resonance feature. For now recorded music takes on such depth, movement, vibrance that, for the first time, it doesn't *sound* recorded. This is true of every record you own, stereo or non-stereo.

Come in, listen to this exciting new sound. You'll find a full line of rich hardwood consoles in hand-rubbed walnut, mahogany, cherry and maple. Furniture as beautiful as the sound itself.



RESONANT STEREO

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Section · General Electric Company · Decatur, Illinois

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INSIDE ACCUTRON ON YOUR WRIST: A wholly new timekeeping principle . . . it's a microsonic timepiece with accuracy that only the space age could bring.

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THIS IS ACCUTRON†

First instrument of the space age you can wear and use!
First microsonic timepiece...It doesn't even tick. *It hums!*
First timepiece ever *guaranteed accurate on your wrist!*

This instrument—the heart of a timing mechanism in a U. S. satellite—is now available as a timepiece you wear on your wrist. It is so accurate it carries a guarantee never before possible in the history of timekeeping. ACCUTRON is *guaranteed* 99.9977% accurate . . . not under laboratory conditions . . . *but in actual use.*

Developed after 8 years of research, ACCUTRON is guaranteed for one full year not to gain or lose more than two seconds a day *on your wrist.* Based on expert opinion of conventional fine-watch performance, ACCUTRON *is 10 times more accurate.*

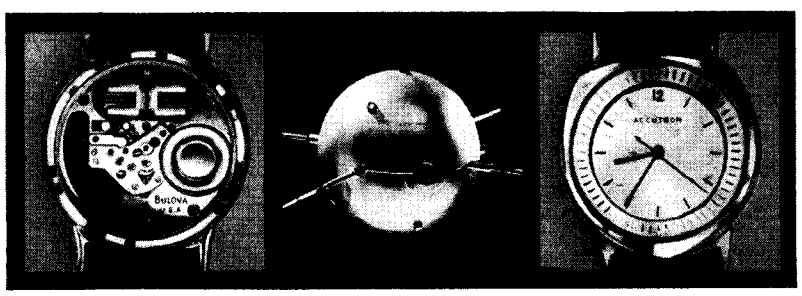
The new ACCUTRON timepiece is more dependable, too. Built to withstand the shock of a rocket launching, it has fewer moving parts (12 as compared to 29 in a self-winding watch), so it will require far less service than conventional watches, and it *never* needs winding.

The secret of its microsonic accuracy? A high-precision tuning fork takes the place of the springs, balance wheel, and many other moving parts. (No conventional or electric watch operates without a balance wheel.) Oscillating 360 times per second, this tuning fork produces a low hum, quieter and totally different from the tick-tock of the usual watch. This is the new sound of accuracy.

The single tiny power cell in ACCUTRON lasts over a year . . . costs only $1.50 . . . and you replace it as easily as a lighter flint.

Each ACCUTRON timepiece is an exquisitely fashioned piece of jewelry. Priced from $175 to $2500*, they will be sold only at authorized Bulova jewelers. Remember—the same scientific knowledge and skill that have made ACCUTRON the world's most advanced personal timepiece . . . make every Bulova a finer watch.

Look for this symbol of your authorized Bulova ACCUTRON *jeweler.*



ACCUTRON...*world's new standard of accuracy*

†Bulova Trademark. ©1960 Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan *Plus F. E. T.

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Three amplifier stereo has 5 speakers *plus* one additional speaker for Motorola's thrilling new Vibrasonic System. FM/AM radio, optional. Cabinet of Cherrywood grained finish on genuine hardwood veneers. Model SK51.

Three amplifier console contains 6 speakers, including one speaker for Vibrasonic. FM/AM radio, optional. Cabinet of Mahogany, Walnut or Blond grained finishes on genuine hardwood veneers. Model SK49.

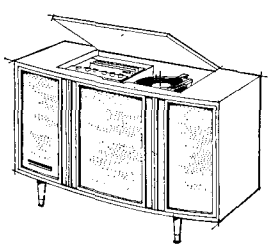
New Motorola Stereo Hi-Fi has the *difference you can hear!*

THE SECRET OF SUPERIOR SOUND: 3 separate push-pull amplifiers (not just 2); 3 separate speaker systems (not just 2).

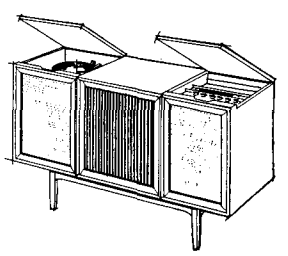
The difference is in the Motorola system. It's the only stereo with Golden Duplitron, first ceramic cartridge to achieve faithful reproduction of all the real high fidelity sounds. And only Motorola has the Golden Audio Separator. This electronic advance channels all stereo-producing high and mid-range notes, plus the sensitive overtones of the bass, through the left and right amplifiers and speaker systems. The low, non-directional, non-stereo bass notes are channeled through the *third* amplifier and speaker system.

Result: Bass never limits the stereo effect, or muddies the quality of the music. And you *hear* the difference: Unmatched tonal purity . . . increased stereo effect . . . absolute positioning of instruments . . . plus a vigorous new bass.

New Vibrasonic System creates new stereo realism by introducing the rich reverberation of the concert hall to the living room. Motorola's exclusive Vibrasonic System has its own separate power amplifier and speaker to provide this stirring effect even at *lowest* volume. We invite you to listen to—and compare—Motorola® Stereo Hi-Fi.



Model SK47. Handsome bow-front cabinet in Mahogany, Blond or Walnut grained finishes on genuine hardwood veneers.



Model SK52. *Declaration* by Drexel. Cabinet has all exposed solids and veneers made of genuine Walnut.

CHOSEN BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER STEREO HI-FI

MOTOROLA

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

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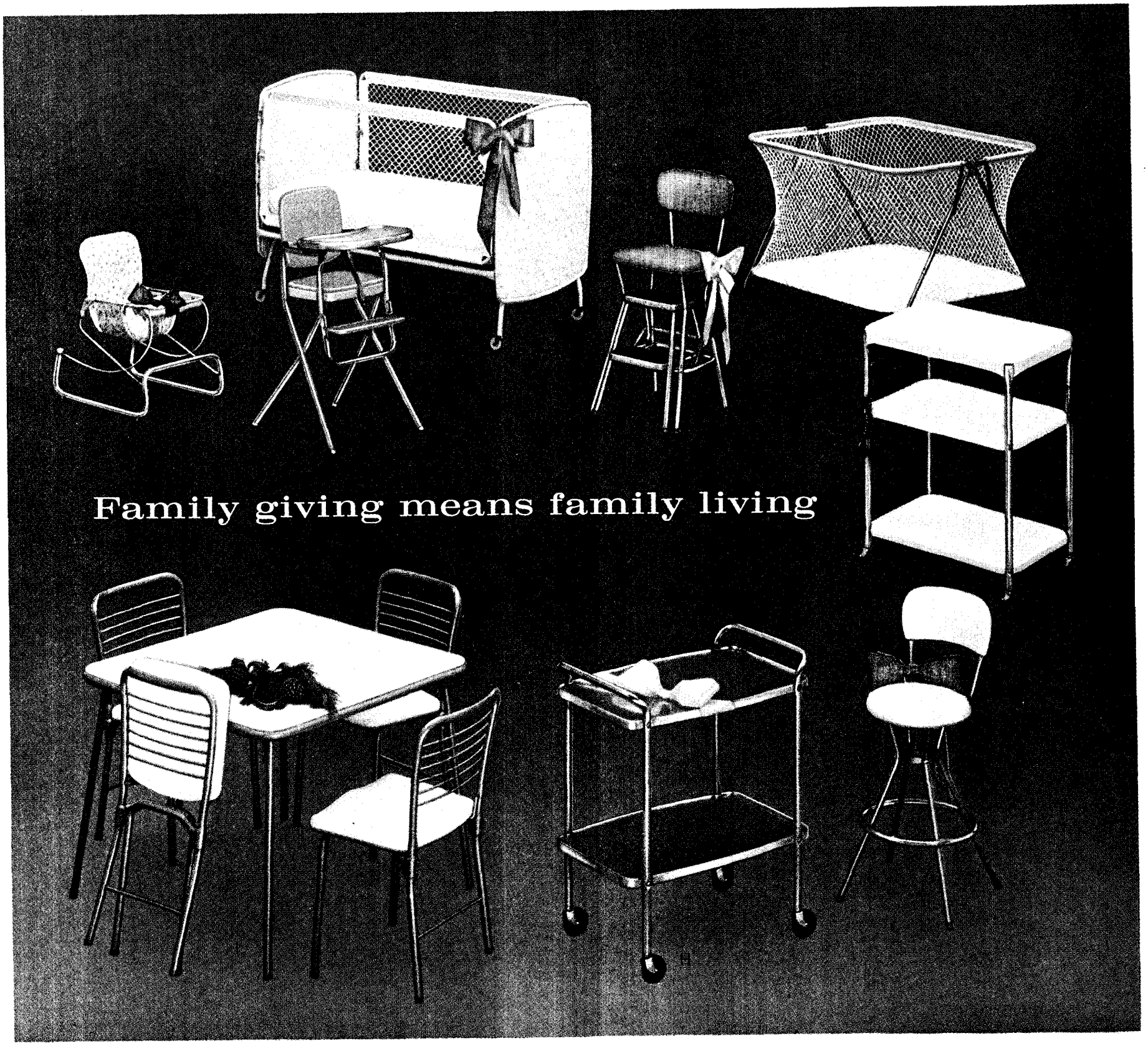

-and that's where comes in!

Perfect presents . . . at your favorite furniture, hardware or department store. **A.** Springy baby jumper $8.95*. **B.** Folding high chair $17.95*. **C.** Nylon-on-steel crib $39.95*. **D.** Stool with swingaway steps $14.95*. **E.** Nylon-on-steel play pen $24.95*. **F.** Electric-outlet utility table $10.95*. **G.** Hourglass counter stool $13.95*. **H.** "Walnut and brass" serving cart $19.95*. **I.** Upholstered card table $14.95*. Folding ladder back chairs $8.95* each.

HAMILTON COSCO, INC. • COLUMBUS, INDIANA

*Price in fair trade states. Slightly higher in The Far West.

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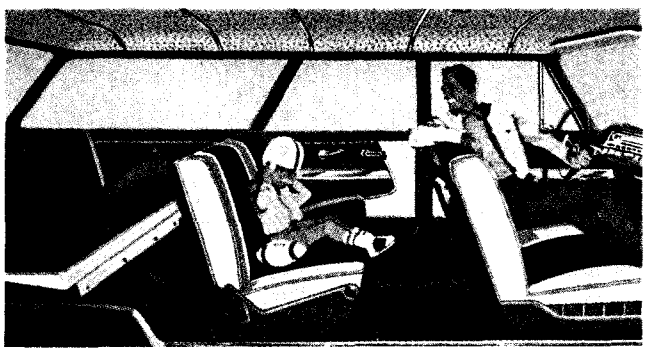
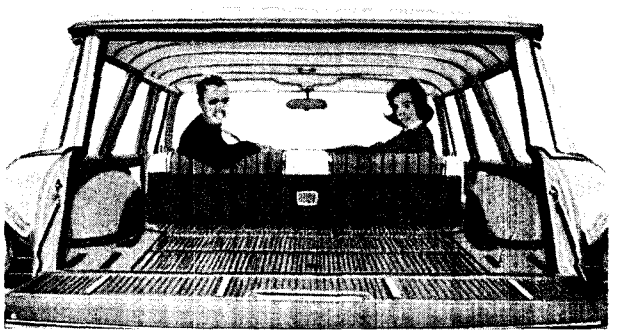
Power-operated rear window now standard on all '61 Ford 9-passenger wagons and the 6-passenger Country Squire! So handy for loading small items!



All seats face forward. In 9-passenger Ford wagons, everybody rides facing front the way people like to ride! Seat backs flatten flush with the floor for cargo carrying.



Built big for big cargo! And you get a wider rear opening...low loading level...flush tailgate...all make loading and unloading easier for '61.

Beautifully proportioned to the CLASSIC FORD LOOK

New, for 1961—Ford's famous Country Squire is available in both 6- and 9-passenger models.

BEAUTIFULLY BUILT TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF

Beautifully built to do more for you, too, with new seven-inch-wider tailgate, new roll-down rear window and a whole wagonful of built-for-people comfort features no other wagon can match.

A station wagon buyer's guide for '61 would have to put the new Ford Wagon at the top of its list. No other wagon delivers so much, in such style, and at such a favorable price.

In the first place, you choose from America's most complete line . . . 6 new models . . . from Country Squire, the Thunderbird of station wagons, to the low priced Ranch Wagon. And there's other important news. Just turning the wheel is 25% easier when parking. New rear springing and wide-tread design give you a smoother ride.

What else is new in the world's most popular wagons? Well, here's a wagon that lubricates itself . . . cleans its own oil . . . adjusts its own brakes . . . guards its own body . . . takes care of its own finish. In short, a wagon beautifully built to take care of itself!

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF
. . . THE FIRST 1961 CAR THAT DEALERS HAVE WARRANTED FOR 12,000 MILES OR ONE FULL YEAR

Lubricates itself—You'll normally go 30,000 miles without a chassis lubrication.

Cleans its own oil—You'll go 4,000 miles between oil changes with Ford's Full-Flow oil filter.

Adjusts its own brakes—New truck-size brakes adjust themselves automatically.

Guards its own muffler—Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized—normally will last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

Protects its own body—All vital underbody parts are specially processed to resist rust and corrosion, even to galvanizing the body panels beneath the doors.

Takes care of its own finish—New Diamond Lustre Finish never needs wax.

Extended Warranty—Ford Dealers were the first to extend their warranty on the '61 cars for 12,000 miles or *one full year*, whichever comes first. Ask your dealer for details. FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

An honor to be proud of, this is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per l'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

'61 FORD STATION WAGONS

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Marvelous Mayos

The absorbing story of the Mayo Clinic, which started as the country practice of two inspired brothers and grew into the world's most famous haven for the sick.

By VICTOR COHN

PART ONE

A sick and unhappy patient, facing her surgeon at the Mayo Clinic not long ago, was momentarily frightened when he gave his verdict: "You need an operation immediately."

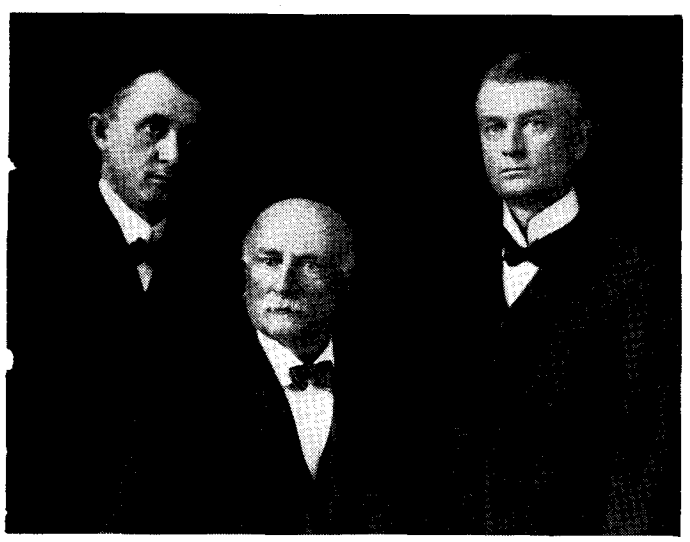
"But I'll be all alone," she said.

He tapped her gently on the hand. "No, you won't," he said. "I'll be with you."

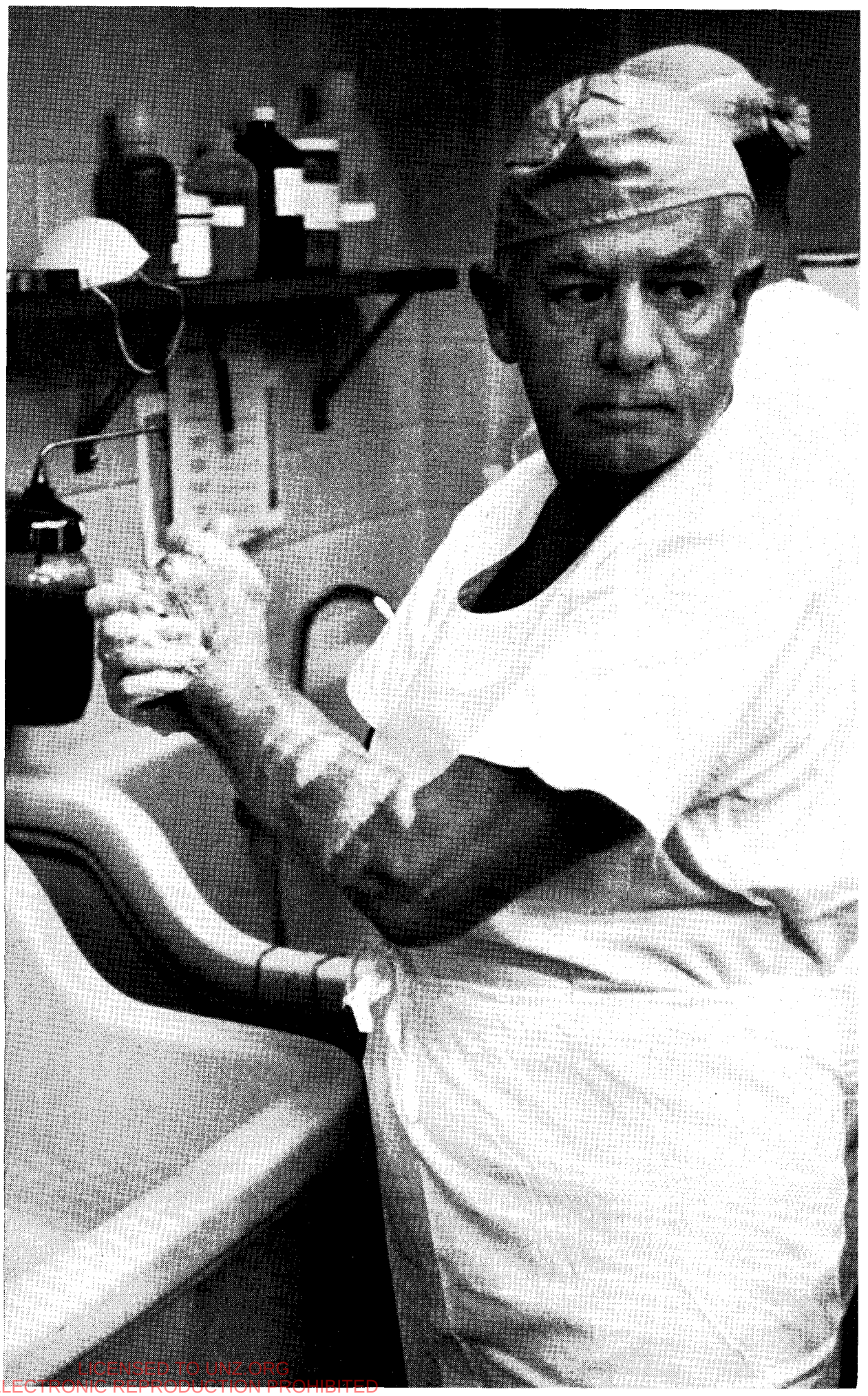
She was comforted by his warm sympathy, and the knowledge that her doctor was an outstanding one, at a place where outstanding doctors are the No. 1 stock in trade. His name is Dr. Charles W. Mayo.

Doctor Mayo is, of course, a Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, a trim man with white hair, the good looks of a movie surgeon, and a smile that breaks like a sunrise. He is a son of Charles Mayo—"Doctor Charlie"—one of the two brothers who made the Mayo Clinic famous. A streak of family tragedies left him the only medical Mayo of his generation.

"There have been many times in my life," he says, "when I wished my name were Joe Doakes." Doakes or Mayo, he long ago made the grade. He helped point the way to more successful, gentler surgery on the cancer-prone loops of human intestine. He edits a leading medical journal: *Postgraduate Medicine*. As an alternate United States delegate in 1953, he made one of the most striking presentations in United Nations history when he accused the Red Chinese of brain-washing American fliers captured in the Korean War.



Above: Dr. William Worrall Mayo (center) started the family tradition of scientific doctoring in the 1800's. His sons, Doctor Charlie (left) and Doctor Will *went on to found the Mayo Clinic.* At *right* is Dr. Charles (Chuck) Mayo, Doctor Charlie's son and the present head of the famous clan.



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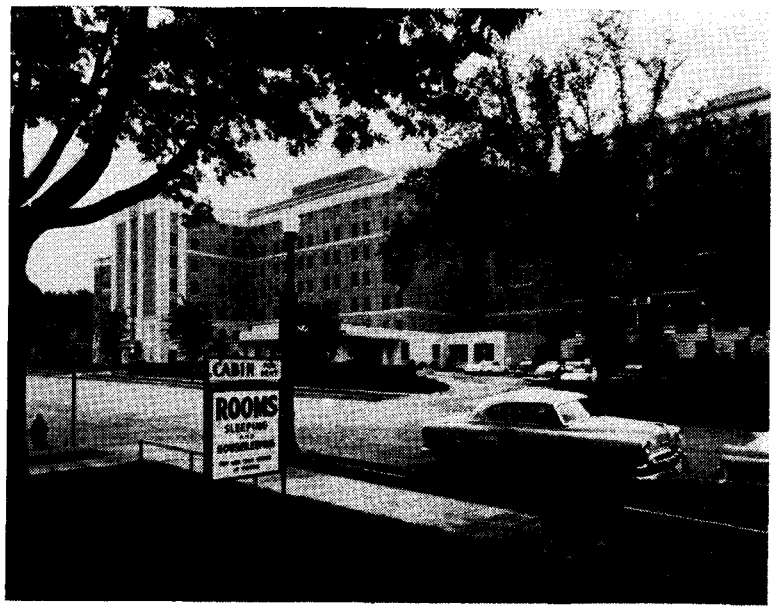
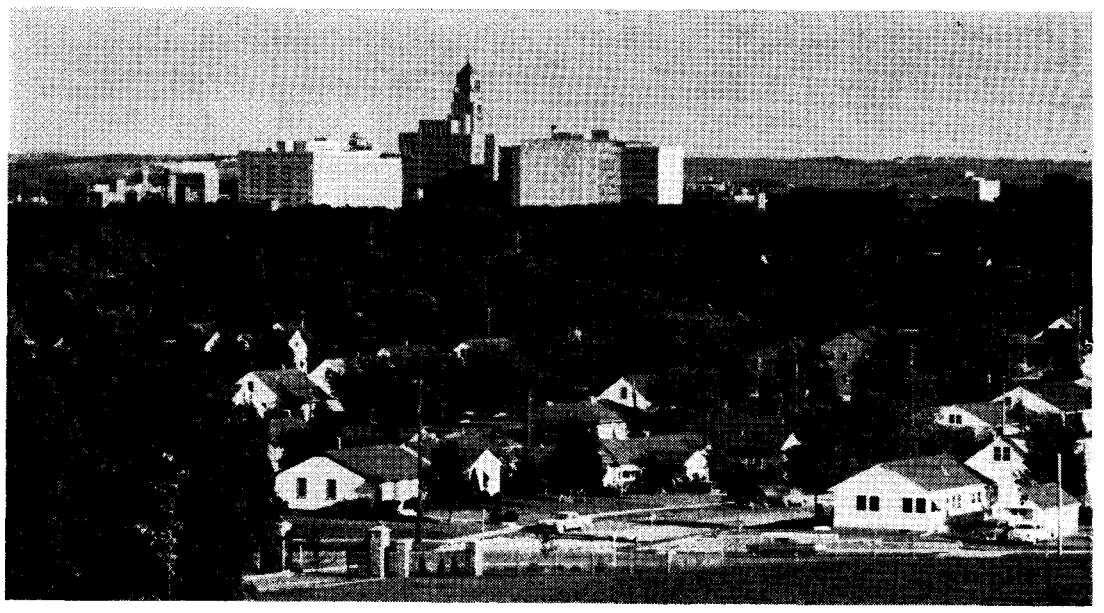


Patients who need hospital care are sent to nearby St. Mary's, largest privately operated hospital in the world.



The Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research made Rochester, Minn., a mecca for the sick from the world over. The town's population is 40,000; last year, over 150,000 people visited the clinic.

He made himself spokesman for the United Nations throughout the Midwest. Riding a brocaded elephant, he represented President Eisenhower at the coronation of the king of strategically located Nepal. Then, at Doctor Mayo's suggestion, King Mahendra and his queen visited the United States last spring and made a special visit to Rochester and the Mayo home.

But most of all Charles Mayo is known as a warmhearted doctor in a day when doctors are widely accused of becoming coldly impersonal. Hundreds of patients call him "Chuck."

"Maybe they start by calling me 'Doctor Mayo,'" he says, "but it doesn't last."

Chuck Mayo's career and the fullest flowering of the Mayo Clinic have coincided. In 1939, when death summoned the great Mayo brothers, Will and Charlie, many people predicted that the clinic would "dry up." The Mayo brothers had originated private group medicine—that is, teamwork by a voluntary association of medical specialists—but many people expected that their deaths would slow down the march of patients to Rochester. Instead they have come in greater numbers almost every year: paupers and millionaires, politicians and desert sheiks, South Americans, Oklahomans, New Yorkers. The clinic has stretched into a set of new aluminum-and-marble buildings. Described by President Eisenhower as "the Mayo Miracle," it registered more than 166,000 patients last year, compared with 85,000 in 1939. It is more than ever the world's biggest private practice and the world's largest graduate training center for medical specialists. The clinic does not own or operate a hospital. If diagnosis indicates a need for surgery or hospital care, Mayo Clinic patients are cared for by clinic doctors at nearby St. Mary's Hospital or Rochester Methodist.

Executives from 165 corporations, such as Ford, General Motors and Inland Steel, make Mayo Clinic examinations an annual ritual. The place has more than 900 doctors and, in the words of medical visitors, "specialties within specialties within specialties." Mayo-inspired and Mayo-trained doctors have started group practices all over the world. The American Medical Association now lists 1000 groups with 11,000 members, double the numbers of 1950. The famed Lahey Clinic in Boston, the Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans and all the rest began with the example of this Minnesota clinic built on a onetime cornfield.

"Europe's medical centers were built around teaching," a medical scholar points out. "The first great American centers were built around teaching and research. The Mayos built their clinic—and teaching and research—around the patient."

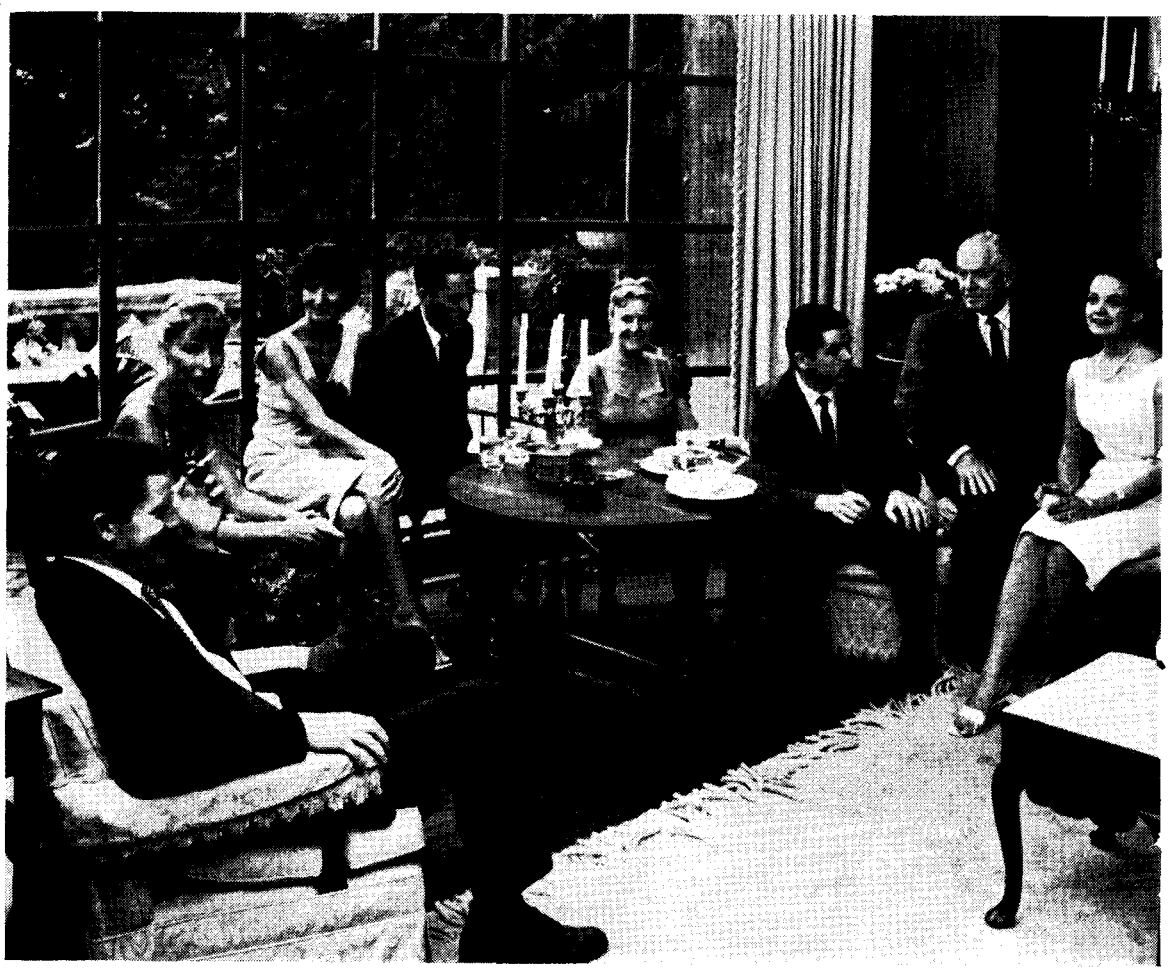
Why the Mayos? Why in this cornfield?

Over the desk of today's Doctor Mayo is an old, framed prescription, headed, DR. W. W. MAYO—OFFICE OVER POOLE'S DRUG STORE. It is a prescription for a tonic: "Black cherry bark, prickly ash, angelica root, bloodroot, sulphur and brandy—use ½ wine glass."

"Grandfather started all this," says Doctor Mayo.

Born in England in a day of guess-and-pray doctors, William Worrall Mayo was a mighty little man who believed in scientific doctoring. In his little frontier office he used a crude microscope. At a bedside he boiled urine in a teaspoon, and tested for sugar and albumin.

His boys, Will and Charlie, had to sweep his office before school, look after his horses and learn to put on casts and bandages. They peeked through the door at kitchen-table operations, and soon found themselves heating instruments in the fireplace. Once W.W.



The Charles Mayos with three of their sons and daughters-in-law at Mayowood, the family's 30-room mansion. From left are Joseph, 26; Mrs. Charles Mayo II; Mrs. Edward Mayo; Edward, 29; Mrs. Mayo; Dr. Charles Mayo II, the latest Mayo doctor to join the clinic staff; the senior Doctor Mayo and Mrs. Joseph Mayo.

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The constantly expanding facilities of the clinic include almost every variety of medical equipment. Here staff members demonstrate preparations for neurosurgery. A sixteen-channel electroencephalographic machine (at right, next to "patient") guides the surgeon by recording electrical impulses within the patient's brain.

was removing a huge ovarian tumor—a daring operation then—when a doctor giving the anesthetic fainted. W.W. kicked a cracker box toward the table and told Charlie, "You stand on this and give the anesthetic." The family story places Charlie's age at ten; he may have been eighteen. Years later Will Mayo said, "We were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming."

In 1883—Will was just out of medical school, Charlie was in high school—a tornado hit Rochester. Their father asked some Catholic teaching sisters for help. In 1889 these Sisters of St. Francis started a permanent hospital. Other Protestant doctors refused to work with the "papist" nuns. Later they used the hospital to dump their dying patients. So the sisters ruled that all patients had to be seen by the Mayos. This made the Protestant Mayos the pioneer hospital's exclusive staff, a key factor in the growth of their practice.

Dr. W. W. Mayo was seventy when this St. Mary's Hospital opened, but his boys were now ready to practice. They were young, though. W.W. had to send Will out four times to a sick but stubborn farmer before the man would accept him as a doctor. Charlie, after medical college, wore whiskers for a while, to appear older. (Continued on Page 44)

As a United Nations alternate delegate in 1953, Dr. Charles Mayo (left) gave a stirring analysis of the brain-washing techniques of the Chinese Communists. Though still active in UN affairs, he refuses to enter politics.

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One glance could tell you she was a girl with... *MONEY ON HER MIND*

By WILLARD TEMPLE

"I am loaded," Betty Loomis said to herself in the privacy of her bedroom at nine A.M. "I am filthy rich."

She was small, had green eyes, and was wearing a shorty nightie which made her look like a teen-ager. She glanced at the photograph, on the bureau, of her husband, strong-jawed, clear-eyed, black-haired.

"I need you like a hole in the head," she said, and dreamily contemplated the double bed which a Peeping Tom might have thought at first look to be covered with a green spread. A second glance would have shown him that the bedspread was actually pink taffeta covered with money, with small bills and a sprinkling of silver.

"I bet there's five hundred, maybe six hundred dollars there," Betty said, "and, George, you can get lost. I earned every penny. These are my service stripes after ten years of marriage."

The telephone shrilled, and Betty picked it up and heard the voice of her good friend and neighbor, who wanted to sip coffee and discuss Spock, husbands, budgets, and the like.

"Not today," Betty said loftily. Nothing must dispel her mood; this morning she was not a simple little *Hausfrau* type.

She hung up abruptly and thought back to her honeymoon, ten years in the past, when George, good old George, had said to her firmly, because he was an aggressive executive type and inclined to dominate his wife, "I am giving you a household allowance. You must learn to handle money. I don't want any accounting of it; it's your department. If you have anything left over, don't give it back. It's yours."

The first week, being an old-school wife who took her duties seriously, she had actually attempted to return to her husband a dollar and sixty cents, expecting some commendation or at least a small pat on the head for her thrift.

George refused to take it. "We made an agreement," he said and laughed at her, and overnight Betty became a squirrel. Each week when there was money left over she hid it in nooks and crannies about the house, in discarded purses in the bottom bureau drawer, in a box containing a packet of old love letters, in a broken piggy bank abandoned by her children. She had money stashed all over the house, and occasionally she looked longingly at a hat or a dress and told herself, no, she didn't really need it.

Now she needed it. She had loved George, she told herself; she had idolized him, been all things to him, mistress, mother of his children, housekeeper, nurse, and now, at thirty, after ten years, what was she? A member of his staff, occupying a convenient niche as did his secretary and his junior partner. He had put her neatly into a compartment. And that very morning, up early, hair and nails fixed, she had lovingly cooked breakfast and then sat opposite him to see the top of his head above the newspaper, to hear him grunt good-by and depart.

The phone rang again. There was an emergency meeting of the P.T.A. board concerning a rummage sale.

"I'm not sure I'm really a P.T.A. type," Betty said vaguely, and left the phone off the hook.

"Maybe seven hundred dollars," she said, starry-eyed, looking like an angelic miser, and began counting.

The kitchen dishes remained on the breakfast-alcove table. The milkman, the cleaner, the garbage man came and went, and she saw them not. She counted the money three times, unable to believe her calculations.

The total spread over the bed came to twelve hundred and seventeen dollars and thirty-eight cents. She had a moment of panic. Suppose the house had burned down; all that lovely money, and she hadn't an inkling it came to that much. Ten years and a little more, better than five hundred weeks of being a squirrel.

Paris, she thought. She could see herself on the Rue de la Paix, George sending frantic cables pleading with her to come home, George mending children's (Continued on Page 75)

As Brethwaite slipped off Betty's stole, George quivered as though an arrow had just caught him between his shoulder blades.

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

How Life

By EARL A. EVANS Jr.

About the Author

Earl A. Evans Jr., chairman of the biochemistry department at the University of Chicago, has for the past fourteen years engaged in research on virus growth. The ideas on the origin of life which he considers here are an outgrowth of this work. Professor Evans was educated at Johns Hopkins and Columbia. In 1942 he won the Eli Lilly medal of the American Chemical Society for the early use of a radioactive isotope in biological experiments. After wartime work on malaria, he served as chief scientific officer to the United States Embassy in London. His current interest, the chemical approach to virus research, he finds "fascinating because of its difficulties and implications."

At the recent Darwin Centennial celebrating the publication, in 1859, of the *Origin of the Species*, ten experimental scientists of various interests and backgrounds discussed the origin of life. They included Darwin's grandson, Sir Charles Galton Darwin, a physicist; two geneticists; a neurophysiologist; a general physiologist; an astronomer; two biochemists; and a microbiologist, G. F. Gause of the Institute of Antibiotics, Moscow, the only Russian present. The panel, sitting around a table covered with red cloth in the Gothic gloom of the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall, talked for three hours. To the audience the discussion was in part instructive, at times amusing, now and then trivial. One participant napped quietly when the talk moved beyond his interests. At the end a reporter asked the panelists what they thought of a prediction, made by one of the biochemists, Hans Gaffron of the University of Chicago, that life would be synthesized in the test tube within the next thousand years. They all agreed with Gaffron. Indeed one of the geneticists, Hermann Muller of Indiana University, asserted that such a synthesis had already been accomplished.

The panelists were not only unanimous, but all of them also reflected the general belief among contemporary biologists that life originated from nonliving matter. Specifically this means that during some earlier period in the history of our planet the inanimate materials of the earth's cooling surface spontaneously interacted to form a series of increasingly complex systems, and that these systems culminated in a primitive type of living organism. The transition from nonliving to living was gradual; once it had occurred, the further development of living creatures followed the ramifications of the evolutionary process described by Darwin. However, it is the beginning that concerns us here, and what we can say of the conditions and mechanisms of chemical evolution.

The study of fossils shows the presence of primitive life some 1,000,000,000 years ago. The earth itself was then five times as

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Began

Biochemistry traces the probable process by which the inanimate ingredients of the primeval "soup" combined to form the first living organism.

old. As for the written records of human life, they cover only about 6000 years. The precision of these figures is less important to our study than their relative dimension—timespans so vast that they are hard to conceive. The transition from the first primitive cell to the nerve cells in the human cerebrum required only a fourth of the time nature took to form life from nonlife. The proudest human pedigree in the Almanach de Gotha can be traced back no more than 100 generations, whereas a complete record would list more than 50,000,000 generations. Thus nature had ample time for the endless experimentation she required to create life. Like Darwinian evolution, the process of chemical evolution involved chance variation followed by selection and survival of forms able to exist in the environment of the moment.

The dependence of life on a suitable environment corresponds to our own experience in that we can survive only if our surroundings are neither too hot nor too cold, neither too wet nor too dry. However, an environment suitable for the survival of an advanced form of life, as we know it today, is not necessarily suitable for the transition from nonlife to life, a process that may still be going on. Our inability to observe this may be due to lack of sufficiently subtle methods. A more likely explanation derives from the drastic changes that have occurred in the earth's environment since life began—changes caused partly by living organisms.

Regarding the origin of the universe and of our earth, geochemists believe that the gradual cooling of the earth's original hot mass produced a thin crust of solid material supporting the warm waters of the primeval oceans. The chemical composition of this outer crust and its gaseous atmosphere differed enormously from our atmosphere today. The principal constituents of the primitive atmosphere were hydrogen, ammonia and methane—gases now present only in small amounts—and water. The most notable difference was the absence of free oxygen, without which the higher forms of life cannot exist. Solar ultraviolet rays act upon oxygen to form a peripheral layer of ozone which shields the surface of the earth from deadly ultraviolet radiation. Only with this protection, only after enough oxygen had accumulated to supply a source of the ozone layer that now exists some twenty miles above the earth's surface, could life move from the ocean to the land, and evolve to higher forms. All the evidence indicates that life originated in the absence of oxygen and that the addition of oxygen to our atmosphere was brought about by photosynthesizing organisms.

In the primitive world then, the oxygen-free atmosphere of the planet was exposed to the full force of the light and heat energy of the sun. In our world the ultimate source of energy for living things is that part of the visible light that can be absorbed by the photosynthetic apparatus of plants. But this mechanism evolved only after life itself, so that we are concerned with the effects upon the primitive atmosphere of such forms of energy as ultraviolet light, the electrical discharges that occurred in atmospheric storms, cosmic radiation from outer space and the radioactivity of the components of the earth's crust.

During the last ten years scientists have imitated in the laboratory these once-prevailing conditions. For example, at the University of Chicago the chemists Stanley Miller and Harold Urey exposed a mixture of hydrogen, methane, ammonia and water to the continuing action of an electrical discharge. The results were remarkable: some thirty-five or more organic, carbon-containing molecules, which are the smallest portions of a substance that retain their chemical identity, formed in quantities sufficient to be chemically separated and identified. It seems highly significant that these compounds are known to be the precursors of the typical molecules of living organisms, that is, substances from which life builds its characteristic fabric and organization. The organic chemist can put together in the laboratory many of the *CONTINUED ON PAGE 53*

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To salvage the abandoned lumber Gallup had to outthink a thief.

MR. GALLUP AND THE CLAIM JUMPERS

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Under the enormous black dome of the arctic night, swept clear by a late-winter gale, the old British tramp ship *Jaipur Prince*, bound from Kobe for Vancouver, steamed close under the Aleutians, her plunging bow scooping up tons of icy brine which exploded in spouting fury over the bridge upon which Mr. Belial Gallup, the elderly third mate, was standing his eight-to-midnight watch.

And when, soaked and shivering, he ducked behind the weather-dodger, he was racked by such painful coughing that he did not notice when his friend, young Mr. Sharp the second mate, appeared on the bridge to relieve him.

"You're barking like a dying walrus, Mr. Gallup," said Mr. Sharp. Then, noticing the other's sodden condition and the strain in his reddened eyes, he added quickly, "Better get out of that wet gear and into your bunk, chum."

"Bless ye, young sir, I've had many wuss colds than this," Mr. Gallup gasped. "Any case, there's Nero to be fed and made cozy afore I turn in."

"Oh-oh," said Mr. Sharp. "Look, my friend—just for tonight why can't you forget Nero? He'll be O.K."

"Forgit Nero, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Gallup reproachfully. "Arter I've nussed him all the way from Kobe and fed him naught but the choicest of galley scraps to keep him fat and healthy till I turn ——"

"I know," said Mr. Sharp, humorously resigned. "Till you get home and turn him over to your sprats in Truro."

"That's right, sir," exulted Mr. Gallup. "The old man did promise me a leave to wisit me fambly when we got to Bosting."

"Well, watch that cough or you'll never make it."

Another avalanche of water came roaring over the bridge, and Mr. Gallup dodged quickly into the chartroom to enter up the log; after which, with a saucer of galley scraps, he went below to his cabin.

This tiny cubbyhole was cramped and cluttered. But to Mr. Gallup it was perfect, since jobs are scarce for elderly third mates with families, and poverty is a strong promoter of tolerance. And as he now entered, it seemed particularly homey for, over the thud of the seas and the water hammer in the steam pipe, he heard a bright, brave stridulation, suggestive of tranquil grainfields or lush meadows under a summer sun.

"Now then, Nero, don't go ascoldin' me," reproved Mr. Gallup fondly. "I come off watch as soon as I could." And, bending over his settee, he carefully raised a corner of a blanket. Beneath it, snug and warm, was a Japanese field cricket in a willow cage, into which he inserted the galley scraps and added some bread crumbs dampened with sweetened water. "There now. There's yer midnight snack," he croaked. "And arter you've et it, ye can fiddle to yer heart's content."

Hanging his wet clothes near the steam pipe and donning a much-mended flannel nightshirt, Mr. Gallup mumbled his nightly prayers, switched off the light and instantly fell asleep.

Some hours later he snapped awake and sat up, instinctively aware of a change in the ship's routine. Then he recognized it. "We're alterin' course. Due nor'ard too," he whispered. "I wonder wot for?"

Too tired to bother and conscious of his aching head and raw throat, he was reaching for the water carafe when feet pounded along the alleyway, followed by a banging on his door and the Finnish bosun's voice.

"Mr. Gallup, sir. Captain Sloan vants yeu on bridge at vonce!"

Mr. Gallup in seconds was struggling back into his still-damp clothes. Then he jammed on his old hard hat and shambled rapidly out and up to the bridge.

Although past six in the morning, it was still dark. The sea had moderated, but a stiff cold wind still blew, cutting through Mr. Gallup's brine-stiffened clothing as he approached the peppery-tempered little captain who stood with Mr. Sharp and the burly chief officer, Wilcox, in a corner of the bridge.

"Sorry to get you out, Gallup," the shipmaster said abruptly. "Especially since Mr. Sharp said you were in bad shape earlier. But there's a vessel gone ashore on Nakachak Island. She got an SOS off just before she struck, and the United States Coast Guard relayed it to all shipping. We were the nearest, so ——"

"Passenger or cargo, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup quickly.

"Fishing trawler. Crew of seven." Captain Sloan stared out over the black, tumbling seas. Then he resumed. "If there's survivors, they'll have to be taken off the beach. That means our whaleboat—and probably getting through some pretty bad surf. And since you've had some experience ——"

"Grand Banks in me youth, sir," croaked Mr. Gallup promptly, "and three year in the Ivory Coast trade. And handlin' a steerin' oar in that surf," he chuckled, "needs the strength of a nelephant an' the touch of a nangel! Furdermore ——"

"Yes, yes—but are you well enough? You sound like a leaky boiler tube."

"Slight clog in me pipes is all, sir," wheezed Mr. Gallup. "And now I'll check the boat and pick me crew."

As the hours passed, the faint gray arctic daylight crept part way up the sky. Then, shortly before noon, Nakachak Island loomed ahead, a dreary jumble of bare volcanic reefs against which giant combers exploded like gunfire while, beyond, rose low black snow-powdered hills. Captain Sloan, who had been examining the island through binoculars, turned to the mate. (Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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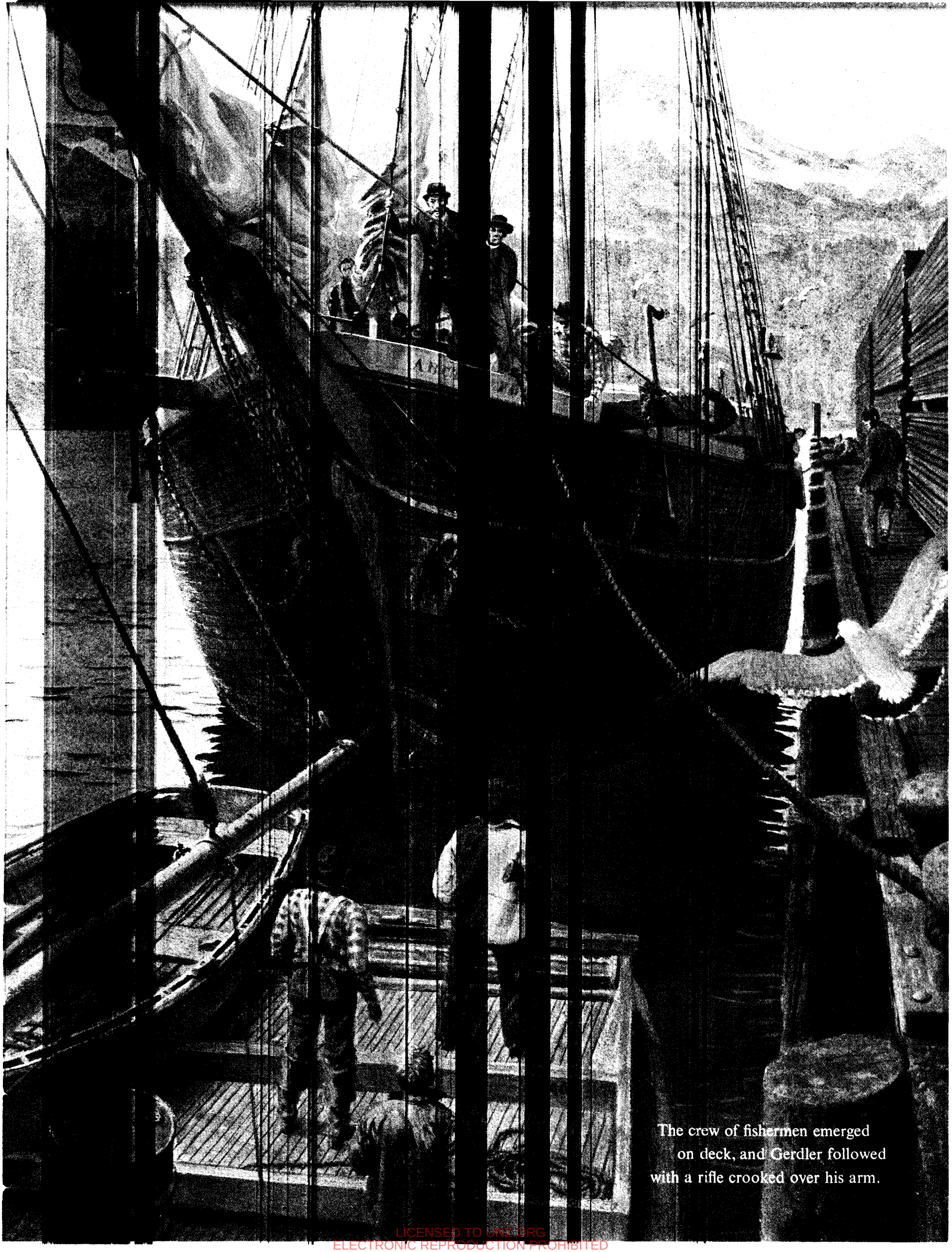

The crew of fishermen emerged on deck, and Gerdler followed with a rifle crooked over his arm.

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The Face of AMERICA

Tom's Last Stand

These broad-breasted turkeys, here marking time on the Lone Pine Turkey Ranch near Santa Rosa, California, are seventeen-week-old toms who by this week are on their way to market because they have reached the age of twenty-four weeks. Each tom, having eaten four pounds of food pellets for every pound it has added, weighs twenty-six pounds and dresses out to about twenty-two. Twenty-week-old, fifteen-pound hens enter the oven at an eating weight of about twelve pounds. So much for turkey talk. Now let's talk turkey. A turkey, as even the youngest *Post* reader knows, isn't merely a bird; a turkey is a brown mound of steaming, aromatic succulence surrounded by boiled onions, mashed potatoes, hot gravy, boiled turnips, celery stalks and olives, cranberry sauce, lithe string beans and a ring of eager faces. To achieve this result we favor a well-greased paper bag, tightly tied with the turkey inside, a 400-degree oven, ten minutes to the pound and. . . . More dressing, anybody?

• Photograph by Hal Roth

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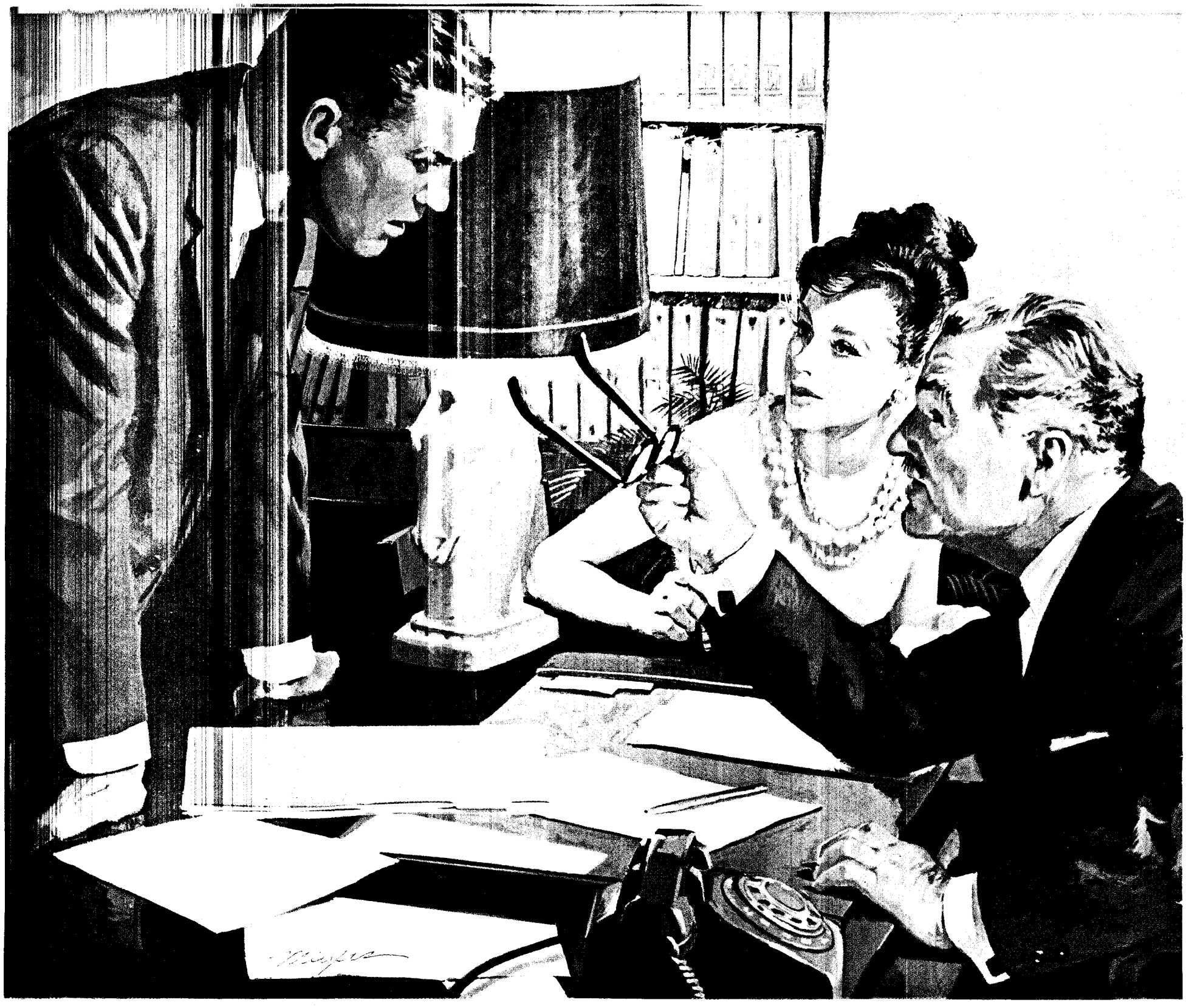

"Who's responsible?" her father demanded.

Evidence of Theft

By N. J. CRISP

If he told her who was guilty, she would hate him forever.

Frank Lang spent the afternoon pushing furniture around. His own office, at least, ought to look as if he had some clients. But there was only so much you could do with one desk, one filing cabinet, one swivel chair, one armchair, two cupboards, and a carpet.

He had picked up the lot of them at an auction sale, watching carefully for modern pieces which combined a reasonable condition with the suggestion of a busy life. The merciless light from the large, north-facing window of his office revealed that there were certain defects he had overlooked.

At five o'clock he felt that if there were any better ideas, he didn't know of them. The desk was slanted so that the scarring of one corner didn't show much. The armchair had its back to the window, and the faded seat was hardly noticeable.

His own swivel chair was fairly secure as long as he didn't lean back too hard. The cupboards stood side by side, mutually concealing their scratches. The ragged end of the carpet was safely hidden under the desk.

The filing cabinet, Frank Lang decided, was the showpiece, and he placed it so that it was the first thing a visitor would see on opening the door. Silver gray in color, it was smooth, unmarked and shining, a fitting object for even a busy accountant to refer to.

He went into the other office, temporarily christened the junk room, later to be reception, and fetched the (Continued on Page 84)

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The author (center) jumping away from a deflected pass in the third quarter of the Navy-Notre Dame game four weeks ago.

WE CALL THE PENALTIES

By JIM HENRY
President, Eastern Association of Intercollegiate Football Officials, as told to Harry Paxton

A veteran football official reveals how he and his colleagues make sure the game is played on the up-and-up.

In an important college game I worked several years ago there was a crucial fourth-down pass play on which the receiver went out of bounds. The question was whether he had originally caught the ball in bounds. The official covering the play ruled that the receiver had both feet planted inside the boundary at the time of the catch. The team with the ball drove on from there to the deciding touchdown.

The losers were pretty bitter. Leaving the stadium after the game, I happened to encounter their head coach. "That sure was a lousy call on that side-line pass," he snapped.

"What was wrong with it?" I asked.

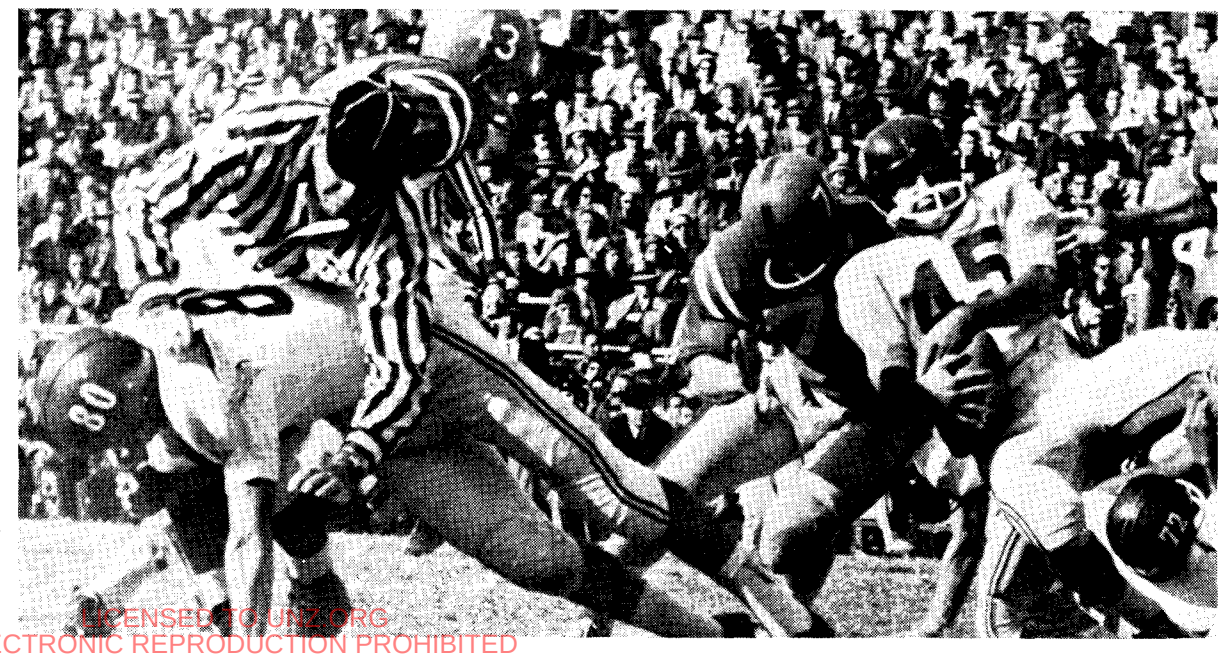
"Why, the man had one foot inside the line and one foot outside the line when he caught the ball. It was obvious."

Naturally I defended my colleague's decision. A minute or so after I had finished talking to the head coach, along came an assistant coach who had watched the game from a spotter's booth at the top of the stadium. He also sounded off about the pass play, and again I asked what was wrong.

"Why, the man had both feet in the air when he made the catch and he landed completely out of bounds."

So it sometimes goes in football officiating. Both the head coach on the bench and the assistant coach in the spotter's booth were convinced that my colleague had called the play wrong, and yet they didn't even agree about it among themselves. For my part, I'll take the judgment of the man who was right on top of the play and viewing it through unprejudiced eyes.

The mere fact that he was in the right position to make the (Continued on Page 69)



Occupational hazard: An official suffers from a case of mistaken identity in the 1959 Arkansas-University of Mississippi game.

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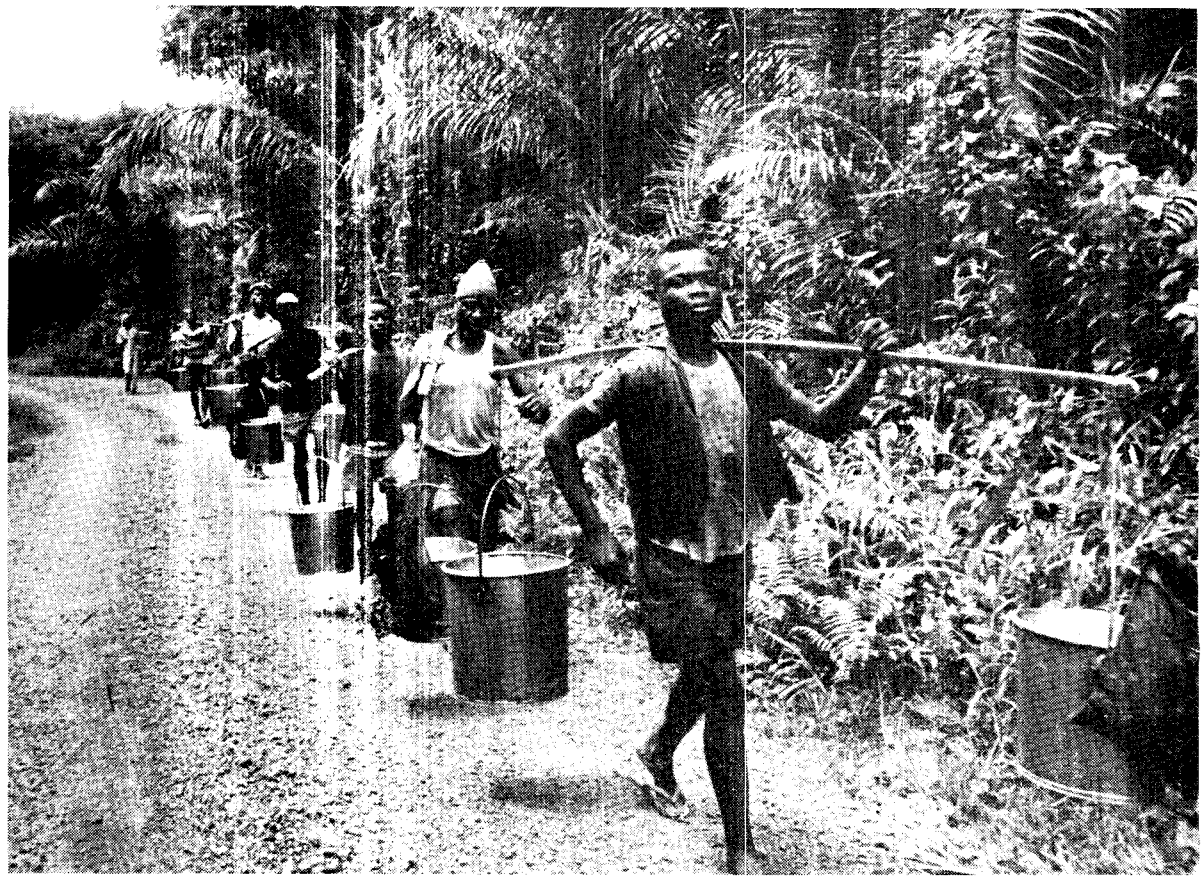
By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Africa's Peaceable Oasis



These latex "tappers" work for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Liberia's largest employer. Tappers earn about 45 cents a day and are provided with rent-free houses, schooling and medical care by the company.

Why tiny Liberia thrives and progresses while the rest of the continent smolders in discontent.

MONROVIA.

While its neighbors in the Congo see their dreams of independence threatening to dissolve in bloody chaos, an African country that has governed itself for 113 years today is peacefully developing its resources in partnership with foreign enterprise. And this lucky country's sovereignty is decidedly unimpaired.

Here in Liberia, on Firestone's great plantation at Harbel, the working day begins at dawn. Long before the sky in the east begins to pale, iron gongs, struck by hammers, send a peal of sound shivering through the 10,000,000 rubber trees which blanket 90,000 acres of gently rolling hills. In a dozen clean-swept villages, in little brick, tile-roofed houses whose doors and windows are tightly shut against the evil spirits that prowl by night, 13,000 lean, hard-muscled black men hear the gongs and rise from rough mattresses stuffed with grass and vine leaves. Kerosene lanterns begin to glow around the standpipes where the drowsy men gather to wash; and on the hard-packed clay floor of the houses, their women, bare above the waist, build little fires of twigs to cut the chill of the black, misty morning.

Then in twos and threes and clusters of a dozen or more—for the tribal African does not like to walk alone in the dark—they move with a jerky heel-and-toe stride toward the mustering grounds. There, dressed in the ragged T shirt and shorts that are the working uniform of the rubber tapper, they sit close-huddled on rough log benches while the headmen hold inspection.

To a watching stranger they all look alike—narrow-hipped, slim-legged men, with thick-muscled arms and shoulders, subtly varying in color from deep chocolate to sooty black. The Firestone "planters," though—the young American and European foresters and agriculturists who boss the plantation's thirty-seven tapping divisions—know them as men of many different tribes: Bassa and Kru, Mano, K'pelle and Vai, Buzi and Gola and Grebo, and many more. Not many years ago in the deep forests of the still-wild hinterland their fathers fought one another in fierce tribal wars, and the losers ended up in the cooking pots. Here on

A tapper's family peeling palm nuts, one of the staples in the Liberians' low-protein diet. The girls at left made up their faces with rice powder for this picture.

A company-supported school: Firestone, at a cost of $160,000 annually, provides education through the eighth grade. Advanced scholarships go to brightest pupils.

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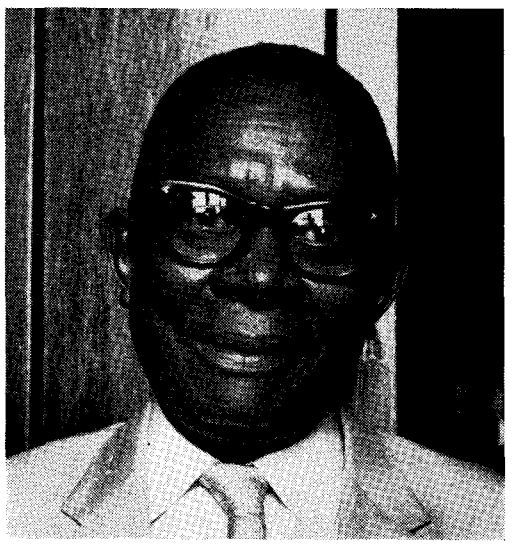
the plantation, though, they live and work in harmony, and the differences between them are far less important than one great talent which they all possess—the ability to use a tapping knife with a surgeon's skill.

The rubber tree is a tender plant. The white milk, called latex, from which rubber is made, flows from a thin layer of tiny cells that lies between the bark and the cambium layer which protects the inner wood. The tapper's eye must be accurate and his hand steady, for each day he must trim off exactly one-sixteenth of an inch of bark, cutting to within a millimeter—slightly more than the thickness of a sheet of paper—of the cambium layer. If he cuts too shallow, the latex does not flow. If he cuts too deep the tree is scarred and permanently crippled. At every tree he collects the "cup lump," the latex that has dripped into the plastic cup since the previous day's collection. He peels off and saves the "tree lace," the thin strip of coagulated latex that has formed in the wound made the day before. He makes the new wound and drops the strip of bark into his *ganga* bag, the rough canvas sack that hangs from his shoulder, for the bark also contains a minute quantity of latex.

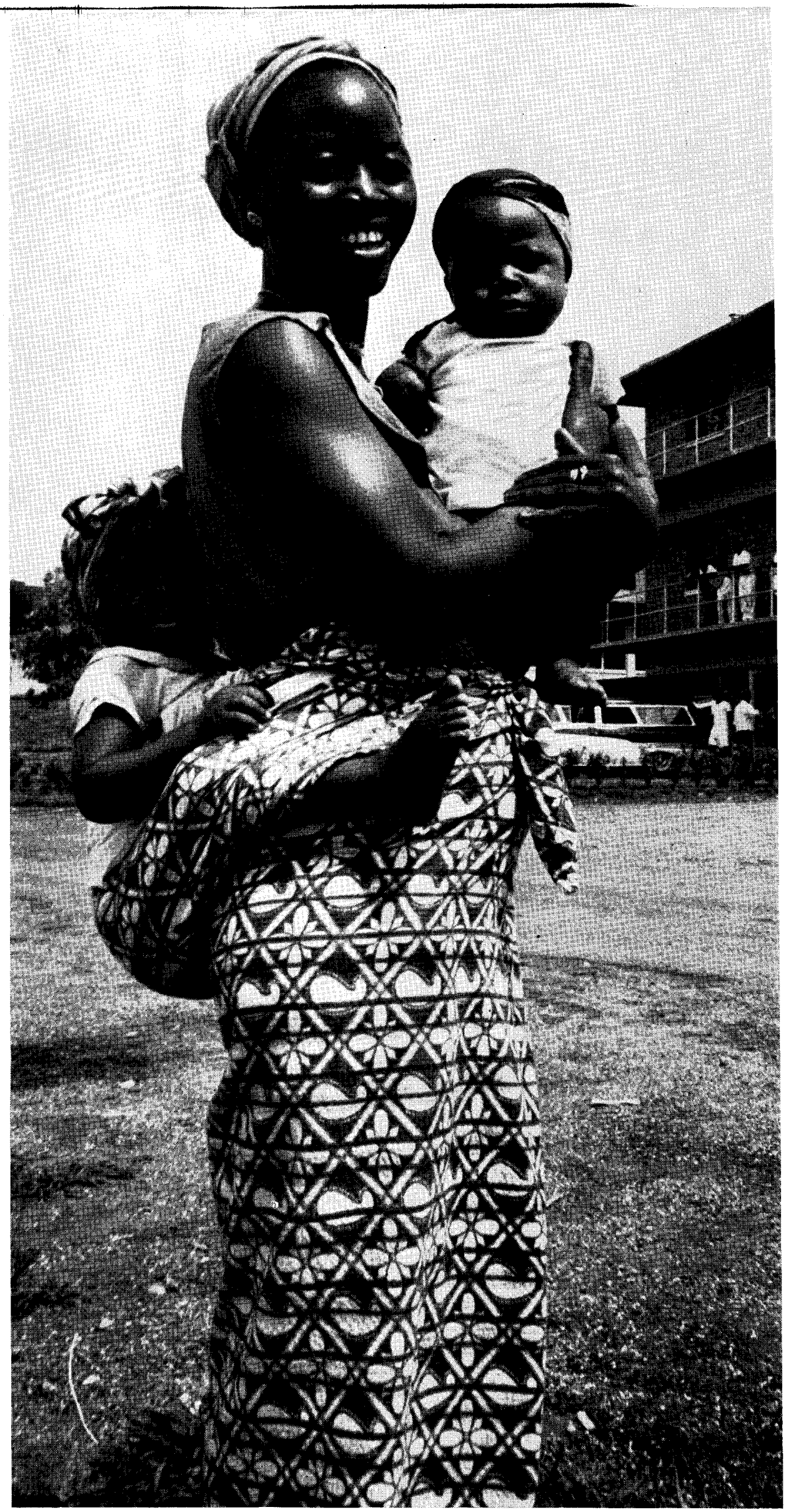


Liberia's President William V. S. Tubman believes in taming primitive tribesmen and training them to be useful citizens.

He spends only a few seconds at each tree, and by midmorning the tapping is finished. He rests then for two hours, while the trees bleed the milky latex into the collection cups, into which he has sprinkled a few drops of the ammonia water, an anticoagulant. The flow of the latex slows and finally stops as the sun grows hotter. Before noon the iron gongs clang the signal to start collecting, and he moves again from tree to tree, emptying the filled cups into his buckets. He then moves out to the road, where he joins the army of tappers coming from their tasks, headed for the division collection station. Here his tree lace, cup lump and bark scrap are weighed and placed in separate piles, and the latex is weighed and poured into tanks. He scrubs his buckets until they shine, and shortly after noon his working day is over.

He goes home to a prodigious meal of rice, dried fish and palm-oil gravy, which his wife has cooked for him (Continued on Page 72)

Photographs by Frank Ross



Hundreds of babies are treated each year at the Firestone hospital (in background) at Harbel. In addition to the company's two general hospitals, Harvey Firestone Jr. established a research laboratory for tropical diseases.

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Perry rehearsing with guest stars Carol Channing and Bob Hope. If a show runs long, Perry says he will cut one of his songs rather than a guest's part. "I'm going to be back next week," he explains.

I Call on Perry Como by Pete Martin

CONCLUSION

Perry tells how his fabulously successful TV show is put together.

"I've been lucky all my life," Perry Como told me. "My first job in the entertainment field was pure luck. It started as a gag with a friend I was visiting in Cleveland. He dared me to audition with a band. I'd been doing a little singing around my home town of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, but not enough to keep me warm. My Cleveland friend, who knew about my warbling, said, 'Go ahead. Don't be a sissy—sing.' So I sang. Then I went back to the Canonsburg barbershop where I worked and tried to forget it. Later I got a wire saying I could have a job if I wanted it."

"Who sent the wire?" I asked.

"Freddy Carlone," Como said. "He had a Cleveland band. The money was very small, but I hit the road with my wife anyhow, and we enjoyed it. I've always made a point of living up to what I make. Twenty-eight dollars a week—I lived up to it. A hundred and fifty dollars a week, I lived up to that. Five hundred a week, the same. I don't believe in depriving myself or my family of the best I can afford. On the road I used to get out of the car before my wife and child and examine the rooms, beds, dining room. If I didn't think they were first class, we drove on.

"Things are different now, but I'm smart enough to know that when I make a thousand bucks, only ninety of it will belong to me. The rest goes to Uncle Sam. I have three children growing up, and when they are ready, I want them to get out and earn a buck. They know their father has worked for his bundle. They also know that they'll have part of it when I'm gone, but I don't believe in scrimping and scrounging the way some doting dads do so their kids won't even have to do an honest day's work in their lives."

He paused, then went on. "What killed me against ever playing any more theaters on the road was spending one Christmas night in Cleveland. I had invitations to go out that evening, but I had accepted none of them. I found myself walking up a street that looked as deserted as if pestilence had just swept it. I'd always had fun on the road—even when my wife and I traveled with our five-year-old son, on practically no money. But on this particular night I got to thinking about my family at home without me, and I asked myself, *What the hell am I doing in Cleveland all alone?* I walked into a cafeteria and toted a tray around. There were three other bums there with me. We were all having the same Christmas-night dinner. Big deal—a bowl of bean soup. I sat there spooning up soup and telling myself, *If this is show business, I'll never play another theater or night club as long as I live!* And I never have."

I said, "I understand that you have a vacation home at Jupiter Inlet in Florida, fifteen or sixteen miles north of Palm Beach. How'd you happen to find it?"

He said, "My wife Roselle and I were visiting a friend of ours, Tony Penna. He designs golf clubs. We were looking for a place to spend weekends or even a whole week in the winter in case I should get one off."

"Is there a town there?" I asked.

Como said, "There are a drugstore and a hardware store and a liquor store and a snack bar. That's about it. Maybe there are forty or fifty homes on Jupiter. It's like a little island. All the homes are on the water. My wife fell in love with the place, and I told Tony to keep his eyes and ears open; maybe he'd hear of somebody who wanted to sell his home or a plot of land on which we could build. Then one day my wife and Tony and I were walking along the beach, loafing and fishing, when an eight-year-old boy came up and said, 'Hi, Perry.' I said, 'How are you?' I had never seen him before, but apparently he had seen me on TV, so I was an old friend. He said, 'Come on up, meet (Continued on Page 100)

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Someone had to keep them in town until the sheriff returned.

The Gunslingers

By ED MONTGOMERY

"You've got just ten seconds," he said, "to tell us where we can find our horses."

This was long before Clem Edwards went to Congress, back before he ran for sheriff or even got appointed dogcatcher, and there aren't many left who remember it. Clem was just the man with the most time on his hands in those days, and the natural choice to go to the county seat and meet the new schoolteacher.

Clem watched the new teacher get off the train and whistled. "Well!" he said. "Look at her!"

Everybody already had. Everybody always did.

Arthur Jenkins, the county sheriff, was one of the people helping Clem watch the train come in. "Listen here," Arthur said. "That's too pretty of a schoolteacher to waste on a little old place like Utopia Bluffs. She belongs right here in the county seat."

Clem just laughed.

"Besides," Arthur said, "it ain't safe for her to make that long trip in a buckboard with Sudden Death Sam Greer and that gang of his maybe loose around here."

"You ought to be out catchin' Sam," Clem said, "instead of standin' there gapin' at our schoolteacher with your mouth open like a bullfrog goin' after a horsefly."

"Tell you what," Arthur said. "We'll trade you both of our schoolteachers for her. And we'll get the county to build you a new bridge over the river to boot."

But Clem just turned away and got Mary Caroline Devore, the new teacher, and put her traveling bags in the buckboard and hustled her out of town.

"Mr. Edwards," she said after Clem had got the team lined out, "I hope this trip hasn't inconvenienced you too much."

"Why, no, ma'am," Clem said. "This is just Tuesday and I haven't got anything to do till Saturday night."

"You haven't?" She studied the side of his face for a quarter of a mile. "What do you have to do Saturday night?"

Well, Clem didn't think she'd like what he was going to do Saturday night, (Continued on Page 96)

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The ascent: The author's party on their first day out of base camp. Lou Whitaker is in the foreground; coming up the trail are John Day and Jim Whitaker.

The Mountain That Nearly Killed Me

A mountain climber recounts a harrowing accident — and historic rescue — on North America's highest peak.

By JOHN S. DAY
as told to William L. Worden

Mt. McKinley: The challenge. It was first climbed in 1913 and lies in the midst of the rugged Alaska Range.

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At nine P.M. the spring sun still was bright over Mount McKinley, finding a million sparkling mirrors in the ice and frozen snow on the slopes. The temperature was ten degrees below zero, and a light wind added a bite to the cold, but we were warmer than we had been an hour and a half earlier on the summit of the Alaskan mountain, altitude 20,320 feet. There the temperature had been about thirty below zero.

There were four men in our party—Jim and Louis Whitaker, twin brothers and long-experienced guides from Seattle; Pete Schoening, a veteran of K-2 in the Himalayas and vice president of the American Alpine Club; and myself, John S. Day, an Oregon rancher, outdoors enthusiast and rather recent grand-

Author Day (center) and the Whitaker twins on Mt. Rainier in Washington. They established a speed record climbing that 14,410-foot peak in 1959.

Conquest: The Day party on McKinley's summit. Left to right, Pete Schoening, Lou Whitaker, Day and Jim Whitaker. The weather at the top is as violent as any on earth.

father. We were roped together with the usual knots—bowlines for the end men on the 120-foot rope and butterfly hitches for the other two. Each man carried an ice ax. We carefully followed the trail which two other climbing parties had marked with wands a few days earlier. Below us, perhaps a half a mile downhill, was another party which had left McKinley's summit about twenty minutes ahead of us. Their new footprints, although not deep enough to leave any real impression in the snow, still had not drifted shut.

At the moment, we were crossing a long traverse, the thirty-degree sloping wall above Peters Glacier. This route, used by all four parties climbing in the spring of 1960, had been laid out nine years earlier by Brad Washburn, director of the Museum of Science, Boston. Behind us were the brutally wind-whipped snow domes of the summit and steep slopes immediately below them. There we had considered belaying; but by all the signs this lesser slope was a place to take things fairly easy. We were still 18,000 feet above sea level; we had made the ascent and this much of the descent without incident. The weather was good for this unfriendly Alaskan mountain. Our high camp, with a tent and ample supplies, was only half an hour ahead.

But I never got there.

I clearly remember the lead man's turning away from the slope and stepping down over a small hummock with his right foot. For a second his weight was on that foot, his back was to the snow and his ice ax was in his left hand. That was the second when he slipped. His crampon-fitted feet went out from under him and he twisted violently to the left, trying to make a self-arrest with his ice ax. He missed. He started sliding downhill, picking up speed. I tried to turn to get the point of my own ice ax down as an anchor before the rope between us tightened. I, too, missed. The snap of the rope jerked me (Continued on Page 80)

At the 14,500-foot level the party encountered two Japanese university climbers. There were four groups on McKinley's "crowded" slopes when the author made his climb. The Japanese had reached the summit earlier.

Weary climbers rest after gaining the West Buttress Ridge. In the background is Dr. Rodman Wilson of the Anchorage party. He splinted the author's broken leg after his fall on the descent from the South Peak.

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MORESBY'S GODDESS

BY ERIC HATCH

THE KIDNAPERS MADE TWO MISTAKES: UNDERESTIMATING THEIR CAPTIVES—AND TAKING THEM TO AN ISLAND MORESBY KNEW LIKE THE PALM OF HIS HAND.

"So it *is* your island," Niles said. "Where you found your statue of the goddess Hebe?"

Paul Moresby found out why a movie extravaganza, based on the ancient classic, the *Iliad*, cost so much to make. Racketeer Sal Rocco had cut himself in on the pay of thousands of disgruntled extras, causing work slowdowns.

Then suddenly the movie's producer was called to Athens by a mysterious cablegram. With production stopped, Moresby and some members of the cast and crew went into the town of Candia.

While drinking wine in a café, Moresby and the film's two stars, Niles Gregory and Marianne, a beautiful French actress, began to feel drowsy. Moresby realized they had been drugged, but it was too late. He fell heavily to the floor.

III

Moresby awakened. He felt stiff and his muscles ached. *My gosh*, he thought, *I must be getting old. These camp cots don't feel as comfortable as they used to!*

He sat up and shook his head in surprise. He was lying on the hard sand of a beach, partly covered by an old G.I. blanket. He was so startled that for a moment he felt panic. Then he saw that the beach was at the end of a cove, completely landlocked by towering cliffs of gray rock that were tinged with pink by the summer sunrise. He shook his head again, as a dog coming out of deep water, to get rid of the clouds of coma that still clung to him. He blinked at the glassy water of the cove, at the rocks. He turned and saw, stretched out a few feet away from him, completely covered by a blanket like his own, a shape that could only be Marianne's. A few feet farther on, still deep in sleep, a stubble of grayish beard fuzzing his finely chiseled chin, lay Niles Gregory. He touched his hip. The snub-nosed gun was gone.

He sat quite still, utterly dejected, hating himself, hating the world. *When I foul something up*, he thought, *I really foul it up!*

Another thought, a sequel, moved across his mind. *After this blooper, Parsons wouldn't finance me on a mud-pie-making expedition, let alone a major archaeological expedition!*

He got to his feet. Kicking at the golden-yellow sand in disgust, as a disgruntled child, he walked up the beach. When the sand ended, he made his way along the rocks at the water's edge until he was a hundred yards

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Illustrated by Bob McGinnis

or so from the others, stripped off his clothes and dived into the lagoon. The shock of cold water revived him. He surfaced, dived and swam strongly down through the crystal-clear water to the bottom, scattering shoals of brilliantly colored fish, surfaced, dived again and swam slowly. A flash of color against the sand of the bottom caught his eye. With a start of pleasure he recognized it as a small terra-cotta jug of the sort the ancients used for serving water or wine. His senses quickened. He surfaced.

For a few moments he floated, resting and wondering about the jug—wondering where it came from, how it got where it was and, above all, when. In his wondering he forgot the present entirely. Then he laughed at himself. These ancient wine jugs were a dime a dozen in the Aegean. His intense curiosity about the artifact struck him as ridiculous, especially since he didn't have the slightest idea where he was or how he had got there. He dived once more, and a huge amiable jewfish drifted across the bottom, hiding the jug. Moresby reached out a hand and shoved the fish aside. The fish swirled its tail, sand swirled from the bottom like dry dust blown in the wind, completely obscuring the vase. Moresby gave up, let himself soar upward, broke the surface and gulped air.

He started to swim for shore with long strokes. He saw, coming along the edge of the lagoon toward him, the white of Marianne's dress. He put on a burst of speed, slid up onto the rock ledge from which he'd dived and, behind a jutting rock, skinned into shorts, shirt and trousers. He stepped out on the ledge, a moment before Marianne reached the spot, and called a greeting.

She didn't answer. He looked at her closely. He saw that she was (Continued on Page 64)

Moresby motioned to Niles to wait.

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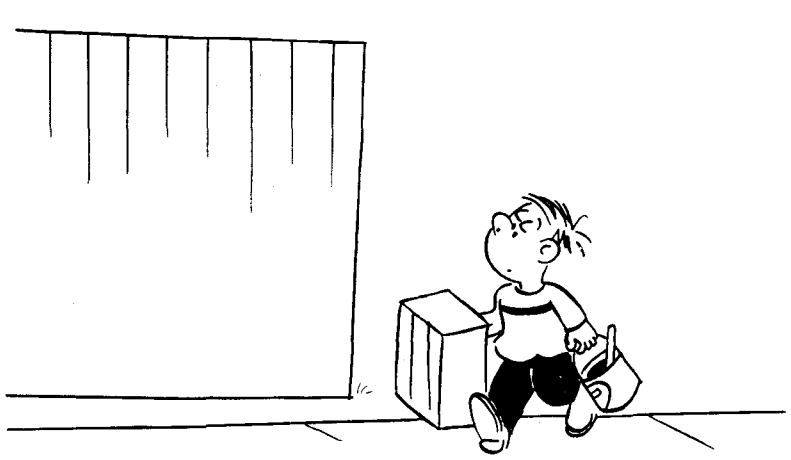
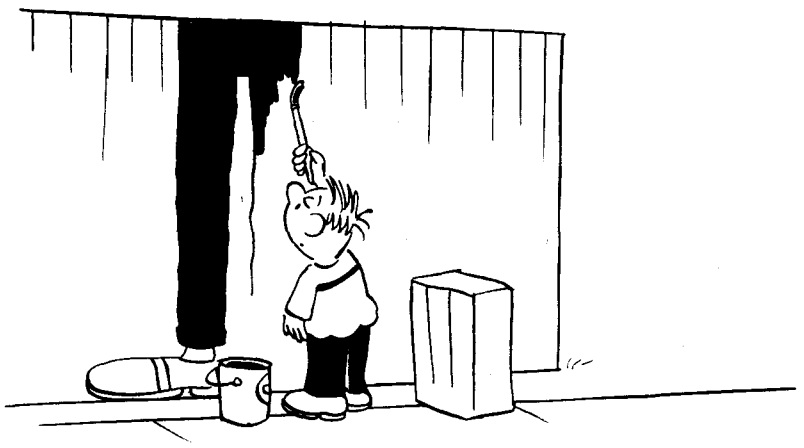
Post Scripts

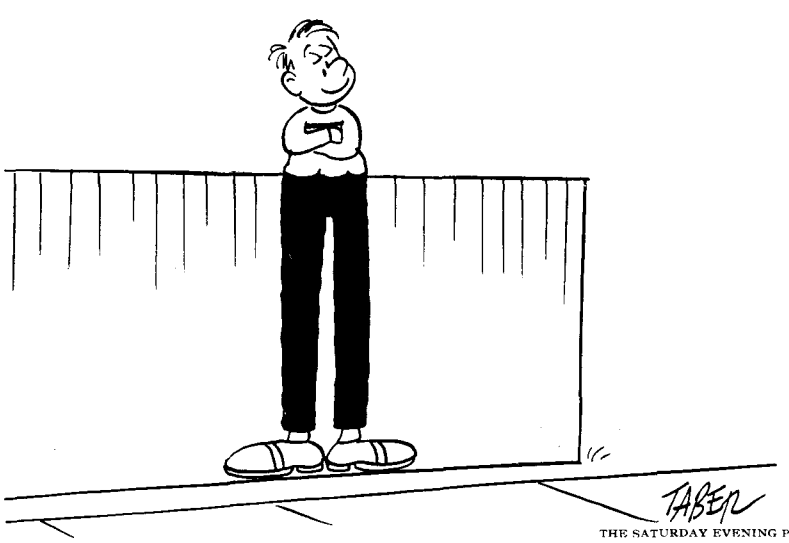
I Can't Help Wondering!

My breath is shorter,
Forehead taller,
My belts are bigger,
Biceps smaller,
My teeth are fewer,
Clothes less sporty.
What *kind* of life
Begins at forty?

HAL CHADWICK







THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't think you've ever met my husband—so we'll leave it that way."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Concert Debut on the Local Scene

Fresh from a celebrated entrance into the music world at Lincoln Maternity Hospital, prima donna Mary Jean Baker made her local concert bow in a lively six A.M. recital at the Regal Apartments. Miss Baker was assisted by Mr. Henry Baker at the sterilizer and by Mrs. Gladys Baker, who skillfully managed the necessary costume changes.

Young Miss Baker, appearing in a pink flannel sleeper, opened with the plaintive aria *O Cruel and Lonely World!* She gave this old favorite—a cry for justice and dry clothing—new feeling, and from her first note had her audience on the edge of their beds.

"Astonishing range," said critic Myron Perch, of Apartment 5B. "Ordinarily we can't hear anything farther away than the third floor."

Critics believed a great deal more would be heard from Miss Baker in the future. "She has a real moving quality," said reviewer Albert Banking, next door in 2A. "In fact, I mean to check the prices in that new development on Rocking Road."

Reviewer Fred Phelps hailed the recital as the symbol of a new awakening. "Usually I get up at seven," he said. "Now I guess I'll have time to read the paper before I leave for work."

Local experts had anxiously awaited results of a new house-management interest in young talent. "I've been expecting something like this," said George Bundle, "ever since they put up that CHILDREN AND DOGS WELCOME sign in May."

Though a few critics had reservations about the performance, the lay public seemed enchanted. Said milkman Henry Fergus, who arrived late but in time to hear Miss Baker's energetic rendition of *The Drinking Song*, "I know what I like. And this is music to my ears."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

There's a Trick to Opening Clams and I Don't Know It

Five-Thirty P.M.

"Hi, honey. What's for dinner?"

"Sue and George. They'll be here at six-thirty. Anything new at the office?"

"Nope."

"Same old routine?"

"Yup."

Eight P.M.

"Here, George, have some more coffee while the girls clear the table. You know, George, I was telling you about that big deal with Larson? Well, it went through today, and what a load off my mind! I had to sell the boss the idea, but after the papers were signed, he came up to me and congratulated me. It just might mean a bonus. And Larson was so tickled, he invited the boss and me—*and* our wives, *and* our kids—to spend a week at his summer place next month. How about that?

"Say, I'll bet you didn't know Les Jameson is moving back to town. He dropped in on his way to the real-estate office. They're buying a house out near Marge's folks, that big white-brick colonial. They won't be moving until fall; their sixteen-year-old girl is on this all-expense-paid trip to Europe.

"She was chosen from over five hundred high-school kids. Listen, Les is really getting gray! I kidded him about it, and he said I ought to see Marge. She's bleached her hair—'pink champagne,' he called it.

"Oh, by the way, Arlene Hobbs called me this morning about transferring some stock. She got married the other day to an oilman from Tulsa —— Well, enough of all this; I could ramble on all night. . . . Hey, you gals, you're real quiet out there in the kitchen! Come on in here and let's play bridge."

HILARIE BROWN

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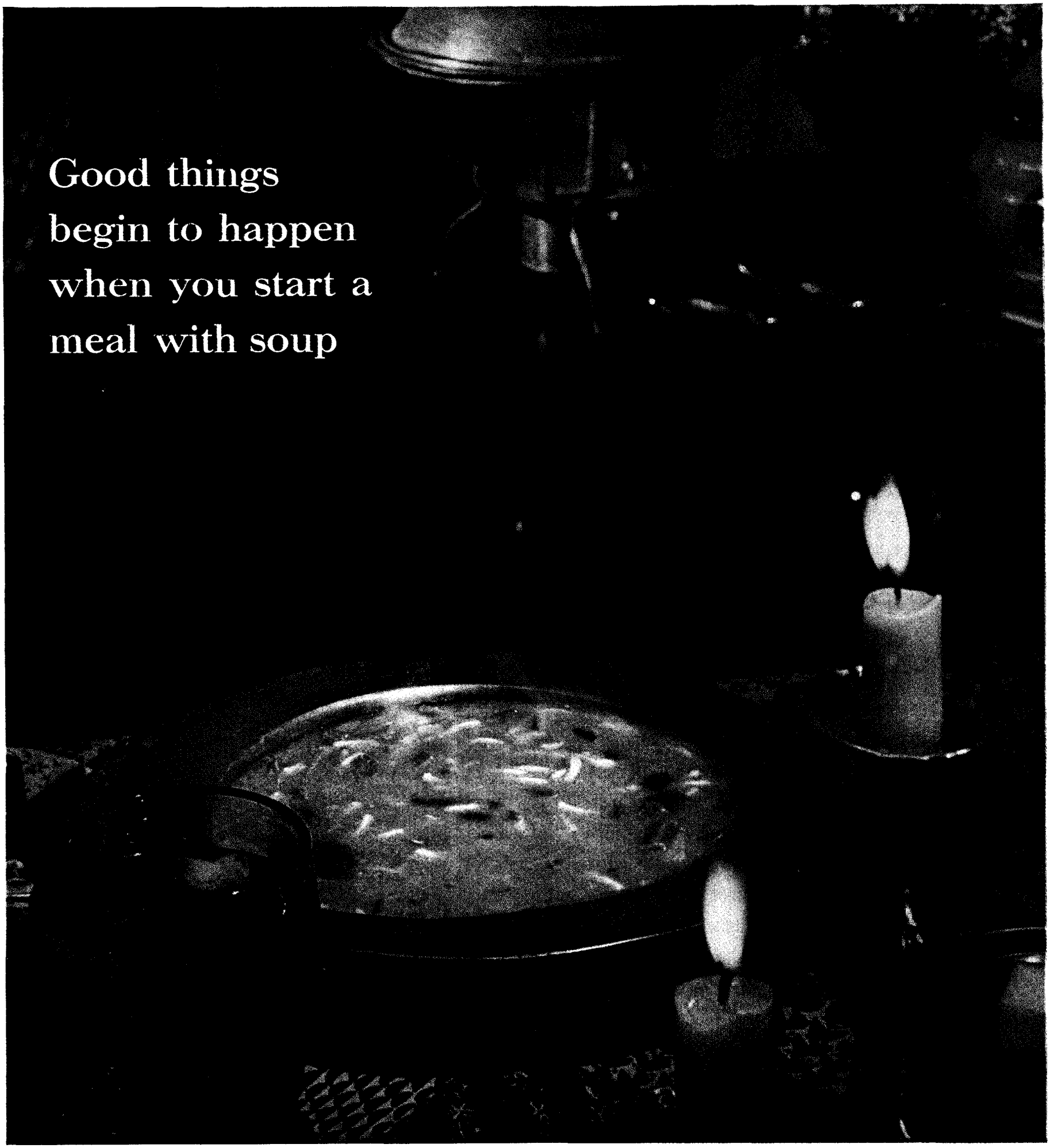

To make a good meal better—Minestrone—a soup from a great Italian recipe. A soup like this sharpens the appetite, warms the way for the meal. And Campbell's Minestrone gives you the good natural nourishment of good natural foods—sunny vegetables, beef-and-vegetable broth, tender, slender spaghettini. Taste it. Spoon it down. Enjoy it. See how good you begin to feel.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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The Soldier

By RICHARD POWELL

Their only chance was to attack the Japs – with an undermanned outfit.

Lt. Col. William Farralon had already fouled up his Army career, but he was given a chance to blunder again—Maj. Gen. Harley McGuire, commander of the Lower Pacific, didn't like Farralon and wanted him to make mistakes. So the general gave Farralon the job of evacuating Moon Island.

Farralon felt as if he had been kicked in the stomach. Foulups were sure to happen in the Moon Island job. There wasn't a tougher problem in military tactics than trying to evacuate troops from a beach under the fire of superior enemy forces. No one doubted that the Japanese had the upper hand on Moon Island.

IV

The next morning the daily B-25 courier plane picked him up at the air field and flew him to Pago Pago in American Samoa. Within half an hour he had bumped into the first of the foulups he expected to meet. The exchange of messages between the Lower Pacific Command and Samoa had produced a misunderstanding. The week's loan of the destroyer and the interisland steamer started that morning, not the next day. Thus, in order to carry out the mission within a seven-day schedule, the little task force had to sail that afternoon. There was no time for conferences ashore on details of the evacuation. Farralon had to sail with the task force and take his chances of being picked up somewhere at sea by a PBY and flown to Moon Island.

As soon as they cleared the harbor he began planning the evacuation with the lieutenant commander who skippered the destroyer. The warship was an old four-stacker of the *Brooks* class, launched in 1919. It had a mean draft of nine and a quarter feet and a maximum of thirteen and a half, which meant that it could not enter the pass into the lagoon. The interisland steamer drew eleven feet. Thus the evacuation would require a fairly long trip in small boats from the beach to the ships, and at least three round trips by small boats would be necessary. The task force would be nearing the island early on the third day out of Pago Pago and, if necessary, could send in its boats by noon. But the destroyer captain hoped they could avoid a daylight evacuation; he figured that, in daytime, Jap observers on the 307-foot mountaintop could spot him many miles away, which would give them time to call in an air strike from Balikovo. He hoped they could take the troops off at night.

Farralon reported that he could offer a limited amount of air cover. The fighter squadron at Port Solo would provide, on request, two flights of (Continued on Page 90)

© 1960 by Richard Powell

"We're not going to sit here," Farralon said. "We're going to knock the Japs off this island."

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The Marvelous Mayos (Continued from Page 21)

A friend asked Will Mayo after his graduation whether he would move to St. Paul or Chicago. Will, twenty-two, replied, "I expect to remain in Rochester and become the greatest surgeon in the world."

The brothers began taking turns traveling to see the new surgery of that era: the opening of stomach, gall bladder and thyroid. They also became the only top surgeons in what was a big territory, with new railroad lines to bring in ailing thousands.

Surgery began for appendicitis. In 1895 the Mayos did twelve appendectomies; in 1905, more than 1000. They began to operate for stomach cancer, ulcers and goiter, and to do skin grafts. Gradually Will Mayo became mainly an abdominal surgeon. Charlie, more versatile, was a master of eye, ear, nose, throat, bones, joints, brain, nerves and thyroid gland. Will said, "Charlie drove me down and down until I reached the belly."

The work piled up, so the Mayos took in partners. In time new patients were first seen by a medical specialist. Any surgery candidate was then seen by Will or Charlie. A young country doctor named Henry Plummer was hired, and he began adding laboratory and X-ray information. All this was the Mayos' beginning not only of specialization but also of a way of applying group knowledge to a single patient. It was created largely in the period 1900–1910, when Henry Ford was developing his assembly line in Detroit.

In 1899, long before the system was a finished one, Will Mayo hopefully prepared a report on 109 gall-bladder operations and sent it to the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*. The editor looked up Rochester, Minnesota, found that it had less than 6000 population and skeptically rejected the article. But Will began getting invitations to speak at medical meetings. He talked simply of his fifty or 100 or 200 operations for this or that, and noted surgeons began traveling to Rochester to see for themselves. In July, 1905, at age forty-four, Will Mayo was elected president of the American Medical Association. Eleven years later his brother Charlie's election to the same office started a flood of news stories about these "country lads." The American imagination was stirred: The year 1912 brought the Mayos 15,000 patients; in 1914 there were 30,000; in 1919 there were 60,000.

The brothers had opened a joint bank account, putting in it all they earned. Each took out his family expenses. Then they began putting aside at least half of their income every year "to return to the people." Their growth—new specialties, young men seeking training—helped point a way: a $1,500,000 gift to begin to endow in Rochester a Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, an arm of the University of Minnesota. In 1919 the brothers signed over all clinic properties to a nonprofit trusteeship, and later replaced their partnership with a "voluntary association." Every clinic doctor, including the Mayos, was to get a fixed salary, but none big enough, Will decreed, for any doctor "to keep his children on the beach at Miami when they ought to be working."

Their Doctor Plummer contributed system. For a new 1914 building, and another erected in 1928, a cream-colored stone tower of twenty stories, he developed organization of the staff into sections, ready communication by phone, lights and tickers, a central file of cross-indexed case histories and conveyors to carry records. For these innovations some Rochester historians call him "the greatest genius of all." The 1928 building was recently renamed the Plummer Building, and in its southwest corner is now set a stone caricature of this gentle dreamer, poring over its plans.

Of the two Mayo brothers, Will played the larger part in organizing. Charlie was the homey one who sat on the edge of patients' beds and talked away their fears. Mrs. Charlie, the present Dr. Chuck Mayo's mother, was Edith Graham, Rochester's first trained nurse and anesthetist. Chuck was their first son, born ten years after his father's graduation from medical college. As a boy, he recalls, he never even thought of being anything but a doctor. "No one ever told me what I ought to do, but in a doctor's family it's pretty strange if you get off the subject of medicine. And I can remember many times as a boy carrying overshoes up to the hospital for father and Uncle Will—they used to walk between the hospital and home. I suppose doing things like that made me think of being a doctor."

When Chuck was eleven, Rochester's city councilmen frantically knocked on the Mayo door after midnight during a scarlet-fever epidemic. Chuck's father came down in his nightshirt, and was sworn in then and there as health officer. He cleaned up the epidemic by starting milk inspection, pasteurization and garbage collection. When Chuck was twelve, the Mayos entertained an English visitor who put his shoes outside his door at night, expecting a servant to polish them. His father shined them himself, Chuck remembers. "Then after a few days he woke me up one morning and said, 'Here, it's your turn.'"

Young Chuck was a mischief maker who painted chicken eggs blue and deposited them under the imported pheasants at Mayowood, his father's estate. He was a rather typical Jazz Age college boy when he went to Princeton at the dawn of the gay '20's, on the heels of F. Scott Fitzgerald. On an ocean voyage he met the Broadway charmer, Marilyn Miller, and thought he was in love. As a student at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, he sold pints of his blood to get money for dates, and even told his mother he was considering asking Marilyn to marry him. Mrs. Charlie told Chuck, "You'll have to make up your mind whether you want to be 'Doctor Mayo' or 'Mister Miller.'"

As a sophomore medical student he got rheumatic fever and was out of school a year. He looks back on that period feelingly: "If I had to repeat anything, I think I'd repeat that, much as I hated it. I think every doctor ought to be sick early in his career. I'd like to see every young doctor feel pain."

He met another girl, a lovely nineteen-year-old Philadelphia art student named Alice Plank, at a ball. The next morning he phoned her every hour. Soon they were talking about marriage.

Mrs. Charlie now invited Alice to Mayowood. Chuck would soon be at the clinic, she explained: "Before you really decide whether to marry him, I want you to know what you're getting into. The clinic must always come first. Then Charles. Then your children."

Alice and Chuck were married in June, 1927, and he started four years' work as a Mayo Foundation surgery fellow, or resident. Everybody was looking him over now, and he knew it—"I figured I was going to have to get down just a little bit earlier and stay a little bit later." Some patients were tougher than the doctors. "I'd been here about two weeks, and I had this old fellow, about seventy, from Missouri. I was trying the best I could to take a history the careful way we had been taught. I asked him all the questions, from the head on down, but all he'd say was, 'That doesn't have a damn thing to do with what I've got.' Well, I thought I needed to make some impression, so I said, 'I'm Doctor Mayo.'

"He said, 'You aren't Doctor Will, and you aren't Doctor Charlie. You can't be Doctor Mayo.'

"I said, 'Yes, I'm Doctor Charlie's son.'

"He looked me over and said, 'Well, I've seen a lot of other smart fathers who had dumb sons.'"

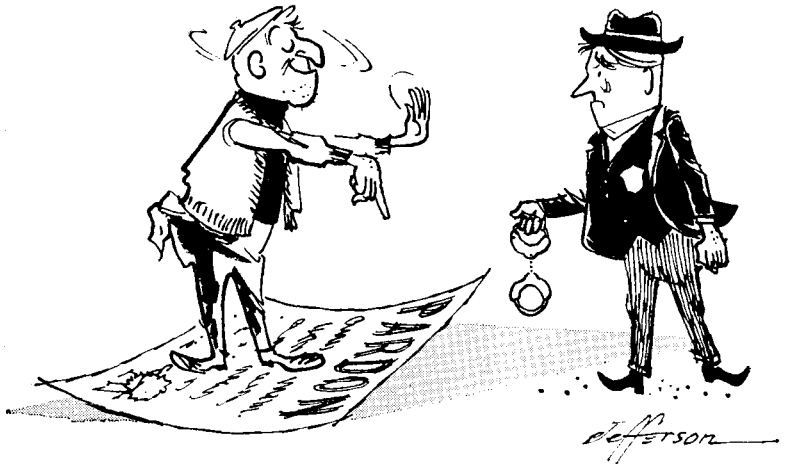
Chuck took to mumbling his name so patients would not understand it. In 1931 he went to a college reunion. When he left Rochester he had been first assistant to Dr. E. Starr Judd. When he returned he found another fellow ready to assist Judd. "Haven't you looked at the operating list?" this fellow asked Mayo. Chuck looked and found himself in charge of his own rooms. "They had thirteen cases scheduled for me in two rooms that day. My God, I was scared."

But he operated. His business soon fell off, however. Clinic surgeons sit in their offices until medical staff men—who may call on any one of several surgeons, as they please—ask them to "consult." Then the chosen surgeon looks at the patient, and if surgery is needed, and the patient is agreeable, he operates. Mayo remembers that he still looked rather young.

"I'd be called to see patients, but they'd turn up on some other surgeon's list after they got a look at me. After three or four months I was called to see a patient with a stone in her gall bladder. I told her she should have an operation, and she asked me who should do it. I said she could have Doctor Judd, who had done thousands of gall bladders. Or she could have me—'I'm just starting, and I can't afford to lose a patient.'" He got the case.

He would often visit his father's house at night. "Father was always dropping some hint. One woman had lost her voice, and nothing had helped. The doctors here thought it was psychological, so father told her he would 'operate.' She was put under light anesthesia, and as she was waking up he scratched her throat. She got her voice back. When she was ready to go home, father thought it was safe to tell her what the 'operation' had been. 'Doctor Mayo,' she told him, 'I think that is a very silly operation.' Father replied, 'Yes, but we always do silly operations for silly diseases.'"

Chuck had a brother, Joe, four years younger. By then Joe was an M.D. and at the clinic too, a clever diagnostician, but a young man of uncertain purpose. He meant a great deal to Chuck—for one thing because he shared the burden of being the young medical Mayo. He was witty and quick, whereas Chuck often felt himself slow. In 1936 Joe was killed. On a hunting trip in Wisconsin he drove his car along some rural train tracks—a practice still known in remote places—and met a train. Chuck was "deeply affected," according to his wife Alice. "But his reaction was to keep right on a straight line more than ever. Chuck is a plodder." (*Continued on Page 48*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Federal Government was all set to deport alien Joe for having been convicted of a crime in his home state. At the last moment, however, Joe knocked out the case by obtaining a pardon from his governor. The Federal authorities thereupon accused Joe of getting the pardon by fraud and accordingly charged him with "corruptly obstructing the administration of justice," namely, his deportation.

"My pardon is a private matter between me and the governor of my state," Joe countered. "If the governor isn't kicking about it, what right has Washington got to kick?"

"We believe Joe lied to get the pardon," Government attorneys retorted. "In doing that, in order to block his deportation, he practiced a fraud on the Government."

If you were the judge, would you find Joe guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe was adjudged not guilty. The court ruled that once a man receives a pardon, he does not have to defend its validity before every police authority who wishes to challenge it. Any question of validity is up to the governor.

Based upon a 1959 Federal decision.

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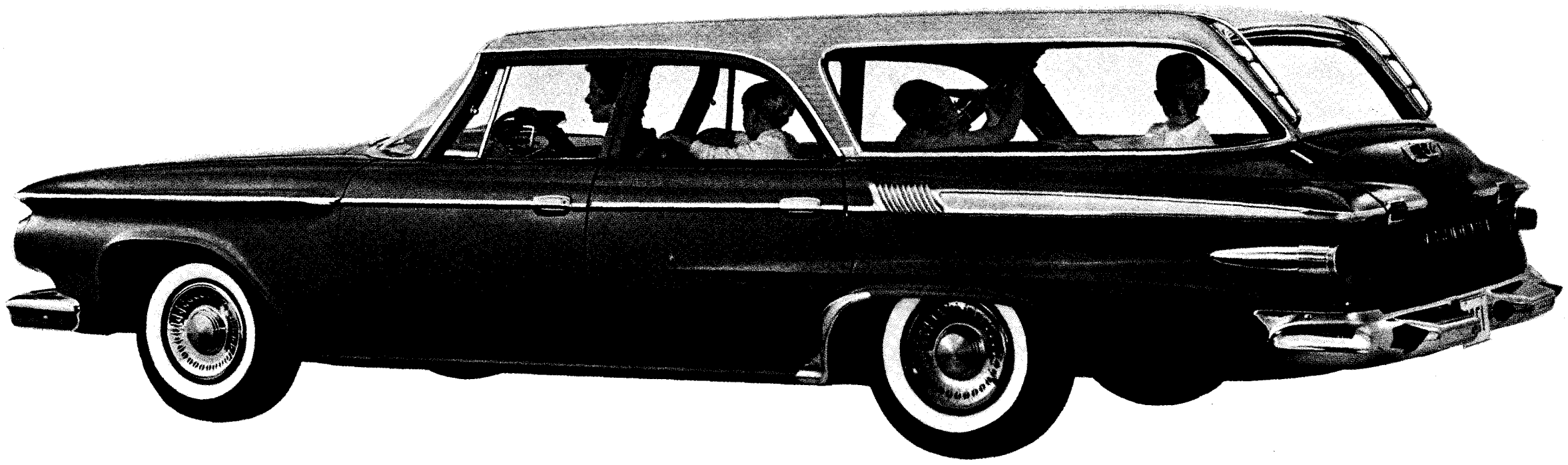
MIGHTY BIG ABOUT THEIR BEAUTY

(Just the opposite about their price)



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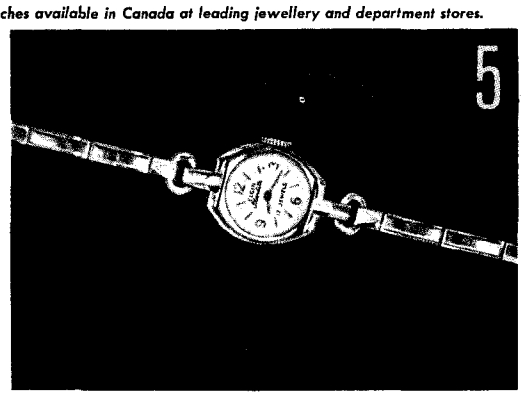

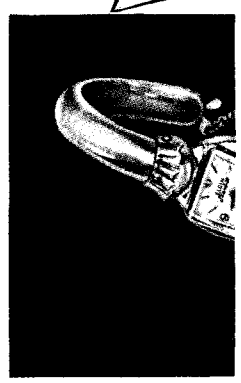

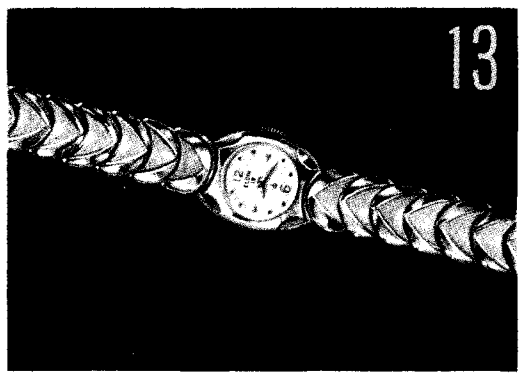

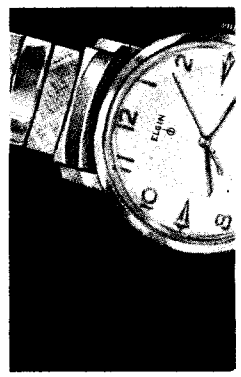

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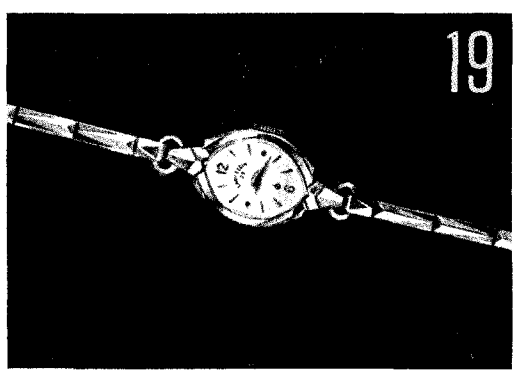

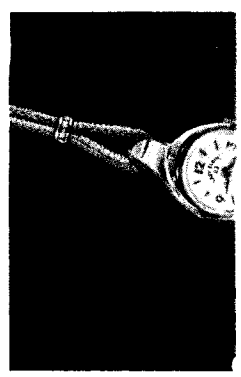

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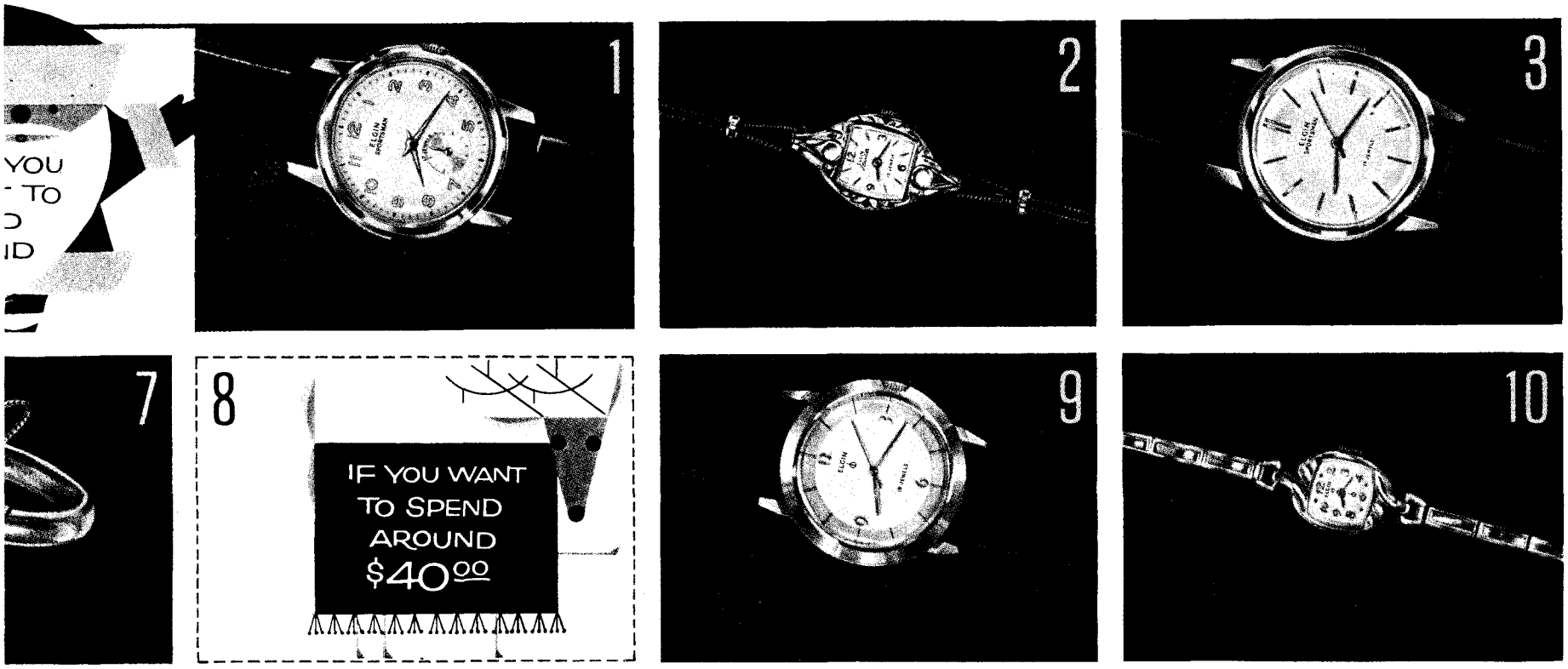
HATH DECEMBER!

RISTMAS SHOPPING DAYS, THAT IS!



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(*Continued from Page 44*) In May, 1939, Chuck's father died, at seventy-three, and the Rochester *Post-Bulletin* expressed the city's grief with a simple statement: "Rochester's Doctor Charlie is gone." Two months later, at seventy-eight, Will Mayo joined his brother. The world honored them, but was quite unaware of the new Doctor Mayo, just turning forty-one.

He had been doing more than plodding, however. At least five years earlier he had begun pondering the day's common operation for cancer of the lower colon and rectum. This was two heroic operations, really: (1) bringing the diseased loop of the colon into the open, outside the abdomen; (2) some days later, removing the diseased section. Doing the operation a stage at a time was supposed to make things easier on the patient.

Death and infection rates were alarming, however. Several people had tried a one-stage, all-in-one operation, but the clinic statistics seemed to show that its death and infection rates were even greater. So surgeons shunned this method.

Young Mayo went to Dr. Joseph Berkson, the clinic's brainy, argumentative statistician, and told him, "You're comparing these operations all wrong. You're counting deaths that occur halfway in the two-stage procedure as deaths from a one-stage operation. Count them as two-stage deaths, where they belong, and the one-stage operation will be shown as the better one."

"I had to admit it," says Berkson. "He was right! Here was a kid not dry behind the ears, and he came down and told me I was wrong, and in the years to come, by continual examination of his statistics, he proved it." In other words, more patients survived, with better prospects for life. The all-in-one operation became the one generally used all over the country.

Chuck Mayo actually stopped doing two-stage operations and began doing only the one-stage in 1934. Then he had to be persistent. It takes years to compare the results and survival rates of different operations. "It takes lots of patience and lots of nerve and firmness"—says Chuck now—"to keep doing something when a lot of people believe you're on the wrong track, but you believe you're on the right one."

Berkson sums up, "Chuck was one of those who saw this through, and it was a great contribution to surgery. Well, he was still young, and a few jealous people still said, 'He's here because of his father.' I don't know what you'd want from a man."

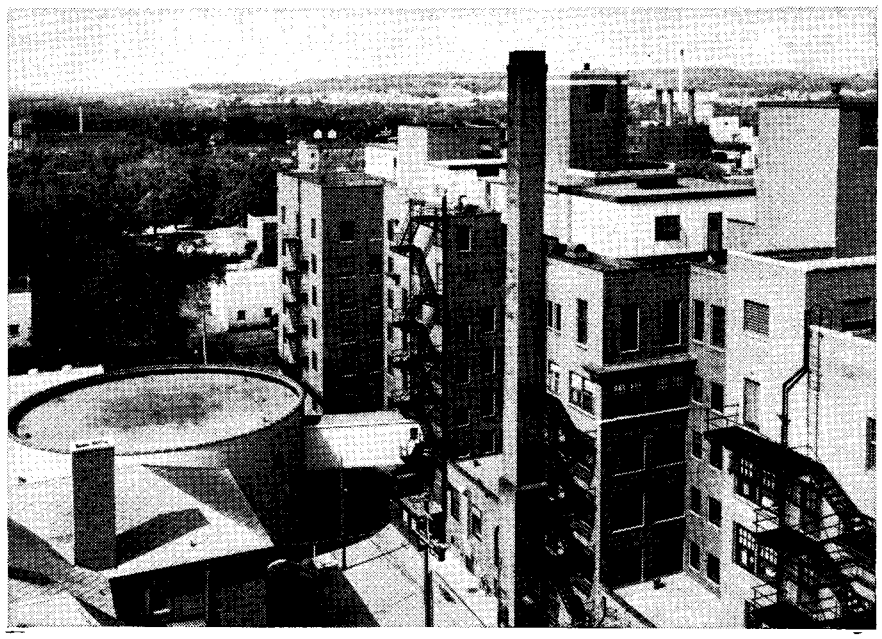
In 1942, five and a half years after his brother Joe's death, the unsettled widow, Ruth, committed suicide. She left two sons. Chuck and Alice Mayo adopted them, and soon their household harbored ten children, including Chuck and Alice's own six, and two British war refugees.

Chuck joined the Army. As a lieutenant colonel he bulldozed New Guinea and Philippine jungles to build station hospitals there. He rode on several B-25 missions until ordered to stop, and he lost forty pounds. He also turned down a bid to a Washington desk.

In the postwar years, home and family have continued to have both joys and heart wrenches. One of Joe's sons died in 1958 of pneumonia. Not all of the young Mayos have had an easy time finding themselves. But Chuck gets great pleasure out of having another young Mayo around the clinic: his son, Charlie, thirty, a 1958 Pennsylvania medical graduate who is now a surgery fellow. In his office Chuck points to a bottle filled with red fluid. "Charlie made up some of my grandfather's tonic prescription for my birthday. It tastes just about like a Manhattan."

Over the years Chuck Mayo has become an outstanding colon surgeon. On his office shelves rest five bound volumes of his published medical articles—263 so far. In many he emphasizes the human side. For example: "It is as important to know when not to operate as when to operate. The ideal surgical approach is not 'Can I operate?' but 'Should I?' " Or: "The surgeon should beware of the patient who does not have the will to live."

He goes to an endless round of staff conferences, which sometimes badly need relief from solemnity. So once he reported "a perplexing problem—a patient who must have swallowed an octopus egg." Then he whipped out a faked stomach X ray with an octopus shadow.



The silolike structure at left houses the Mayo Clinic's "intense-care" experiment. Below, in one of the circular wards, one nurse can watch 12 acutely ill patients simultaneously, thus eliminating the need for individual private nurses.

"He loves foolishness," says Dr. Jan Tillisch, a good friend. "Once I invited to my house a U. S. senator who was a patient. Chuck was to pick us up, so I told the senator, 'I've made money in oil, and I've got a chauffeur.' When Chuck picked us up, I said, 'This is Charles, my driver.'

"Chuck went along with the gag and, when we got to my house, took our coats and fixed the drinks. Then he fixed himself one and sat down with us. Well, Rochester's democratic, and the senator was from a farm state, so he didn't wonder too much until Chuck started to talk medicine. Then he said, 'Who are you, anyhow?' "

In the 1952 presidential campaign, Eisenhower and Stevenson were in Rochester the same day. Doctor Mayo had a patient, a big executive, who was always name-dropping. He needed deflating, so that morning Chuck told him, "I may bring in a couple of friends of mine to meet you today."

Chuck rode with Ike in his campaign caravan, and when they passed St. Mary's Hospital, he said, "We've had a polio epidemic, and the kids in there would get a big thrill if you'd say hello." So the car was stopped, and Ike went in. Then Chuck said, "Would you just poke your head in this door a second?" And Chuck told the executive, "I'd like you to shake hands with a friend of mine, General Eisenhower."

Then Chuck rode in the Stevenson caravan, and told Stevenson about the polio patients. And again they passed the executive's room, and Chuck said, "Shake hands with a friend of mine, Adlai Stevenson."

Adulation freezes him, and if someone in his presence makes a flowery remark, he is likely to turn and say, "That beats the hell out of me." His quiet, simple way of making a point can be very persuasive. This talent showed up in 1953, when he was assigned as a UN delegate to analyze the Red Chinese brain-washing of United States fliers, which had caused the Americans to confess to "germ warfare." He painstakingly wrote and rewrote his first speech. Then, standing before the UN political committee, he told of "human beings reduced to a status lower than that of animals . . . sickness regulated to a point just short of death" and "men beaten down by the conditioning which the science of Pavlov reserves for dogs and rats."

David Wainhouse, senior State Department adviser to the United States delegation, said later, "Never have I known the delegates to be so hushed."

Minnesota Republicans began urging Doctor Mayo to run for the Senate, and President Eisenhower backed them with a letter: "I have a very deep feeling that we need to keep you on public duty." Chuck said no—he felt the clinic had to come first. He also said, "I'd be no good at politics." It was primarily as a doctor that he made his UN mark. There, as at Rochester, he was soon greeted by dozens of people—ambassadors, delegates, newsmen, guards—calling him by name. Some brought him their X rays. One day he was watching a Middle East delegate parroting the Communist line on United States germ warfare. "And I thought, 'This fellow is running a temperature of about a hundred and three.' When the session ended, I went to him and said, 'I am now speaking as a doctor. You have a head cold. I suggest you go home to bed. You're spreading germ warfare.' "

For three consecutive years he was elected president of the American Association for the United Nations. He went through the country making speeches, more than one a week in 1954, saying: "The UN may not be a sure ticket to heaven, but at least it's a sure ticket that we won't go to hell."

Before the Mayo Clinic now, the blue and white UN flag flies alongside the United States flag during UN Week. "I thought it was about time somebody started flying it," Doctor Mayo says.

In 1954, at the height of McCarthyism and the firing of J. Robert Oppenheimer from Government service, he spoke out at a Congressional dinner in Washington against "the superpatriots who threaten our freedom" and in effect defended Oppenheimer.

"Freedom is made up of many intangibles," he said. "It has a rare flavor that can easily be lost. Freedom's cornerstone is the right to an opinion; the right to disagree."

On principles, colleagues testify, he can be stubborn. He also believes that "it's no good to fear chance," and he argued in this direction at meetings of the boards of the Mayo Clinic and property-holding Mayo Association when some opposed the clinic's recent expansions. They feared things were getting "too big." Harry J. Harwick, then chief administrator, replied, "You can't stand still. Nothing stands still." Mayo agreed.

His home is Mayowood, 1600 acres of estate, dairy farm and trees, with a massive old main house at the crest of a hill, overlooking the Zumbro River, which flows into the Mississippi. Bright eyes show in the dusk if you drive through the woods at sundown: Japanese deer, imported by Chuck's father. "They're not so Japanese any more," says Chuck. "A lot of domestic deer have gotten over the fence."

His house looks like an Italian villa—or a villa with strong touches of the late Doctor Charlie. "He designed the house himself," Alice Mayo explains. "It's made of poured cement. It was just when cement was coming in, and Mrs. Charlie used to say he had cement fever. It was all she could do to stop him from pouring cement floors."

Doctor Charlie built a grand house, however, surrounded by maples and firs and white-marble Italian statuary. As the children grew up and married, Doctor Charlie and his wife provided small satellite houses. "Then (*Continued on Page 52*)

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to give you
a hand!

NEW NORTHERN TOWELS

Your
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HELPERS

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In handy 2-roll pack
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NEW '61 CHEVY BISCAYNE 6

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Biscayne 4-Door Sedan. All trunks feature low, bumper-level loading . . . and you can pile baggage 15% higher.

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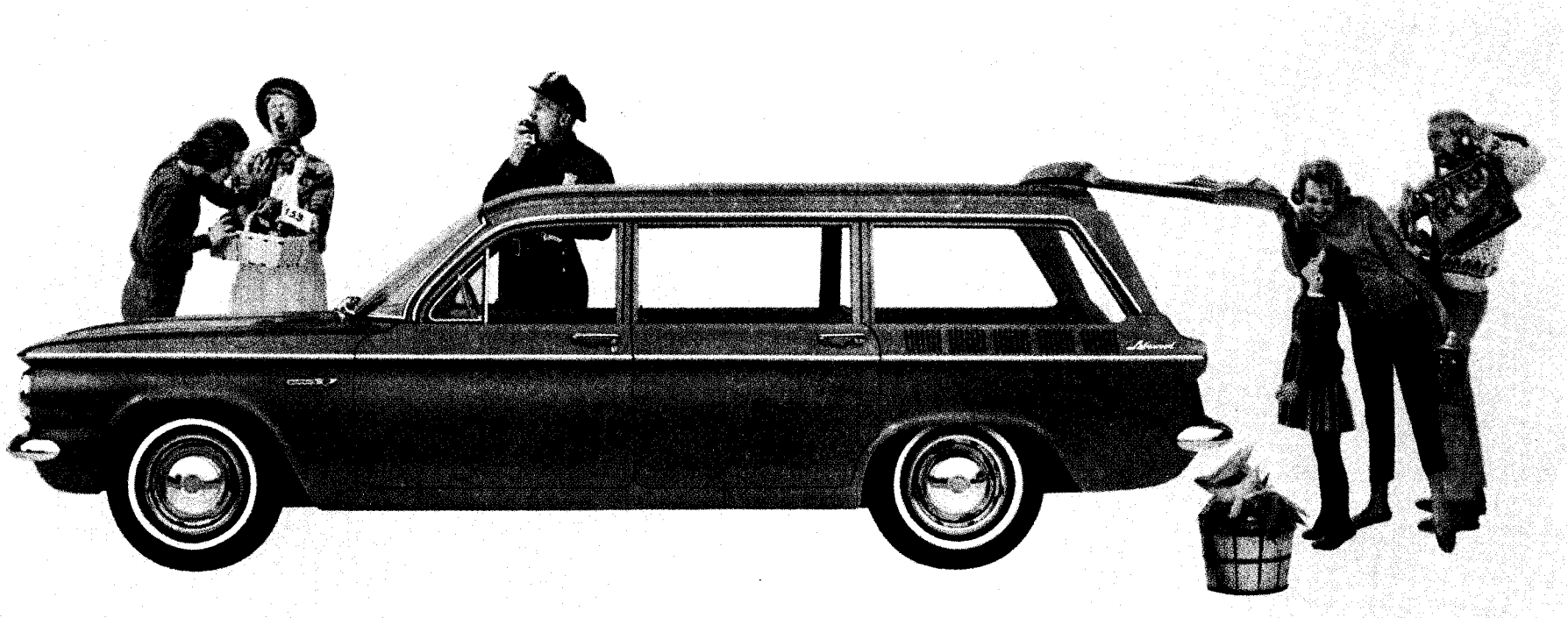
Improved in every important way!

'61 CHEVY CORVAIR!

Here's a piece of the finest news for families since wagons were invented: the new Corvair Lakewood Station Wagon. It packs room for up to 68 cubic feet of your things, with rear seat folded. (You can nestle your valuables under that lockable hood!) And wait till you drive a Corvair wagon! This, as they say in the ads, is the lightest handling, surest footed station wagon that ever shouldered a load. But all that's new is more than wagons. *See the greatest show on worth at your Chevy dealer's.*



Likeable wagon with a lockable hood—the Corvair 700 Lakewood Station Wagon.

Corvair coupes and sedans give you increased luggage space under the hood—nearly 12% more. A spunkier 145-cubic-inch air-cooled rear engine. Same gentle ride, same beautifully balanced braking, same wondrous handling. See the whole thrifty crew of '61 Corvairs soon at your Chevrolet dealer's. Live a little! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

The spacious Corvair 700 4-Door Sedan, with beautiful Body by Fisher.

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An entirely new era in communications for business is being opened up by the Bell System's Data-Phone service. It enables electronic business machines to "talk" to each other over regular telephone lines. Some day there may be more of those calls than calls between people.

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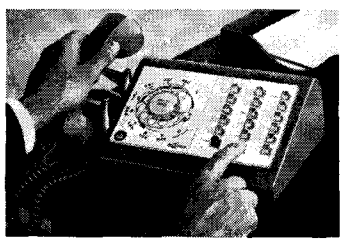
There's much more to come from research and development, the investment of millions of dollars of new capital, and the Bell System's never-ending desire to give you the best telephone service in the world.



CALL DIRECTOR TELEPHONE

With the touch of a button you can connect other office telephones, set up interoffice conference calls, add other office extensions to incoming calls. Two models. 18 and 30 push buttons. Many thousands already in service.

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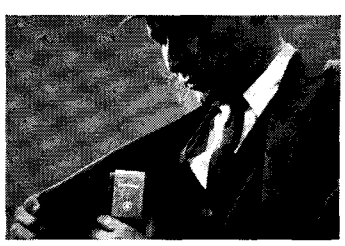

BELLBOY SERVICE

One of the newest Bell System services. A person away from the telephone hears a tone signal (sent from the telephone exchange) on a pocket radio receiver. Alerts him to call his home or office to get a message. Now available in 14 major cities.

HOME INTERPHONE

Lets you call any other room in the house that has a phone. Or switch outside calls to another phone. Also lets you answer the door from any phone. Microphone in telephone and speaker on wall beside each telephone enable person in other room to talk back without lifting receiver. Will be available nationally next year.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(*Continued from Page 48*) every time we had a baby we added a room to the small house," Alice Mayo says. "Until 1939. The day of Doctor Charlie's funeral, Mrs. Charlie said, 'Tomorrow I am moving out of my house and into yours, and you will move into ours.' "

Chuck turns up almost daily with one to five guests, to be wined and dined and often put up for the night. Alice and any of the Mayo young who happen to be around greet the visitors. One daughter, Muff, lives in Mexico—her husband is Hugo Torres, a civil engineer. Charlie, Ned (twenty-nine), Joe (twenty-six) and Maria, (twenty-two) live in houses on the estate—Maria is married to Dr. Donald Sones, a Mayo Foundation fellow. One Mayo youngster, Alex, eighteen, still lives in the big house.

How big is the house? "I don't really know," says Alice. "About thirty rooms, I guess." Their friend, Doctor Tillisch, has a better yardstick: "Years ago some of the boys kept some goats in a room downstairs, and it was a couple of weeks before the family discovered them."

Once the Mayos entertained a maharaja and maharani. The maharaja and Chuck soon were on a first-name basis—"Chuck" and "Butch." Doctor Mayo then turned to the young and lovely maharani and asked, "And what may I call you?" "You may call me 'Your Royal Highness,'" she loftily replied. The Mayos won her over, however. The next day she visited Alice and fitted her and her daughter with saris.

Despite the imposing house, Chuck and Alice are not lavishly rich. The bulk of Doctor Charlie's estate, about $1,000,000, was divided into six equal parts for six children (with a separate fund for upkeep of the house). Each share was put into an irrevocable trust, conservatively invested—no "unwise" common stocks, which could have been worth a new fortune today. Chuck and Alice live mainly on Chuck's salary and trust-fund income.

The "help" totals three: housekeeper, cook and houseman. Some of the rugs and furnishings are threadbare. Alice beautifies where she can. After dinner Chuck often excuses himself around nine or 9:30 and goes to bed, no matter who is around. "I have to sleep if I'm going to operate," he explains. Then he may go up and actually watch TV for an hour to unwind.

He may also start thinking about a patient—and dash to the hospital. He remains a doctor twenty-four hours a day. "Mrs. Charlie used to say that his father was the same," Alice says. "He'd worry about *every* case. She told Chuck, 'I've often told your father, 'Leave your patients in the hospital—don't bring them home.' "

"But he didn't just leave 'em in the hospital!" Chuck objects. "I don't think any good surgeon ever does. I don't want to be operated on by anyone who forgets me once he gets home."

The Mayo Clinic, he may add, needs personal doctoring all the more as it grows and grows. It is still often called "the surgical Mecca" and "the Supreme Court of the Sick," names it acquired when Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie flourished. Today's clinic doctors deprecate this sort of praise. They say, "There are many fine medical centers now."

They still cherish the early Mayo ideals, however. "When I am your doctor," says Doctor Mayo, "I try to imagine the kind of doctor I'd like if I were you. Then I try to be that kind of doctor."

Next week the author tells how the Mayo Clinic, while functioning as a major research center and the world's largest training ground for young M.D.'s, manages to make sure that the patient always comes first.—THE EDITORS

The Perfect Squelch

The apartment-house landlord at the seashore resort specialized in renting his hot little cubbyholes to college students who worked during vacations. In addition to charging stiff rents, he harassed them with rules designed to cut his overhead to the bone.

One morning he rapped sharply and aroused Tom, who had just gone to bed after an all-night shift at a hamburger stand.

"Were you the one who left the light on in the shower?" he demanded. "Next time it happens, I'm going to give you hell."

"You'd never give me hell," Tom replied. "You'd only rent it to me."

William H. Ruckle

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How Life Began (Continued from Page 25)

complicated molecules that occur in living organisms by using the proper materials and sources of energy. On the primitive earth the full impact of solar radiation on the simple components of the earth's crust would have resulted in a similar synthesis.

The implications of the Miller-Urey experiment for understanding the changes undergone by the primitive earth are twofold. First, the action of solar and other forms of radiant energy would result in the transformation of the primordial oceans to increasingly complex and concentrated solutions of organic molecules—what one investigator compared to the composition of "a hot, thin soup." Second, these small precursor molecules would inevitably react together to form the same large molecules seen in the living cell, if there were enough time.

This time element requires a digression into some aspects of modern biochemistry. For a hundred years biochemists have been tearing apart living cells to determine their chemical nature. Information as to the kinds of molecules present is almost complete, and we know a great deal about how these molecules interact in the living organism. They consist of familiar carbon-containing substances many of which can be synthesized in the laboratory. The same laws operating in inanimate nature determine the molecular interactions in living cells. Two of the molecular aspects of life are especially pertinent.

First, the chemical patterns underlying the most diverse forms of life are amazingly similar. The green chlorophyll of the photosynthesizing plant and the red hemoglobin of our blood are chemical cousins; the malaria parasite uses sugar for energy in the same fashion as mammalian muscles. This similarity indicates the common origin of all living organisms and provides valuable evidence—especially when we study variations—of the evolutionary process.

Second, we find in all living cells proteins, nucleic acids and an organized molecular structure that is unstable without a continuing supply of energy—the chemical energy of food in humans and the energy of sunlight in photosynthesizing plants. The famous Hungarian biochemist, Albert Szent-Györgyi, said that "whatever a cell does has to be paid for—and the currency of living systems, with which the cell has to pay, is energy." What we call "death" overtakes living cells when the energy to maintain their organization is no longer available, or when the mechanisms by which energy is used are defective or destroyed. In addition to these chemical and organizational qualities, living cells can both reproduce themselves and mutate, that is, they can occasionally form cells differing from the parent cell which, when they reproduce, transfer their altered characteristics to their progeny.

The nucleic acids, long, helical structures, consitutute the genetic units of the cell and are responsible for maintaining the unique and heritable characteristics of a particular cell. Usually the gene is precisely reproduced when the cell divides, but on occasion the copying is inexact, and from such a failure arise mutant cells.

Proteins function chiefly as enzymes, or catalysts, for the reactions by which the cell uses energy to reproduce, move, and so on. It is important to realize that enzymes alter only the speed at which a reaction occurs, but that they cannot initiate the reaction. For example, we think of the cane sugar on our breakfast table as a stable substance. But the inherent tendency of sugar to react with oxygen and be converted into carbon dioxide and water is concealed by the extremely slow rate of conversion under ordinary circumstances. In muscle or liver, and in many living cells, the conversion is swift and complete, with the energy thus liberated used for other cellular activities. Actually, a long series of protein enzymes regulate the rate of many individual reactions making up the whole process. But these enzymes do not create the reactions; they only accelerate them.

Genes and enzymes being indispensable components of living cells, it is also important to understand how the cell manufactures them. The 1959 Nobel prize went to the biochemists Severo Ochoa of New York University and Arthur Kornberg of Stanford University Medical School for discovering enzymes which can be extracted from living cells and will synthesize nucleic acids from a mixture of the appropriate starting materials. It was this discovery that promoted Muller to say that life had already been synthesized in the laboratory. We know less about the details of protein synthesis, but we do know that they are built up from simpler compounds, the amino acids, and that in some fashion the nucleic acids control the order and selection of the amino acid-building stones.

The significance of the Miller-Urey experiment becomes apparent with the observation that the small molecules they found are identical with those used by the living cell for its starting materials. The cell transforms (*Continued on Page 56*)

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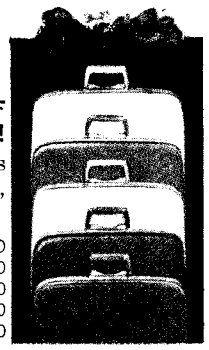

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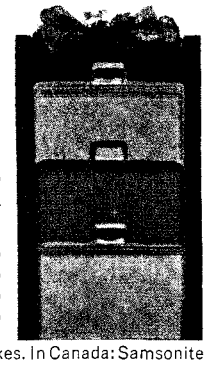

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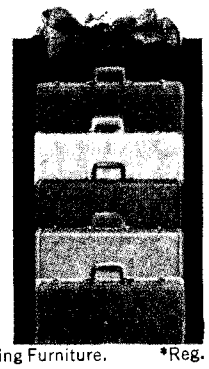

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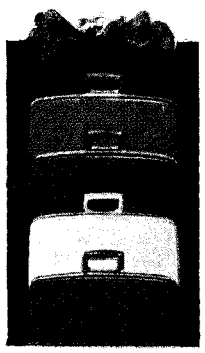

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(*Continued from Page 53*) these into its large molecules in an orderly and rapid fashion through its enzymes. But as we have seen, given the same starting materials and enough time, the same products would result.

Applying the Miller-Urey experiment to the conditions of the primeval earth and bearing in mind the millions of years that lay ahead, we conclude that the primeval ocean ultimately contained an enormous variety and number of the large molecules of nucleic acids and proteins present in living cells.

These molecules were still remote from any recognizable form of life, and we must invoke another process to explain later chemical evolution. Called autocatalysis, this process refers to the situation wherein a substance formed by a given chemical reaction serves as an accelerating agent for the reaction itself. By way of analogy, picture a group of men trying to climb over a high wall. If each man reaching the top can reach down and help the man behind up, obviously the rate at which the men get over the wall will grow faster. Similarly, the molecules produced by autocatalysis will, once formed, accelerate the formation of identical molecules.

What is the direct implication of autocatalysis in considering the primitive solution of proteins and nucleic acids? Imagine, for example, the formation—by random combination and after an enormous lapse of time—of a particular nucleic-acid molecule which can dictate the structure of a protein molecule. The protein would have the catalytic property of accelerating the further formation of that particular nucleic acid. Thus, instead of a passage of a million years for the spontaneous formation of the nucleic acid, the synthesis would occur very rapidly. If at the same time the primitive ocean contained a second protein, with the ability to accelerate the formation of the first protein, then we would have the conditions for the beginning of a primitive form of life, a system in which particular nucleic acids and proteins could reproduce themselves. Further, the continued operation of the autocatalytic process would eventually replace the primeval mixture of molecules by one in which self-reproducing molecules would be the dominating species. This, we believe, was the process whereby the simple molecules of the primitive world evolved into the complex, self-reproducing molecules verging on life itself.

As to exactly what happened next, as to the nature of the first living organism, we can barely speculate. However, three aspects of the evolutionary process call for comment: the development of the membranes which confine the self-reproducing molecules within the cellular units; the development of the various steps by which the cell operates; the development of photosynthesizing organisms, that is, living cells able to use the visible wave lengths of sunlight as a source of energy.

Though we lack direct evidence, the confinement of several large, self-reproducing molecules within a membrane must certainly have occurred at an early stage in the evolution of life. In this connection Aleksandr Oparin, of the Bach Institute of Biochemistry at Moscow, has studied the formation of the bits of jelly-like materials called coacervates, which separate spontaneously from solutions of organic molecules having opposing electrical charges. The precursors of the coacervates were also present in the primitive "soup," and their spontaneous separation may well represent the beginning of cellular structures from which a highly organized internal apparatus could proceed.

Concerning the steps of cellular operation, Norman Horowitz of the California Institute of Technology, was the first to surmise that they probably developed in a reverse order. The first living things, he reasoned, had available to them in the primeval oceans all possible precursors and needed only to combine these to reproduce themselves. With the depletion of one essential precursor, survival would be possible only for the organism that had the enzymes to replace the shortage from the other remaining molecules. When these also disappeared, survival would then depend on the ability of the organism to convert still other available substances into the required component. In this fashion, the gradual depletion of precursors would run parallel to the evolution of longer and longer chains of synthesis—such as we now find in living organisms.

Photosynthesizing organs probably developed relatively late in the evolution of living cells. In the photosynthetic process the energy of sunlight acts to separate the hydrogen and oxygen of water molecules, the hydrogen combining with the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere to form sugar,

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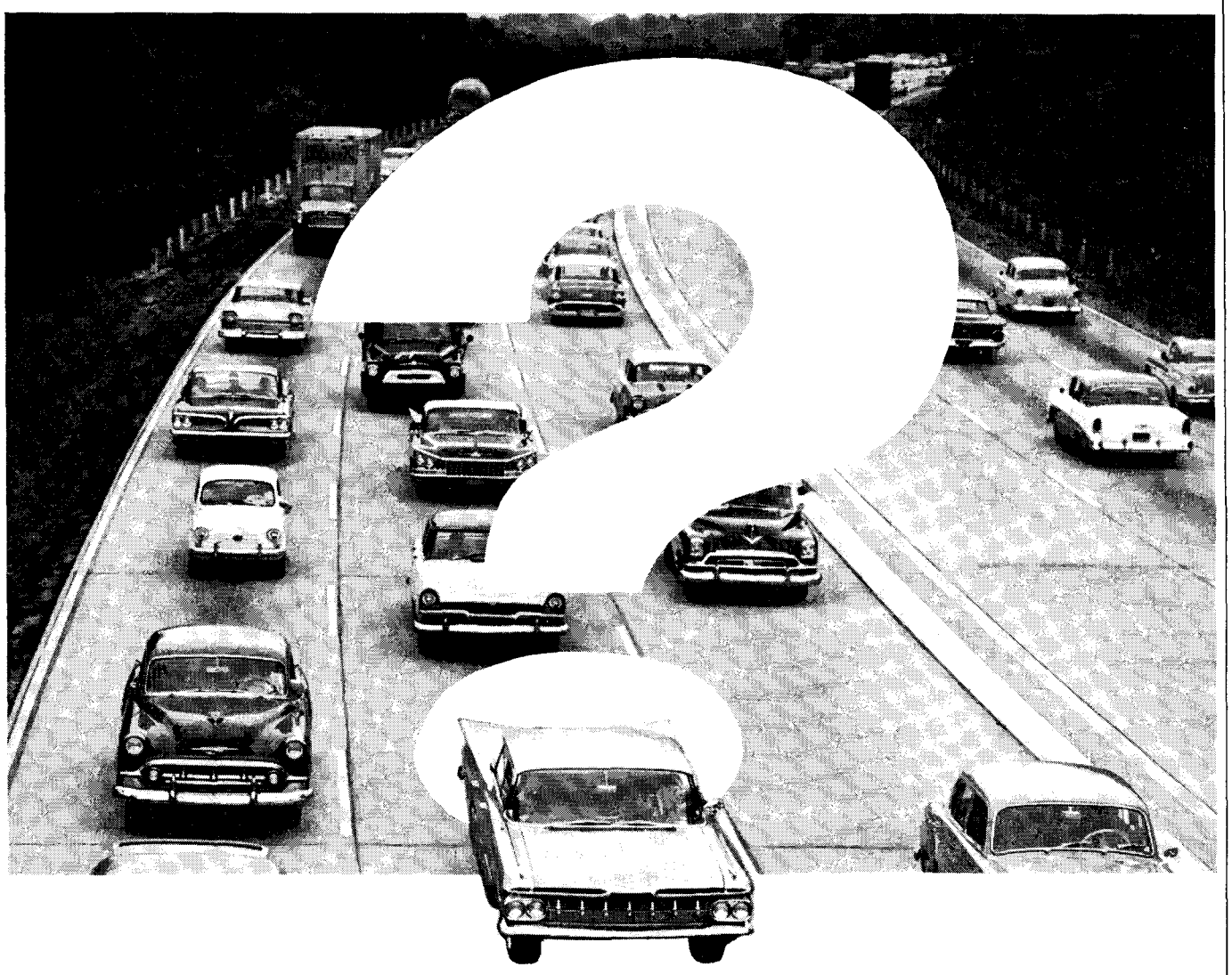
DAN BENNETT



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the oxygen being liberated as free gas. The cellular machinery involved appears to have two distinct parts. One part uses the green chlorophyll of plants and the energy of visible light. The other part forms sugar from carbon dioxide and hydrogen, and requires no light. Significantly, the second part exists in many primitive organisms without chlorophyll and which do not require light. The process can be duplicated in test tubes with a suitable mixture of enzymes, including some derived from mammals and other nonphotosynthesizing organisms. From this we deduce that the photosynthesizing mechanism with its use of light energy must have developed after living cells had learned to carry out the dark process.

The eventual appearance of photosynthesizing organisms had a most important consequence in the further development of living forms. Photosynthesis, as we have seen, leads to the formation of gaseous oxygen. Large quantities of gaseous oxygen would produce a layer of ozone shielding the earth from the sun's lethal ultraviolet radiation. Thus shielded, the synthesis of the organic molecules in the primitive ocean could no longer occur and they would gradually disappear as living organisms proliferated. Moreover, the ozone shield would permit the evolution of organisms incapable of withstanding the ultraviolet radiation. Many of these require oxygen, but there also exist intermediate types that can operate with or without oxygen as their environment may dictate. That the molecular machinery for using oxygen in the higher forms of life is closely related to the green chlorophyll in photosynthesizing plants exemplifies the way evolving life modifies a basic molecular structure to new functions and objectives.

The evolutionary sequence has the beauty of logic. It can be traced through succeeding eras of enormous duration: the oxygen-free, hydrogenous atmosphere of the primitive earth permitting the synthesis and accumulation of organic substances as the precursors of living organisms; the interaction of these to form self-duplicating systems leading to the depletion of the organic molecules in the ocean and to the appearance of photosynthesizing organisms; finally, the emergence of oxygen-requiring organisms—each step irreversible and essential for evolution.

Where does this evidence lead us, if we accept the argument that human life, with its intelligence, its moral sense and spiritual aspirations arose from nonliving materials; that life is a spontaneous, irrepressible manifestation of matter; that, given the right environment, the necessary sources of energy and the suitable building stones, life inevitably results? The question prompts yet another question. What is matter?

Our reluctance to conceive of our physical being as nothing more than the matter of the inanimate world stems primarily from our consciousness of individual existence. We feel we are more than science can analyze. Yet every attempt to separate the psyche from the physical body has failed. If we modify or destroy our molecular fabric, we modify or destroy its psychic properties. The scientist concludes that they are but different aspects of the whole human. That life is a manifestation of matter can be expressed in a variety of vocabularies. No model, no concrete image of the nature of matter exists, and its behavior can be predicted and explained only in terms of mathematical equations. To say that matter is energy, or electricity, or a warpage of space reveals no more than to call it spirit, nature or God. Before such problems, the scientist tends only to retain his faith in reason and rational investigation, and to look for the next approximation rather than the last analysis.

THE END

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Oparin, A. I.
The Origin of Life
Dover Publications
$1.75

Gamow, George
Biography of the Earth
Mentor Books
$.50

Shapley, Harlow
Of Stars and Men
Beacon Press
$3.50

Tax, Sol and Charles Callender (ed.)
Evolution after Darwin, Vol. III
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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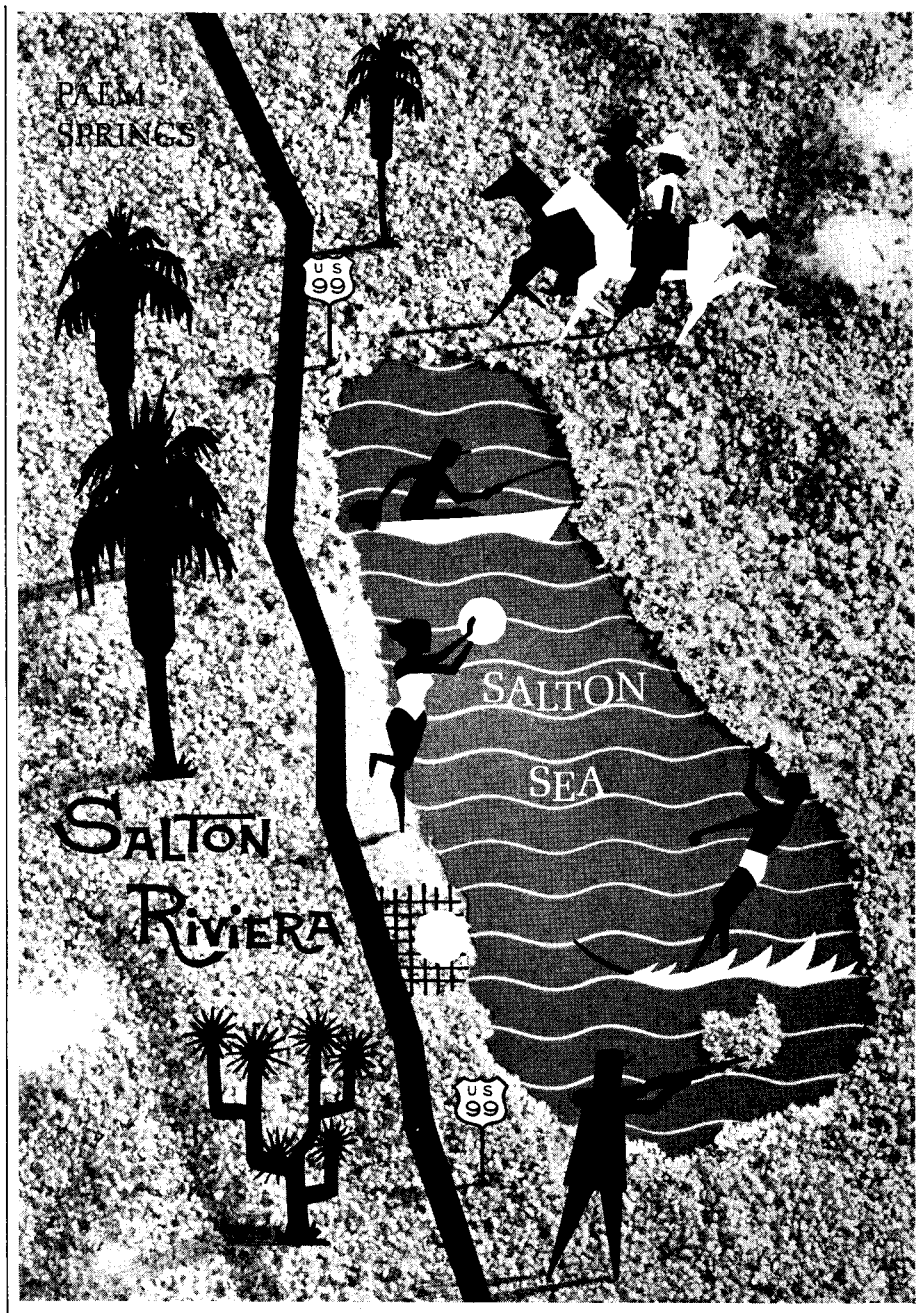

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Mr. Gallup and the Claim Jumpers

(Continued from Page 26)

"I don't understand it," he said, perplexed. "The chart shows nothing on it, and Sailing Directions says it's a bare, deserted rock. But there seems to be ——"

"Aye, sir—I saw them," Mr. Wilcox replied. "Scattered huts and what looks to be a dock and cargo shed beyond that surf—as if there were a small hidden harbor there or an abandoned wartime base. But our bases were farther west —— Wait a bit; there goes a smoke signal!"

Captain Sloan leveled his glasses, then quickly turned toward the boat deck. "Mr. Gallup!" he hailed. "There's survivors over there. Is your boat ready?"

"Whenever ye pass the word, sir."

A half hour later, with bare steerage way, the *Jaipur Prince* was rolling in the steep seas nearer shore and providing a hazardous lee while the whaleboat, with Mr. Gallup, the bosun and five other picked men on board, was lowered from the davits. There was a moment of acute danger as the freighter plunged, and a hissing comber leaped up at the boat. But Mr. Gallup's flawless timing and a powerful thrust of his steering sweep shot them clear, then away, and the whaleboat headed toward a gap in the reef.

Closer in, the giant breakers moved shoreward at tremendous speed, their racing crests threatening to swamp the boat. But Mr. Gallup, using a trick he had learned thirty years before in the murderous surf of the Ivory Coast, came quickly about and advanced to meet and smash each menace, then rode the wave's onward momentum stern first. And presently the boat was entering a small, deep-water harbor.

Obviously it had once been a secret wartime base, for shreds of heavy camouflage still clung to iron tripods on the seaward side; and at the shore end of a long wharf were the ruins of barracklike huts and sheds which, in the fading light of the winter day, looked depressingly lonely and forlorn.

Mr. Gallup was in no mood to care, however, for he was feverish, and his chest hurt; and as they rowed across the harbor, he wanted only to find the castaways and get back to the *Jaipur Prince*.

Then there suddenly came a jubilant shout from the distant wharf; and, staring across, they saw a group of waving men—who proved to be, when the boat was rowed across to the wharf ladder, the master and four other survivors of the Juneau trawler *Pole Star*. When Mr. Gallup climbed to the wharf, the skipper, a powerfully built man named Steele, gave a brief account of their disaster.

"We were headed for Unimak Pass and Bristol Bay," he said. "But the gale kicked us in the teeth south of the Shumagins, and we ran out of fuel fighting it. So, last night we piled up, other side of that spit. I'd just got an SOS off when she struck and went down."

"Ye lose anyone, captain?" Mr. Gallup asked.

Steele nodded. "The mate and the cook. The rest of us took a beatin' on the rocks, but we made it. How'd you find us?"

Mr. Gallup explained. "We seen yer smoke signal," he ended, "and got a boat away."

"We didn't even see your ship," Steele said. "Bein' so cold and wet we holed up in that Jap lumber pile."

"Jap?" said Mr. Gallup, surprised.

"Sure. This was a Jap supply base. Their markings are all over the place. Especially on that." He pointed to huge piles of stacked, sawed lumber on the wharf behind him. "Look at it. Thousands of board feet left here and forgotten—that, and a lot of rusty anchor cable and wire rope." Steele shook his head. "But how in hell they managed to set up a base so far east of Attu? Well, anyway"—he shrugged—"let's go, huh?"

In the gathering darkness the whaleboat headed back to the harbor gap and again drove into the advancing breakers; but with the rescued fishermen double-banking the oars, it was not long before they were dipping and tossing under the waiting davits of the *Jaipur Prince*. And even as the boat was being hoisted, the steamer once more got under way.

The *Pole Star*'s survivors were taken below to be fed, while Steele accompanied Mr. Sharp to the bridge to meet Captain Sloan. But Mr. Gallup, though still drenched and chilled bone deep, insisted on staying to see the whaleboat properly secured. Then a paroxysm of coughing left him weak and shaking.

"Better yeu get qvick vit de bunk, Mr. Gallup," said the bosun with deep concern. "Yeu're pooty sick falla."

"No, no. I'm jist a—a mite wore out," Mr. Gallup choked. "So, arter I pick up some wittles for Nero, I'll—I'll mebbe rest." He swayed suddenly then and, before the bosun could catch him, fell heavily and lay still.

Unconscious, he was taken to his cabin, stripped of his sodden gear and put under piled-up blankets in his bunk, with a steward to tend him. Then the worried bosun went in search of Captain Sloan.

When the shipmaster returned to the bridge, Mr. Wilcox, who was talking with Steele, turned, quickly questioning.

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"Pneumonia. No doubt of it," Captain Sloan told him. "We've got to get him to a shore hospital quick as we can."

"Aye—but where, sir?" said Mr. Wilcox anxiously. "We know nothing about these scrubby little island ports."

"Try Port Kulik," Steele said. "It's just a small place on Kulik Island—a few fishermen and Aleuts and a colony of mainlanders that settled there two, three years ago, hoping to build a new life. I hear they're not doing too well, but ——"

"Aye, man—but what's their medical facilities?" Mr. Wilcox said impatiently. "It's Gallup we're worried about, not ——"

"O.K.—O.K.! I'm getting to it. Their head man is a Doctor Stesel. He's kind of a lay preacher too—so they call him the Reverend Doc. I don't know how he scores at savin' souls, but as a doctor he's a whiz. Even the Aleuts' shamans swear by him."

"How far is it?" asked Captain Sloan anxiously.

"'Bout seventy miles. You'll raise Port Kulik Light about midnight."

"Thanks. That's a relief," said Captain Sloan. "Mr. Wilcox, I'll stand Gallup's watch; so when you go below, kindly see that his gear's properly packed. And—er—Mr. Wilcox."

"Sir?"

"Make sure that repulsive little noisemaker he's so fond of goes ashore with him."

"I most certainly will, sir!"

"And see that its cage is well protected, with plenty of food in it, mister," the little shipmaster boomed testily. "That's the least thing we can do for a man who's showed us there's still guts and old-time seamanship left in this rotten push-button world!"

The arctic remained ice locked; snow flurries still dusted the Aleutians; but the daylight hours slowly lengthened until noonday, when a pale shaft of what probably was sunshine filtered through the window of a Port Kulik water-front shack and embellished the seat of Mr. Gallup's long gray-flannel drawers.

But then Mr. Gallup pulled on his pants, and spring's timid messenger went unnoticed except, perhaps, by Nero, who was practicing a difficult arpeggio in his cage. Mr. Gallup needed no cheering, however, for he was completely well again, due to the tirelessly dedicated medical skill of the Reverend Doc, Port Kulik's lay preacher and health officer, otherwise known as George Stesel, M.D.

"Aye, Nero—it were nip and squeak, as the rat said when it dodged the cat," Mr. Gallup ruminated, now donning the warm woolen shirt that one of the townsfolk had given him. "If it hadn't bin for the Reverend Doc, and his friends wot helped nuss me, I'd be a fit subjeck for Madame Tussaud's Chamber of 'Orrers by now! And now that they're in trouble, I on'y wish we could do somethink. Ah—come in, sir. Come in."

... ...

All in the Family

We thought ourselves a
rather clever crew,
But now we know the shape
of our I.Q.:
We're dullards, dolts, and
barely second-rate.
Our college freshman's
home. He put us straight.

Barbara Kremer

... ...

The door opened, and the Reverend Doc entered, a broad, squat man with blue eyes, cherubic face and an air of genial vitality.

"Well, how's my ex-patient?" he smiled. "You look fit enough to chew up a grizzly and spit out the bones. Whew!" He quickly damped down the glowing potbellied stove and threw off his jacket. "Who are you going to barbecue—Nero?"

"Nero's a wery remarkable animal, sir," replied Mr. Gallup solemnly. "He's become kind of a hobby of mine. Did you know crickets could foretell wet or dry weather, an' give ye the tem'ature as well? It's a fack. Count their chirps for fifteen seconds, add forty, and you got it—in Fahrenheit. And the hotter it is, the better he likes it."

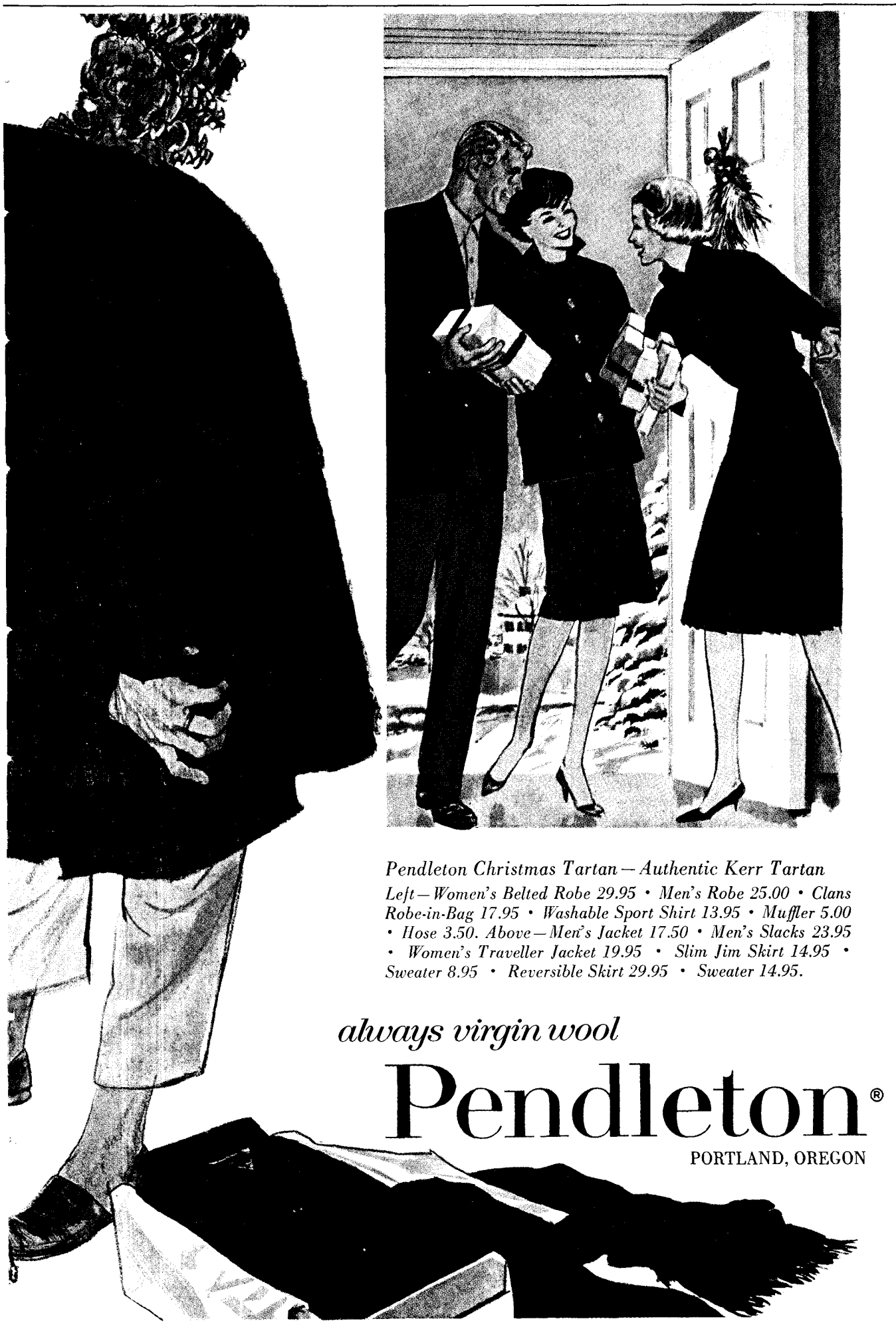
"Drop him in the stove then," grinned the Reverend Doc as he plopped into a chair. "He'll have a ball."

"He'll have that when I interjuces him into the buzzoms of me fambly, sir; when I gits home, that is—thanks to you," said Mr. Gallup, putting a coffeepot on to heat. Then he turned, his deep-set eyes glowing. "You ain't never really let me thank ye for all ye done since I were carried ashore that night—saved me life, you did."

"Nonsense," said the Reverend Doc. "The Lord just wasn't ready for you yet."

"Then fixin' me up wid this cabin, you and yer friends, when I wos better. I'll not forgit it, sir," Mr. Gallup concluded huskily. "Never."

"Stop blathering," said the Reverend Doc, "and pour me some of that barnacle killer. Anyway," he went on as Mr.



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PORTLAND, OREGON

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Gallup handed him a steaming mugful, "it's your *Jaipur Prince* shipmates you can thank. Captain Sloan said your job's open if you can rejoin them in Boston."

"Aye—that took a heap of worry off me mind, sir."

"And all hands chipped in five hundred dollars to cover your needs here."

"And I'm wery grateful for same," Mr. Gallup acknowledged. "Trouble is, you won't let me pay ye. Oh, I know wot ye said afore—that I've a fambly to keep. But Iris wrote she's drawin' me sickness insurance, so her an' me sprats is O. K."

"Boston's a long way from here, so keep your money. You'll need it."

For a moment Mr. Gallup was silent. Then he said softly, "Not as much as I hear you and your friends might."

The Reverend Doc looked at him, but did not speak. And Mr. Gallup went on. "Ain't that I bin nosy, sir. It's jist wot I've been hearin' round the town, that you and yer friends wot come up here from the States to settle has bin cheated blind and might have to leave."

"We weren't cheated, Mr. Gallup. Victimized, perhaps. It was done legally."

"Cheated—wictimized. Ye still got rooked," said Mr. Gallup indignantly. "How'd it happen?"

The Reverend Doc explained.

Their small home town in a western mountain valley having become the site of a big Federal hydroelectric project, the entire community had been bought out at a good price. So there they were—plenty of money, and no place to go. But Alaska's coming statehood was in the news; and when a letter was received from a Mr. Gerdler, the owner of Kulik Island off the Alaska Peninsula, containing some excellent photographs and an offer, they were interested and appointed the Reverend Doc to negotiate.

Kulik Island, Mr. Gerdler told them, had a fine stand of virgin timber, good farming soil and a natural harbor—Port Kulik. He was to lease the island to them on a year-to-year basis with a five-year option to buy, if they would agree to settle there as a group. And the lease would convey to them all farming, mineral, fishing and logging rights.

It contained also an apparently minor stipulation—that all their construction materials, food and all other supplies and furnishings must be purchased at or through the Gerdler-owned Port Kulik Commissary and Merchandise Mart, a convenience which, since they were strangers to Alaskan ways, would, he pointed out, save them both shipping worries and money. He would also retain ownership and control of the wharf which he had built for commercial fishing vessels.

"So, I came up here with a committee," the Reverend Doc concluded, "and since the setup looked most promising and the annual lease payment reasonable, we accepted and signed the lease."

"Sounds puffect," commented Mr. Gallup. "Wot went wrong?"

"What didn't?" The Reverend Doc got up and paced. "The first year an early winter froze us in almost before we got our shacks up. Then Gerdler's Commissary and Merchandise Mart prices were so exorbitant that—that ——" He paused, shaking with rage. "But there's nowhere else to trade, even if we legally could. And people have to live and eat."

"And yet it seems to me this place could be made a go of, if ——"

"Of course it could. But we've had to spend so much just to live and build our homes that there's little left for development. In fact, we'll be short on the annual payment that's due in two months."

"And if ye can't pay," Mr. Gallup rumbled angrily, "this Gerdler swab'll cancel the lease and use it again to swindle some other poor numskulls."

"No. He's got a better idea, I hear." The Reverend Doc shrugged into his Mackinaw. "Alaska's a state now—people flocking up here by the hundreds. Already the building boom is on, with a market for processed lumber at top prices right on our doorstep. Oh, he'll cancel our lease, fast enough. Then he'll sell the logging rights to our stand of timber to a big lumber company that's already made him a fancy offer."

"Beat him to it!" cried Mr. Gallup. "It's still your lease."

"True. But it also forbids us to sublease or sell," replied the Reverend Doc wryly. "Gerdler saw to that before we signed it."

"I see." Mr. Gallup sighed. "Well, if that five hundred of mine is the slightest use to ye, sir, ye're more than welcome."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be. We're in too deep. But thanks."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Gallup, "jist remember wot me dad, who wos a pious man when he'd had a few, would allus say—'the Lord will perwide.'"

The predicament of the Reverend Doc and his friends became, to the intensely loyal Mr. Gallup, almost an obsession. Daily he would sit on the rail of the *Arctic Fox*, a decrepit old three-masted schooner berthed alongside the wharf, and devote long periods to mental groping for a solution. Then, defeated, he would visit, in the untidy cabin below, with Billy the Gull, the wizened and alcoholically preserved old shellback who owned the vessel and lived on board. And in the bitter air of the Alaskan spring nights, Mr. Gallup would trudge dispiritedly home again.

Thus it was, until a Sunday when, as always, he joined the Reverend Doc's prayer meeting in an unheated cargo shed at the shore end of the wharf. The seats were unpainted planks nailed to empty packing cases; the pulpit was a large hogshead with the top half of its back cut away. And the Reverend Doc's text that day was the parable of the talents as related in Matthew, twenty-fifth chapter, fourteenth to thirtieth verse. The Reverend Doc read it.

For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants. . . . And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability. . . .

Mr. Gallup, listening with profound interest, wished that the Lord had given him the "several ability" to put talents to work; in which case he might be able to aid his friend who, so unselfishly, helped others.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained. . . .

Mr. Gallup nodded approvingly. Yes, even the little fellers came back with something. But you had to have a talent to start with, even if only enough—and he glanced at the primitive seating—to build the Reverend Doc a decent church, provided some decent wood could be obtained.

It was at this point that both congregation and the Reverend Doc were startled as Mr. Gallup, with a triumphant "Hooroo!" leaped from his seat, galumphed through the doorway, then sped along the dock to the *Arctic Fox*.

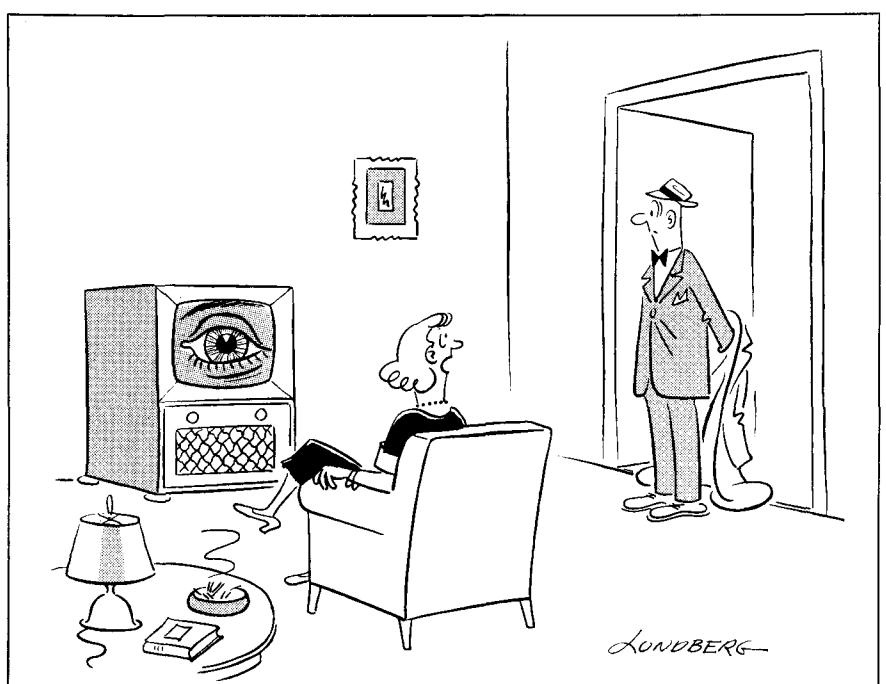
There, as he jumped the rail, he almost collided with a man who was emerging from the cabin companionway—a tall man with a Gargantuan stomach and a red pudding face who, just minutes before, had threatened to kick Billy the Gull and his ramshackle schooner out of the harbor for nonpayment of wharfage fees long overdue. The pudding-faced man's name was Gerdler.

Mr. Gallup dodged around him and went below. Mr. Gerdler, who had recognized him as the Reverend Doc's friend and protégé, watched him vanish, speculating as to the reason for this impetuous visit. Then, deciding to return later and extract it—by force, if necessary—from Billy the Gull, Mr. Gerdler waddled placidly back to the town.

Later that day, when the Reverend Doc entered Mr. Gallup's cabin, he was greeted by a broad grin. "Glad ye come, sir," said Mr. Gallup. "There's somethink I wants to discuss wid ye."

"And I want to discuss with you," said his visitor, helping himself from the stovetop coffeepot, "why you tore out today as if a wildcat had you by the tail. My sermons aren't brilliant, I know, but ——"

"'Twas that bit about the five talents wot done it, sir," Mr. Gallup replied, his grin widening. "Park yer starn and tell me—wot would the walue be of a three-masted schooner chock-full of prime, seasoned sawed lumber? At Anchorage, say, where they'd be doin' some of that buildin' ye spoke of?"



"I think it needs some adjustment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Reverend Doc stared. "Sure you're feeling all right?" he said.

"Never felt better in all me wicked life. Come on, how much?"

"O.K., if it's a game, I'll play," said the Reverend Doc. "Seventy thousand dollars at least."

"Ar! And wid that much ye could keep yer lease, log yer own timber, build a small sawmill to process it and ship that to Anchorage too. And from them additional profits you and yer friends could start a fish cannery or inwest in the cod-and-salmon fleet ——"

"Look here, Gallup," said the Reverend Doc sharply. "You've got to stop this nonsense and get yourself to bed."

"I'm dead serious, sir," Mr. Gallup told him. "Wot I'm tryin' to show ye is how them Biblical talents is agoin' to make yer settlement here a wallopin' success. So, if ye'll jist lissen ——"

"Don't be silly, man. We haven't got even one talent."

"We have, sir," said Mr. Gallup triumphantly. "I bought the *Arctic Fox*—arter I run out on you today—for five hundred dollars and a bottle of bait and me note for fifteen hundred balance. She ain't wuth that, but wid calm weather ahead this time of year, she's good for one more woyage. Anyway, she's Talent Number One."

"Are you serious?" the Reverend Doc asked.

Mr. Gallup fished a grimy bill of sale from his pocket. "There's me proof, sir. And Talent Number Two is that cargo of Jap lumber wot we'll load at Nakachak Island." He related the incident of the rescue of the *Pole Star*'s stranded crew, and the Reverend Doc readily conceded that he might be talking sense after all.

"The *Arctic Fox* is old, but her canvas is still good," Mr. Gallup then resumed. "And if she can sail to Nakachak, load and reach Anchorage, that's all she'll be needed for. Shape she's in, we might have trouble shippin' a crew, but ——"

"I'll hire some Aleut fishermen," said the Reverend Doc. "I've got a few expatients that'd sail on a capsized log if I asked 'em to."

"One more thing." Mr. Gallup was hesitant now, his brow troubled. "We'll need an arf-dozen men to help wid the loadin' on Nakachak, and enough stores on board for the woyage. And that'll cost a bit."

"We'll manage—the stores, anyway. And I'll take enough of my own friends for the loading."

So it was arranged; and with Mr. Gallup's gear, and Nero in his well-wrapped cage on board—since Mr. Gallup planned to leave for home from Anchorage—two mornings later the old *Arctic Fox*, whose late master and owner was celebrating his good fortune ashore, shook out her musty wings in the cold spring breeze and surged away to the west.

When the *Arctic Fox* sailed into Nakachak Island harbor, all hands were peering through the paling darkness for a first glimpse of their prize, with Mr. Gallup at the wheel, the Reverend Doc beside him and Nero transmitting metronomic chirps from his cage at their feet.

"It's straight across—great stacks of it," said Mr. Gallup, pointing. "Waitin' for us on the dock there. All we got to do is ——"

He stopped abruptly. "There's a wessel alongside!" he said. "A purse seiner."

"I see it," said the Reverend Doc.

Intently they watched as Mr. Gallup brought the *Arctic Fox* to a berth alongside the wharf and just astern of the other vessel which, they now saw, was the *Albacore* of Port Kulik. Her crew of fishermen emerged on deck, followed by the enormous bulk of Mr. Gerdler who, with a rifle

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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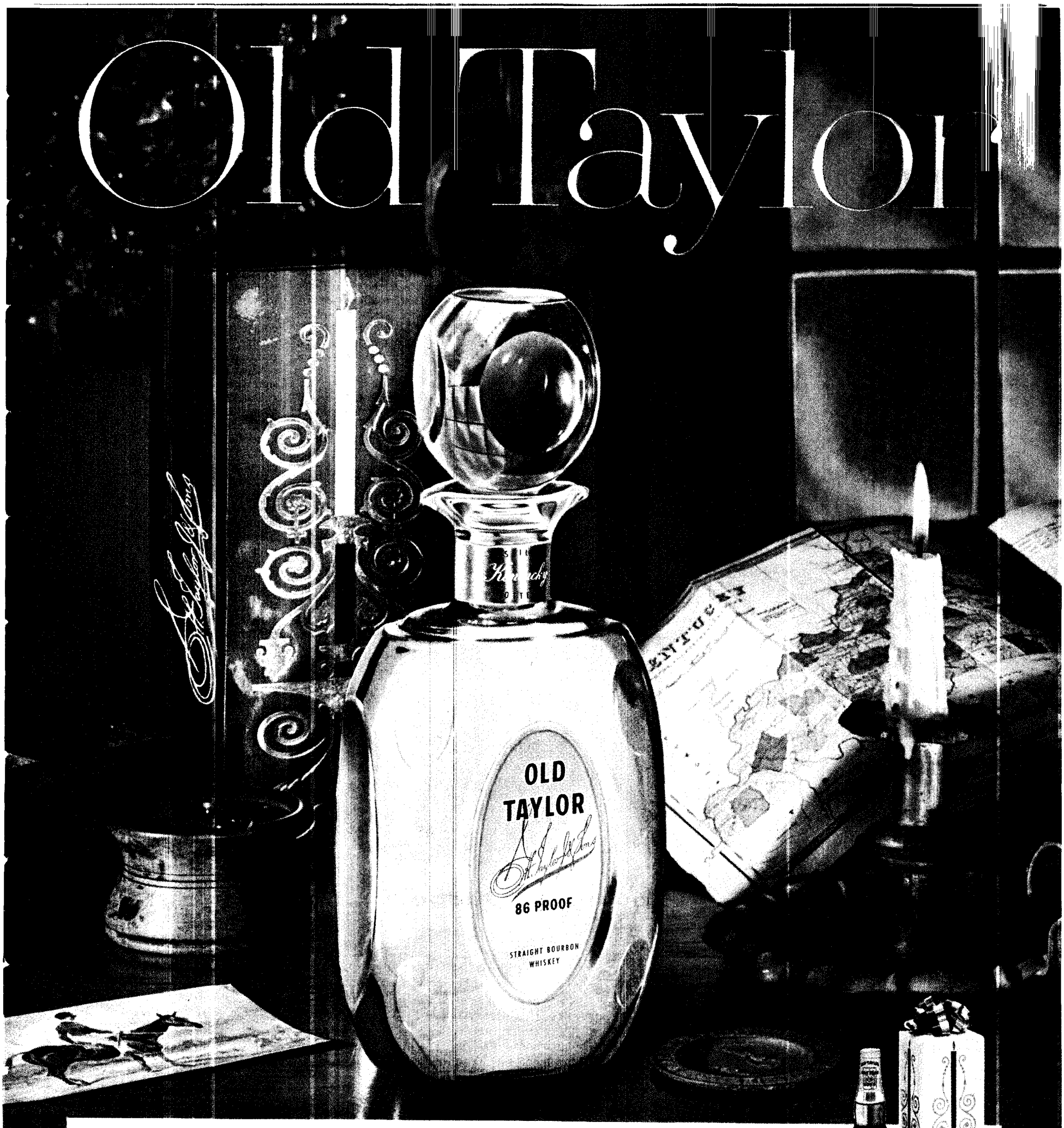

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(*Continued from Page 60*) crooked over his arm, waddled to the rail and jovially hailed the *Arctic Fox*.

"Hello, there," he wheezed. "Kind of thought you'd be showing up."

"Who's that fat gowk?" Mr. Gallup rasped to the Reverend Doc. "Seems I've saw him afore somewheres."

"It's Gerdler," the Reverend Doc answered. "Look, did you tell Billy the Gull why you bought his schooner?"

But Gerdler was hailing again. "Something I can do for you folks here?" he offered. "Whatever it is, name it—it's yours. Except"—grinning, he pointed to the great stacks of frost-silvered lumber along the wharf—"except that, of course. That belongs to me."

"Ye're a liar!" shouted Mr. Gallup. "I found that weeks ago. It wos abandoned and belonged to whoever claimed it."

"Glad you said that, neighbor," Mr. Gerdler replied affably. "It was abandoned again when I got here yesterday. So now it's mine. Naturally," he continued, grinning again, "I had to check first and see if the stuff was still here. It checked. So I'm staying to maintain possession"—he lifted his rifle—"while the *Albacore* goes back and sends a tug and some barges. But don't go 'way," he added hospitably as the seiner's breakfast bell sounded. "Go ashore. Look around. Enjoy yourselves."

They watched in glum silence as he rolled ponderously away along the deck. Then Mr. Gallup reluctantly faced the Reverend Doc. "I'm sorry, sir. Guess I've really tore it this time," he muttered. "If on'y I'd kept me big mouth shut. But I never thought ——"

"What troubles me, Mr. Gallup," the Reverend Doc said, "is that five hundred of yours—that's gone down the drain."

"I'm not agoin' to cry about it," Mr. Gallup said with specious cheerfulness. "All it means is that Nero and me will have to wait a bit longer to reach home. And jist hark at him! Cooped in a cage, yet merry as a lark. In fack"—puzzled, Mr. Gallup bent down to listen—"I dunno's I've ever heard him play this hard afore. Bit odd, too, wid the weather still so cold."

As he straightened, his eyes were fixed upon his wrist watch. And when he finally looked at the Reverend Doc, his face was expressionless. "Ar! Well—'God moves in a mysterious way,' as the sayin' is. Would you take Nero below, sir? I'll think I'll have a quick look ashore."

Mr. Gallup's stay on the wharf was brief and apparently aimless, for he strolled along and, at intervals, idly felt the piled-up lumber as if to gauge its quality. Then he turned abruptly away and a few moments later appeared in the seiner's messroom.

As he entered, Mr. Gerdler, with a huge breakfast before him, heaved himself on his feet. "You're looking for trouble, mister?" he asked menacingly, but Mr. Gallup morosely shook his head.

"No trouble, sir. No use of denyin' we're licked. So I'll make ye a proposition."

Gerdler subsided, but his little eyes were wary. "About what?"

Mr. Gallup also sat down; and what he said apparently made such good sense that presently he also was enjoying a hearty meal. When he had finished, he returned to the *Arctic Fox*. In the cabin, with the door closed, he told Doc and his friends what he had arranged.

"It wos quite simple, him bein' a businessman," he explained. "When I p'inted out how stupid he'd be to waste time and money sendin' back to Port Kulik for a tug and barges when here's the schooner wid a big empty hold and plenty of hands to work cargo. He seen it right away. We'll do the loadin' at full wages, workin' right through till she's full. Then he'll pay me back me five hundred and take over the note for the balance."

"And sail the *Arctic Fox* to Anchorage so he'll get paid off for your deal, Mr. Gallup?" someone said bitterly. "And you get your five hundred back. Nice going."

"I know wot ye're thinkin'," replied Mr. Gallup. "But we'll salwage more'n that, or I'd never ha' made the deal."

Opening the door, he looked out quickly, closed it and turned to them again. "Now, lissen careful," he said, his voice low. "I want them planks so tightly stowed and the hold so full, when he sails, that ye couldn't drive a toothpick atween 'em. Everything depends on that. So jist do it—and trust me!"

Loading was started immediately. By working continuous shifts, with floodlights from the *Albacore* providing illumination, and Mr. Gallup expertly superintending the stowage, the *Arctic Fox*'s hold filled rapidly. Toward morning a heavy drizzle started; but by breakfast time the job was done. And with Gerdler on the poop of the *Arctic Fox* and an Aleut seaman at the wheel, and the gear of Mr. Gallup and the others transferred to the *Albacore*, which was to return them to Port Kulik, the schooner was ready to sail.

As they stood on the wharf, silently watching, her lines were let go, and the heavily laden vessel slanted away toward the open sea. But even before she reached the harbor gap, the drizzle turned into a downpour, and she was blotted from sight.

"Well, let's get aboard the *Albacore* and start for home," the Reverend Doc said abruptly. "There's nothing more to be done here."

"Aye, but there is, sir," said Mr. Gallup, rain water trickling from the brim of his old hard hat. "There's a lot of that rusty anchor cable and wire rope on the wharf here what's got to be put aboard the seiner afore we leave. I didn't want to mention it afore Gerdler sailed, but—well, the fact is, gennelmen, we ain't goin' home."

There were astonished stares. "If we aren't going home, where are we going?" someone demanded.

"We're agoin', sir," replied Mr. Gallup, "to foller the *Arctic Fox*. To foller her, jist out of sight astern, till we see bits of oakum from her opened timbers floatin' by. Then we'll ketch up wid her—and by that time, Mr. Gerdler will be more than ready to give us a wery civil how-de-do."

It was not until after four days of steady rain that Mr. Gerdler noticed that the *Arctic Fox* was leaking; but because the sea was calm and they had a fair sailing breeze, he did not worry. But within another day, it became necessary to man the pumps—at first every two hours, then constantly, but with no visible effect. And when the deck began opening up, with the oakum washing out of her overside hull seams as she wallowed in the rain-pitted swells, Mr. Gerdler gave way to wild panic—to which his Aleut crew, having privately been reassured and paid by Mr. Gallup, gave no heed whatever.

Frantically Gerdler kept a lookout for passing ships; but there were none. And then, at the desolate end of another wet, terror-filled day, the *Albacore* appeared astern and overhauled the slowly disintegrating schooner.

When she drew within hailing distance, Mr. Gerdler's relief was so tremendous that he did not even question why she was there. All he wanted was to be taken off.

"Wot for, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup cheerfully across ten yards of water. "She can't sink. She's full of wood."

"She's breaking up, you fool," Mr. Gerdler yelled. "Right under my feet."

"What else would ye expect in this rainy, warmed-up weather?" Mr. Gallup countered reasonably enough. "It's them frozen planks thawin' out and swellin' wot's shovin' her apart. If ye really want to be took off, though, we'll gladly oblige—on the Reverend Doc's terms, of course. If not, when she falls apart, we'll dredge ye out of the water. Course, ye're pretty heavy and ye'd sink fast."

"Just get me off, that's all I want. I'll sign whatever you say."

Quickly then, the *Albacore* surged up alongside, and Mr. Gerdler heaved his bulk across and landed with bruised knees but a thankful heart on the seiner's deck. Then, while he was taken to the cabin by the Reverend Doc to sign certain documents which prudently had been prepared beforehand, Mr. Gallup led a crew of willing workers onto the *Arctic Fox*.

Hours of back-breaking toil ensued, with the Nakachak Island anchor chain transferred to the schooner, unshackled in required lengths and passed under the schooner's hull, with lashings through the two ends hove bar-tight on the capstan, hauled snug and made fast.

Men worked in exhausted relays until long after dark; but when the job was done, the *Arctic Fox* was securely bound together, with danger of disintegration gone. And although now only a raft of timber under sail, she made safe and steady progress toward Anchorage before a freshening wind.

The cargo, delivered intact, brought an excellent price—more than sufficient, in fact, to insure that, after Mr. Gerdler's lease money had been paid, the talents, as Mr. Gallup had foretold, would increase. And particularly so because one of the clauses of the agreement Mr. Gerdler had signed called for a drastic reduction of prices in the Port Kulik Commissary and Merchandise Mart.

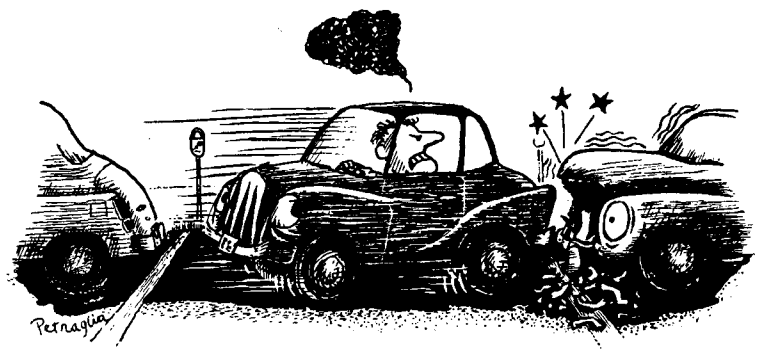
"But you never have told us," said the Reverend Doc at a farewell dinner in an Anchorage hotel in honor of the Boston-bound Mr. Gallup, "how you knew it was going to rain before you tricked Mr. Gerdler into taking over the *Arctic Fox*."

"Well, sirs," replied Mr. Gallup, glancing with affection down at the table where Nero industriously was fiddling in his cage, "all male crickets has built-in barometers what foretells weather changes by the number of chirps."

Pausing to gulp a glass of water, Mr. Gallup continued, "And when Nero, or any of his relatives, fiddles less than seventy notes a minute—fair and dry. But that mornin' on Nakachak, when Gerdler thought he was asittin' on a fortune, Nero was beltin' 'em out—and I timed him at near a hundred chirps a minute. That meant rain wos comin'—plenty of it—and soon. So, knowin' that, I natur'ly took adwantage of Nero's adwice."

Mr. Gallup stopped again and looked with twinkling eyes at the Reverend Doc. "I don't mean no disrespect, sir—and I hopes the dear Lord will take this as meant—but I wentures to say that it's the fust time in hist'ry that one talent wos turned into ten by a cricket."

THE END



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Mike squeezed his car into a parking space behind Smith's, leaving less than the three feet required by law. He locked his car and went shopping. Smith returned. He finally budged Mike's car by backing into it with such force that he damaged its grill. Mike later sued him for damages.

"If you couldn't get out without smashing into my car, you should have waited until I got back," Mike contended. "The fact that I parked a little too close didn't give you the right to bang my grill."

"I might have had to wait all day for you," Smith retorted. "Anyhow, you violated the law when you parked too close to me, so you should take the consequences."

If you were the judge, would you excuse Smith's action?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

No. Smith had to pay. The court said he could have telephoned police to remove the illegally parked car. It added that "motorists who park too close to other automobiles in violation of the traffic regulations do so at the risk of having their own car damaged accidentally" by the driver who is hemmed in, "but the victim of such a situation must show care in efforts to move the other car and is not entitled to use the amount of force applied in the present case."

Based upon a 1951 District of Columbia decision.

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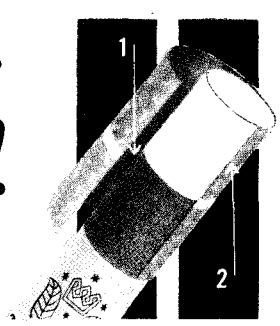

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Moresby's Goddess (Continued from Page 39)

looking at him out of eyes filled with reproach. Without a word being spoken he knew what was in her mind. His bronzed skin flushed to a deep crimson.

"You seem very much at home here, Mr. Moresby," said Marianne. "Is it possible that you are engaging yourself in some sort of practical joking at my expense? If so, I will tell you I do not find it funny!"

Moresby's lips tightened in sudden anger. "I don't find it very funny myself," he said. "And I don't find it the slightest bit funny that you'd have the supreme crust to accuse me of kidnaping you. Why on earth would I want to? That's the last thing I'd want to do!"

Marianne's huge gray eyes flashed with anger. "Other men have frequently wanted to kidnap me," she snapped.

Moresby laughed. "To kidnap you with a male chaperon?" he asked, "a handsome six-foot male chaperon like Niles? That would be a hell of a fine way to kidnap a pretty girl, wouldn't it?"

She tossed her head. "Oh, you do think I'm pretty? From the rude way you spoke just now it would not seem you did."

"I apologize, of course," he said.

"That is better. Now, would you please tell me where is this that you have taken us, and why you felt it was necessary to put drugs in our wine?"

He grew angry again. "So long as you persist in pretending I had anything to do with whatever it is that happened to us, I won't tell you anything. In fact, I think it's probably better if we don't even talk. It apparently hasn't even entered your head that I was drugged too!"

"Were you?" said Marianne. "Perhaps. How would I know?"

Moresby gritted his teeth, stepped past her and, carrying his coat and tie, made his way back to the beach. Niles Gregory was sitting up. He looked at Moresby's flushed and angry face and grinned. "Paris in the Spring woke up in a really foul mood, didn't she, old boy?"

Moresby made a grimace of disgust. "Is she always like that when she wakes?"

Niles laughed. "Takes a bit of the bloom off the rose, doesn't it? I really don't know if she's always like that. Don't usually see her till she's been up and about for an hour or so. Hard lines for you, if the condition's chronic though. What?"

Moresby's voice was sharp. "What do you mean, hard lines for me?" he snapped.

The star looked out over the water thoughtfully. "Last night," he said, "when you two got back from Knossos I'd have sworn ——" he broke off, sighed. "Oh, well, what's it matter? I could have been wrong. My wife tells me I frequently am. Where are we, by the way? You know?"

Moresby shook his head. He sat down beside Niles. Marianne had disappeared behind the rocks. A flash of pinkish white caught his eye. Instinctively he and Niles lowered their eyes. The sound of a splash echoed liquidly among the rocks. Niles chuckled.

"Odd, isn't it?" he said. "Both of us looking away. If she were a total stranger it would be quite all right to watch her swimming about in her birthday suit like that. Be delightful, in fact. Because we know her socially, so to speak, it's out of the question. Civilization rears its ugly head. Where do you think we are?"

Moresby shrugged. "Somewhere in the Cyclades Islands."

"You expected something like this to happen, didn't you, Moresby? That's why you didn't want us to hire that boat yesterday." Moresby nodded. "I think," Niles went on, "perhaps it's time you unclammed."

"I think perhaps it is," said Moresby. He told Niles about Henry Parsons, about Sal Rocco, about the patently faked cablegram. Then he said, "I have a notion that in the next day or so, after Wally gets back, our friend Rocco will suggest that through his various mysterious contacts and what not, he'll be glad to rescue us—you and Marianne, that is—for a price."

Niles Gregory looked thoughtful for a moment, then smiled.

"You know, Moresby," he said, "I should think Wally'd be willing to pay quite a handsome price to rescue me. Picture three quarters finished—millions of dollars down the drain if I'm not around to finish it." He snorted with mirth. "Do you know," he said, "I'd no idea I'd ever be worth quite so much to anybody as I must be worth to Wally Waltham right now! Fascinating, isn't it!"

"Mr. Rocco's grasp of the situation is even more fascinating," said Moresby. "Particularly when you consider he's damn well apt to get away with it. *We* can't prove he kidnaped us. I don't believe anybody could."

Niles chuckled again. "A chap that smart," he said, "Wally ought to make him a partner."

"But I'm not going to let him get away with it," said Moresby. "I can't."

"No? Why?"

"Because I've got almost as big a stake in rescuing you two as he has."

"Eh?"

Moresby told him about the statue, and the island he wanted to excavate, about how Parsons would finance him—if. Niles tilted his head to one side.

"Be funny if this turned out to be your previous island," he said.

Moresby's eyes slanted with thought. "You know, it just might at that. It was one of the few almost deserted islands in the Cyclades—lot of high cliffs like this at one end, lower ones at the other with a fishing village on top of them. Only about a hundred people on the island all told. It would make a splendid place to keep a couple of movie stars on ice for a while."

They speculated on this. Presently Marianne, the white dress clinging damply to her, her hair hanging loose, came up to them. She looked restored and refreshed by her swim and shyly penitent. "I'm sorry I was beastly—to you both," she said. "Especially I'm sorry I was more beastly to you, Moresby."

"You still think I kidnaped you?"

"No."

"Old Moresby here has some very interesting theories on who did and why," said Niles and explained. When he finished, Marianne nodded.

"I apologize again, Paul," she said. "Does that make things all right again?"

"Of course."

She smiled—a radiant sunshine-after-the-storm smile. "Then do something quickly, please, about feeding me breakfast!"

Moresby remembered with what zest she had eaten the huge lunch at Knossos. He began remembering other things that had happened at Knossos, and the last of his anger melted, and she was beautiful in his eyes again.

"About breakfast," he said, "either whoever dumped us off here in his boat is going to come back, or breakfast—and lunch and dinner—is available somewhere around here if we look for it."

"Then I think," said Marianne, "we had better start looking, because I am certainly going to die of starvation if we do not find it soon. Where should we look?"

Moresby thought. In every Aegean island, he knew, life was carried on as close to the sea as possible. Here, if there were life—and so food—anywhere, it would be on top of the cliffs. If it were, there would be a way to get there. He got to his feet, followed by Niles, and walked to the edge of the lagoon and scanned the bleak sides of the landward cliffs. Presently he pointed.

"There!" he said. "That's the way up!"

Niles looked in the direction he pointed, then looked back at him and shook his head sadly. "My private opinion," he said, "is that the drug, whatever it was, has driven you slightly crackers."

"No!" cried Moresby. "That ledge sticking out up there. That's a stairway or donkey path, or whatever you want to call it."

"And how," asked Niles, "would you suggest one might get to it?"

"Come on," said Moresby. "It leads down here somewhere."

He led the way along the base of the cliff. Presently they came to a rock that jutted out sharply. Behind it was a cleft and, leading into it, carved out of the rock, was a stairway. Its steps were worn smooth by the polishing of hundreds of feet for hundreds of years. In the center of each was a dishlike depression that could not have been put there by erosion. Moresby found his breath coming fast. He dropped to his knees, ran his hands over the stone and peered closely at the rock strata on either side of the stairway.

"You look," said Marianne, "like a truffle dog that has scented a truffle."

"I have!" said Moresby. "I don't know where this stairway goes, but I do know wherever it is it's been going there for at least two thousand years and very possibly three times that long."

"And that thrills you," said Marianne.

"Yes, it does."

"The idea of breakfast thrills me," she said. "We can do archaeology afterward. I am sure we will have plenty of time."

"I'm afraid you're right," said Moresby. He got to his feet and started up the carved stairway.

The stairs, four feet wide, wound up the face of the cliff in a series of zigzags. After they had climbed two or three flights, the sheer drop on the outside became frightening. Moresby, even though accustomed to heights and climbing, was glad when Marianne slipped her hand through his arm and held tightly to it. He glanced over his shoulder. Niles was climbing behind them, walking erect and in the center, but he too was avoiding the sight of the rocks and the beach and the lagoon now hundreds of feet below them. Moresby smiled. He was developing a liking for Niles.

Beside him, Marianne began to pant, and tiny beads of perspiration stood out on her white forehead.

"Want to stop and rest?"

She shook her head. "I'd rather keep going and get it over with. I do not like seeing you walking along with nothing underneath you but a few inches of stone and sudden death."

"Would you rather I walked in front of you?"

"Oh, no! Because then there would be nothing between *me* and the edge, and that would be much worse."

He smiled down at her. "For me it would be," he said, "because then I'd be worrying about you. This way I don't have to worry about anything."

She glanced up at him, at his smile, at the easy grace of the way he moved. She thought, *This man is either terrific or completely insensible. Or perhaps he is so dedicated to his dreams that in trying to reach them he becomes unaware of danger. He would be a dangerous man to fall a little bit in love with. I must watch my step.* She smiled at herself then, for she was thinking, *I am being ridiculous! A man like that a woman could not be a little bit in love with. It would be impossible.*

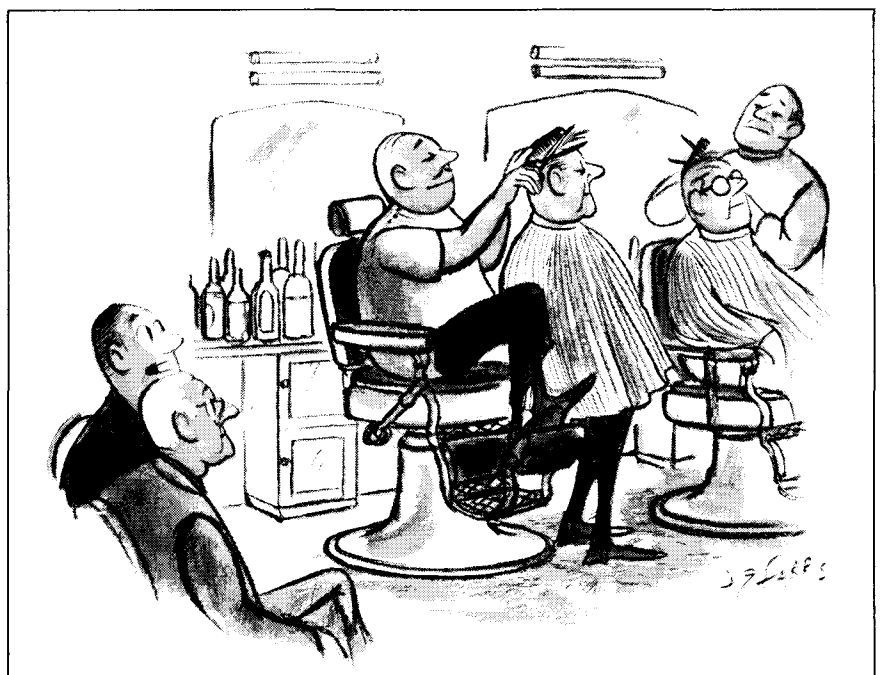
Still higher they climbed. At last, almost 1000 feet above the lagoon, they turned a corner of the cliff and came out onto a small, flat plateau. Like the lagoon, it was girt with tall cliffs and its surface was strewn with boulders. It was a place of utter desolation. Moresby felt Marianne's hand tighten on his arm.

"I am frightened," she said.

"Sh-sh!" said Moresby. He had noticed, crowded against the inland cliff, a small stone house. Except that it had a chimney, and glassless windows, it was no more than a hut. As Niles came onto the level ground, Moresby put his fingers to his lips and gestured toward the house. Niles nodded.

"You stay here," he whispered to Marianne . . . and to Niles, "Let's do some quiet reconnaissance."

Niles nodded. Like hunters, walking stealthily and with infinite patience, they moved across the fifty yards of rocky, stone-covered ground that separated them from the house. They reached it. With even greater stealth they inched their way around the (*Continued on Page 66*)



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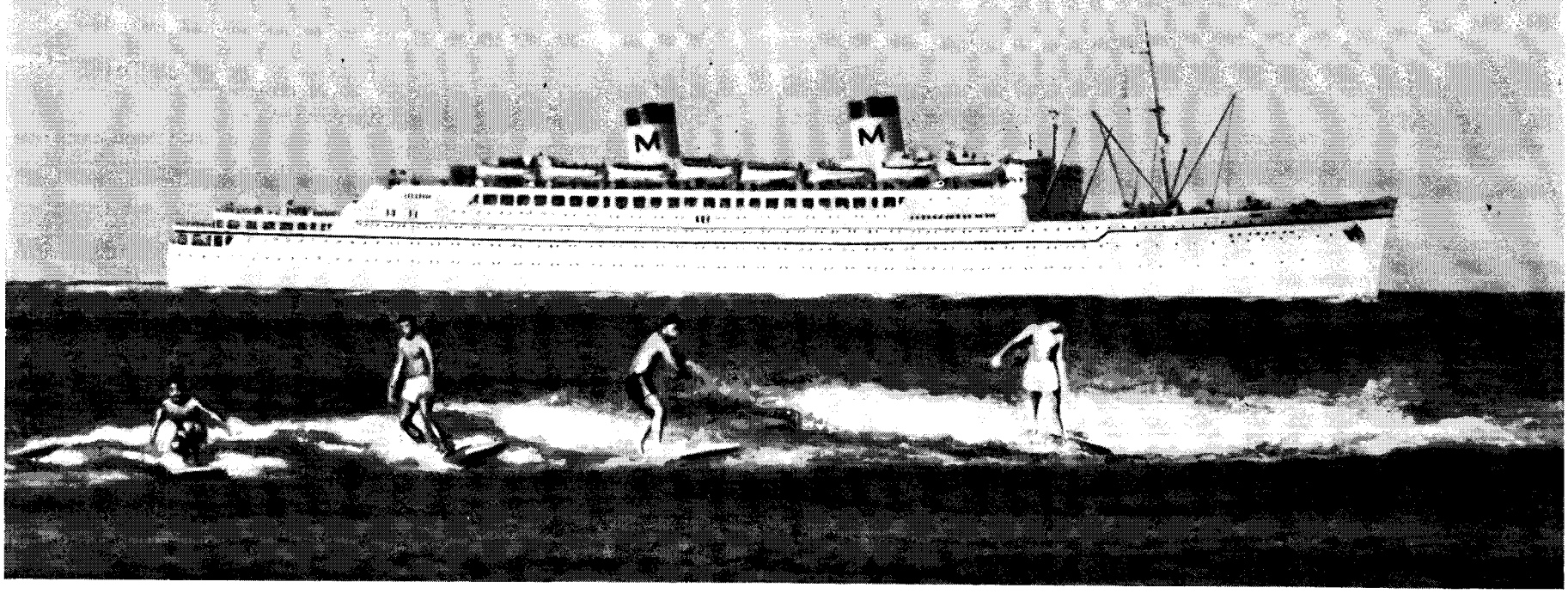

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(*Continued from Page 64*) side of it, came to an open doorway, stopped. Inside the house, asleep on the earthen floor were two men. They were burly, bearded, rough-looking swarthy men of indeterminate nationality. They wore cheap American-type slacks and colored sport shirts. One of them had a sheathed knife hanging from his belt. Both of them had pistols lying close by their outstretched hands. A gallon jug of wine, half consumed, stood on the floor. An empty one stood between them.

Moresby motioned to Niles to wait in the doorway. With the tightness in the chest, the sense of near exaltation he used to know in wartime when he went into danger, he slipped off his loafers and, silent as a cat, stepped into the room. One long stride, another. In painfully slow motion he stooped. His fingers closed around the butt of the nearer pistol and lifted it.

In the doorway Niles Gregory let out a silent sigh of relief. Moresby stepped backward, handed the gun to Niles. He moved forward again, more quickly, snatched the other gun and once more moved back to the doorway.

"They'll have rations of some kind around here," he whispered. "See if you can find them." Niles moved and Moresby said, "Just a minute. Cover me again."

He had noticed that the hip pocket of the nearer man bulged. Almost casually he walked back into the room and dropped to one knee. When he rose again he had his own snub-nosed gun in his hand. He slid it into his hip pocket. He glanced at Niles, who pointed to a gunny sack lying in the corner behind Moresby. Moresby nodded, opened it and saw it held bread, cheese, and a quantity of smoked meat. He hoisted it to his shoulder and stole out of the house.

"You forgot something," whispered Niles. "Now you cover me." He stepped gingerly into the hut, reached down, hooked a finger through the wine jug and joined Moresby. Together they walked back toward the place where Marianne was waiting for them. Niles swung the jug to and fro. "Wine has been the undoing of many men," he said. "*Vive le vin!*" He saw Moresby didn't respond. "What's wrong?"

"This is the first time I've really believed we were in what you might call a shooting war," he said. "You don't give thugs guns to play with unless you mean business. I think for Marianne's sake, at least, it's damn well imperative that we find a way under, over or through these cliffs before—" he smiled "—before the situation deteriorates any further."

"How could it?" asked Niles.

"The guys who left us off here could come back to see how their gunmen are behaving. Hell, they could have a machine gun with them."

"I dig you," said Niles, "completely."

Marianne came up to them on tiptoe, obedient to Moresby's earlier command for silence. When she saw the guns she stopped, and her face paled and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling. Until now, she hadn't really been able to take the kidnaping seriously. It was simply another escapade in a young life made up of escapades, most of them delightful. The sight of the ugly black guns changed that. Moresby took his own small pistol from his pocket, handed it to her.

"You keep this one," he said, "just for luck. The population of this island leaves a little to be desired. You might need it."

Marianne reached out for the pistol, drew back her hand, looked into Moresby's eyes and then took the gun.

"You know how to shoot it?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's fine. Let's walk up to the other end of this flat area where there are more rocks to hide behind." He smiled at her. "Don't look so worried, girl; I have your breakfast. In fact—it's in the bag."

She blinked her eyes as though tears were starting in them. "You are a very comforting man, Paul Moresby. I am very glad you were kidnaped with me."

They walked along the edge of the cliff to the far end of the plateau and found a spot out of sight of the house. Moresby opened the bag and, with a sliver of stone, sliced the meat and the cheese. They ate hungrily, in silence, washing the dry meal down with the tangy native wine. The sun rose higher, and the plateau began to reach its normal ovenlike daytime temperature. When they'd finished breakfast, Marianne moved into the shade of a big boulder where she could keep an eye on the distant house. Niles and Moresby, moving in opposite directions, began exploring the cliffside.

It appeared impenetrable. At no place did it seem to rise less than a hundred feet above them, and its slope was almost vertical. Moresby walked the whole length of the landward side, then crossed the miniature plateau and, as he had done on the beach, surveyed it from a distance. Now he noticed something that he had overlooked at first. At one point the stones and debris of the plateau were of a different color; red and yellowish—the colors of arable earth. He followed the mark to the cliff wall and saw, beginning perhaps twenty feet above the floor of the plateau, a shallow fissure. His heart leaped. The soil had washed down the fissure from the top. There was a chance—a sporting chance that, if only they could reach it, they could follow it to the top. He ran at a trot back to Niles, who had given up and was talking to Marianne.

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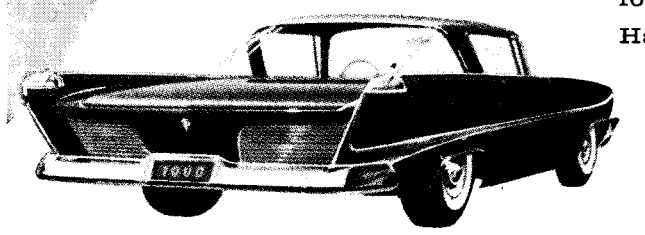

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"Listen!" he said. "If we can make a big-enough pile of stones right there—" he pointed "—so we can climb up onto a little ledge I found, maybe we can get out of here with our skins!"

"What do you mean, make a pile of stones?" asked Niles.

"We don't have a ladder," said Moresby acidly.

"Pity," said Niles.

"Flat stones," said Moresby. "The ledge is about twenty feet up. You can boost me, then I'll haul up Marianne and then I'll haul you up. Shall we try it?"

"Oh, please!" cried Marianne. She managed a laugh. "And I will haul the lunch up."

"Lunch?" said Niles.

She pointed to the bag. "And dinner."

"Be sure not to drop the wine," said Niles.

They got to work. After an hour of work, wringing wet with sweat, they had erected a scalable mound. Moresby tested it. It was teetery, but practicable. He mounted it. Niles climbed up behind him, took him by the waist and hoisted. He got his feet on Niles's shoulders and straightened. The ledge was only shoulder high. He gave a spring upward, scrambled onto it, turned and reached down.

"All right, babe," said Niles. "You're next."

In a moment Marianne was beside Moresby on the ledge. Next Niles handed up the wine and the bag of food. Then he and Moresby locked hands and wrists, heaved with all their strength. It was not enough. They stopped, gasping for breath.

"You two go on," panted Niles. "I'll be all right. After all, what can those chaps do to me?"

"Plenty," said Moresby. "Damn! If we only had some sort of rope so you could climb just a little way."

Marianne, who was crouched on the ledge beside him, said, "But we have!"

"What?"

"Your trousers! But of course! Take them off and lower them down the cliff. While poor Niles climbs, you can haul him up. It is because you're lying down that you cannot lift him. You can use only your arms that way."

Moresby didn't speak. Marianne pounded his shoulder with her small fist. "You do as I say. You hear me?" He blushed. "You were not so modest this morning about your swimming, Moresby. Will you let a man maybe die because of your foolishment?"

"Oh, for crying out loud!" said Moresby. "Niles's feet are only a foot off the ground! That's the whole trouble. I can't lift him any higher. Stop overdramatizing everything just because you're an actress!"

"If those men wake up and Niles is still stuck, and they come running after him with knives or if they have another gun you did not find—what about Niles then?"

"All right."

Moresby released Niles, scrambled to his feet and slid out of the pearl-gray trousers. Wincing because they were such beautiful pearl-gray trousers, he wound the legs together, tied a knot in the cuffs and lowered them over the ledge. Niles Gregory shook his head sadly.

"Pity!" he said. "Hate to do this to a pair of pants made by a British tailor. However ——"

Moresby braced his feet against the ground, like an anchor man in a tug of war. "O.K.!"

Niles gave a spring upward, caught the pants midway up the leg. Moresby heaved, Marianne suddenly cried out. "Oh, Paul! The men from the house—they are coming running!"

Moresby gritted his teeth and pulled until the muscles of his thighs and shoulders knotted and vibrated with the strain. Niles tried to lift himself hand over hand, but his weight outmatched his strength. He tried clawing at the rock wall with his knees, but only tore the skin so they began to bleed, without gaining an inch. The men from the house, attracted by the shouting, were running across the plateau. The first one had drawn the knife from its sheath. Niles, hearing them, glanced over his shoulder.

"Pull like all hell, Moresby!" he said in an amazingly calm voice. "Chap here with a knife. I believe he's going to have a go at killing me."

Moresby half rose to his feet and flung himself backward. His weight added to his strength lifted Niles clear off the ground. The bearded thugs were within feet of him. The leader drew back his knife arm to strike. Marianne leaned over the edge of the ledge, lifted a dainty hand, and in it Moresby's snub-nosed pistol barked and spat out its chunky lead slugs. The man with the knife spun around, clutching his shoulder, howling with pain. The second stopped in his tracks. Moresby heaved himself forward and back again. Niles's head and shoulders appeared over the lip of the ledge. Marianne pulled the trigger two more times. The thugs turned and ran for the shelter of the stone house. Moresby, as the improvised rope went slack in his hands, lay on the ground, gasping for breath. Niles scrambled up beside them. He looked at Marianne with admiring wonder.

"What a woman!" he panted. "I take back everything I've ever said about movie actresses—not to say some of the things I've thought."

Moresby sat up. He saw that Marianne was trembling and that, forgotten in her hand, the pistol was pointing right at his stomach, describing nervous little circles.

"Marianne. The pistol. Would you mind pointing it somewhere else—just for now?"

"What pistol?" She looked down at it. "Oh! I forgot it was in my hand." She looked at it with dislike. "You take it, please, Paul. I don't like it." Her lower lip trembled. Her eyes filled with tears. "Niles, do—do you think I have killed that man?"

Niles Gregory smiled. "No," he said. "But I should imagine you've made him extremely cross. Fact, don't think I'd like to run into him again right away. Might turn ugly on us, you know."

Moresby looked from one to the other, a choking of emotion in his throat. Emotion because of the strangely gallant way the actor dismissed the very real danger he had just escaped; because of the way Marianne, who was so completely feminine, had, in the moment of crisis, shown herself to be of the stuff of which the Joans of Arc and Molly Pitchers of the world are made. He turned away.

"Let's all have a glass of that vintage brew to celebrate," said Niles.

They passed the gallon jug from hand to hand. The gesture bridged the moment of awkwardness. Moresby laughed. "If you and Marianne are quite through with my pants," he said, "do you think I could have them back now?"

Niles echoed his laugh. "Shouldn't think you'd want them after what they've been through, poor things," he said.

Marianne looked at Moresby and said, "You are a very funny man! You do not worry at all about real things—like walking along the edge of precipices or stealing the guns of bad men while they sleep. You worry only about your trousers. Why is that?"

"Because I was properly brought up!" snapped Moresby.

"Ha!" cried Marianne. "Now he loses his temper!"

Moresby, blushing again, snatched the once beautifully fitting trousers and put them on. Niles watched him, smiling to himself.

"I say, Marianne," he said. "Aren't you forgetting old Moresby's a Very Important Person? You're treating him as if he were a kid your own age."

"Very important to whom?" asked Marianne.

"Well," said Niles, "he was fearfully important to me a few minutes ago."

Marianne moved her dark head up and down rapidly. "All right," she said, "that is true. Moresby, I apologize for treating you like a child. You are not a child. You are a very superior puller of people up cliffs."

Niles looked away to hide a grin. *This*, he thought, *is like having a ringside seat at a tiger-taming act at the circus.*

Moresby, fully dressed again, got to his feet. "If you can bring yourself to lay off discussing my peculiarities," he said, "I'd like to point out that we don't have any time to lose getting out of here. Frankly, I'd hate to be surrounded in this gully or whatever you want to call it. The happiness boys down there on the plateau are going to tell their pals we went this way. It would be a cinch to block us off from above. Let's get going!"

He started walking and crawling up the rough, rubble-strewn floor of the fissure.

For hour after hour, sweating, struggling in the blazing sun, the three of them made their way up the fissure. In width it remained the same, but sometimes its course up the mountain was steep, sometimes gentle. Sometimes it became a gorge passing through sheer perpendicular rock. In these places shielded from the sun, they would stop and rest and take a sip of wine or a snack of the cheese. At times the going underfoot was loose stones that could be walked on with relative comfort. At other times it was so clogged with jagged rocks and what looked like the petrified remains of trees that they would have to climb each foot of the way with agonizing slowness.

In the late afternoon, when Moresby figured from the general character of the geologic formations and the probable size of the island as a whole that they must be close to the top, they crested a steep ridge and with startling suddenness came out on a second plateau. They stopped, breathing deep with exhaustion, and stared. The vista, after the desolation of the gully and the gorges, was a sight for the gods.

The plateau was oval in shape and, like the first one, girt by high walls of rock, but its floor was earth—the red and yellow earth that had washed down the gully to the lower plateau. In the center, surrounded by an amphitheater of green cypress trees on three sides—a sheer wall of rock at its eastern end—was a miniature lake. Its motionless surface mirrored the trees and the rock wall and the fading blue of the sky.

Moresby stared at the symmetry of the oval plateau, the partial circle of cypress trees, the repeated oval of the lake. A tingling sensation of excitement crept up his spine. This was the same symmetry—the same simplicity of grace and proportion—that gave eternal beauty to the Acropolis in Athens—to the Parthenon. His experience told him this was no architectural accident, but the work of men—or gods. He closed his eyes, shutting out the lake as he saw it now, remembering, visualizing how it would look from the air, say 5000 feet up where the perspectives would all be changed and the height of earthbound objects shrunk. Slowly, recognition coming to him, he nodded his head, opened his eyes.

"I've seen this place from the air," he said, forcing his voice to steadiness so his excitement would not show.

Niles looked at him sharply. "So it is your island, eh? Where you found your Hebe statue?"

"Yes," said Moresby. "I'm sure of it."

Niles nodded and, feeling that courtesy demanded some comment, said, "Jolly spot. Very pretty. Particularly those trees. Most inviting! In fact, I'm going over right now and stretch out under one of them and catch forty winks. You'll excuse me?"

Wearily he trudged across the rocky ground to the edge of the trees. Marianne looked at Moresby for a long moment. Then they walked side by side to the trees and under them to where the ground sloped steeply into the lake. At the edge of it they stopped. Marianne stretched her arms wide.

"This is very beautiful, Paul," she said softly. "There is a strange serenity in this place. It is like a holy place."

"I'm glad you feel it, too," said Moresby. "Niles doesn't. I hoped that you would."

Marianne looked up at him, her lips flickered with a smile. "Why are you so glad, Paul?"

He frowned, thinking. "It's funny," he said, "but I don't really know. Of course, beauty isn't much good unless you can share it with somebody, but it's more than that."

"We are *sympathique*," she said. "That does not happen too often."

"That has never happened to me," said Moresby. (*Continued on Page 69*)

"I see the basses are loaded."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 67*) He smiled. "At least not with a very young, very beautiful movie star. In fact, I find it a little hard to believe."

"But you like it?"

He grinned. "In an alarmed sort of way, yes," he said. His eyes went back to the lake. "Marianne, you wouldn't think of taking a nap for a little while, would you? I'd sort of like to swim out there and see what that lake's made of—besides water."

"But that is a wonderful idea!" she cried. "I will go with you." She saw that his face had suddenly hardened. She put her hand lightly on his arm. "Paul, *chéri*, you must stop trying to protect my innocence, for I am not innocent at all. I will explain, Paul, how I happened to become an actress."

He felt as if she were thrusting the point of a knife into him. He had not realized until this moment that what she was or had been really mattered to him. Suddenly he found it mattered fiercely. He grimaced. He did not feel he could bear to hear the trite story—the stage-struck girl, the lecherous producer—the seduction. He wanted her pure.

"No," he said, "don't talk about it, Marianne."

"It was when I was seventeen ——"

"No! I don't want to hear about it, I tell you!"

"But I want you to know," she said, "because you are thinking all wrong things about me. Paul, when I was seventeen, I was very innocent. So innocent that I fell very much in love with a handsome young man. He was a *sous-lieutenant* in the army of France. Against my father's wishes we were married. Three months later the rebellion came to Algiers. René went with his regiment. He never came back." Her voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Instead I had the letter from the government: '*René Courier—mort au champ d'honneur pour la gloire de la France.*'" She put a hand to her face, with a touchingly childlike gesture, and wiped tears from her eyes.

"I thought at first I would die, Paul, but one does not. Learning that, I knew that to forget I must have a career. That was six years ago. I had some small beauty. My father helped me all that he could. I worked with all my strength, and so today I am a star and standing here by a little lake with Paul Moresby who is very brave and very gentle and very kind and, I am afraid, very innocent, and whom I like very much indeed, even though sometimes he is most irritating!"

Without a word, he put his arms around her, drew her to him, and with great gentleness held her so for a second, saying in that way the things that would sound banal in words. Lightly he placed his stubbled cheek against hers and then released her.

"Now we will go swimming," she said. "You can wear your little pink polka-dotted shorts that I found most dainty when you were pulling Niles up the cliff. And I will wear mine, even though they are much more severe."

A moment later, in pants and bra, she was swimming with swift strokes toward the center of the lake. Moresby watched her. Against the background of trees and amphitheater, her long hair streaming behind her in the clear water, she seemed to belong there, an elf or an ancient goddess. He saw her stop a little past the center of the lake, and then she dived. She appeared again, tossed her dark head and called out, "Paul, look!"

He watched, dumfounded, as her body rose out of the water until it came only to her knees. Like a trained model on a pedestal, she assumed a classic pose. Recognition flamed in his mind. It was the pose of the tiny graceful figure in his golden statue.

He was so stunned by the resemblance that for a second his brain did not grasp the significance of the fact that Marianne was standing in a place where nature could not have provided anything for her to stand on. When it came to him, in seconds he was out of his shirt and trousers and cleaving the water. In a few seconds more he had reached her. He filled his lungs and dived. Beneath the water, so clear it seemed hardly denser than the air, he saw, stretching down into the depths, the Doric simplicity of a marble column. He touched it with his hands and felt an electric thrill pass through him as though the column were charged with more than simple antiquity—as though the goddess once worshiped in the temple that must have been here still lingered and still had power that could touch the lives of men.

His lungs bursting for want of breath, Moresby surfaced. For moments he lay in the water, his hands resting lightly on the top of the column to support him. He was too deeply moved to speak. Marianne slipped down into the water beside him.

"Paul," her voice was low, matching the solemnity she had seen on his face as he emerged. "I did not mean to commit an impertinence. You must know that."

"I do know it." He was still panting. "In some way I can't understand at all, you seemed to belong like that—just as I saw you when you called to me."

What this country needs is more politicians who love us between campaigns.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

She smiled the small flickering smile. "You think maybe that I am your Hebe?" Without waiting for him to answer she shook her head. "No, I am not. I am Marianne Courier, nee Le Clerc, a movie star, with whom I am afraid Dr. Paul Moresby the archaeologist is perhaps falling a little bit in love because he has confused me with another lady—more beautiful and several thousand years older than me—I—*moi!*"

Moresby looked at her with fond wonder. Her sensitivity to how he might feel about her posing on the temple pillar touched his heart. Her keenness of mind in trying to shatter an illusion neither she nor any other woman could live up to—to shatter it before it could spoil their relationship—stirred his profound admiration. He took her hand and smiled at her.

"I won't let you take my illusion away from me, Marianne. At my age a man doesn't have so many illusions left that he can spare one. You fit this lovely spot as though it had been built for you and, after all, nobody—neither you nor I nor anyone else—can possibly prove that perhaps once, back in the mists of eternity when time began, you were not a certain very lovely goddess. Now can they?"

Her light laughter rippled over the water. She put her hand on his head in a gesture of rumpling the unrumpleable crew-cut hair.

"In your heart you are a little boy, Paul Moresby!" she cried. "You wish something to be a certain way, so you pretend it is, and so then you feel it must be that way because you have pretended it!"

Moresby grinned sheepishly at her. "I guess you're right," he said. He chuckled. "That comes from mentally living in a sort of never-never land of mythology and folklore and mysticism half the time—of living in a world like—well, like this." He swept a hand around the small horizon of the plateau.

"What is this place really, Paul—besides beautiful? Is it something archaeologically terrific as a discovery?"

"Marianne," he said with a tremor in his voice. "It could be not only terrific—if what I think is hidden here—it could be epic!"

He pushed himself away from the column, turned like a seal. A few strokes took him to the end of the miniature lake bounded by the sheer, smooth wall.

"Wish me luck!" he called out and then dived.

Marianne waved to him, watched the ripples made by his dive drift across the lake. After perhaps a minute she saw his head break the still surface of the water. He gulped air, dived again. Again the ripples crossed the lake. A minute passed—then another—and another and yet another, and he still did not reappear. Icy fear began to clutch at her heart. She clenched her fists to keep from trembling, closed her eyes—perhaps when she opened them she would see him. But she did not see him. The surface of the lake was empty. Not so much as a bubble showed that Paul Moresby had ever been there.

"Dear God!" she cried under her breath. "No! Not again so soon!"

With swift strokes, panic making her heart pound, she swam toward the place where Moresby had disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED

We Call the Penalties (Continued from Page 31)

call was proof of his experience and alertness. I'm sure this never occurred to the complaining coaches. Now, I have a high regard for coaches as a group; most of them are fine gentlemen. But even these experts who devote their lives to the game seldom have a full understanding of what football officiating involves. As for the fans, I don't suppose the majority could as much as identify all those men out there in white knickerbockers, let alone explain what each one's job is.

Well, you'll always see at least four officials at a college game—the referee, the umpire, the linesman and the field judge. Often there is a fifth man—the back judge. We work together as a team, but we all have special responsibilities. Each of us is looking at the action from a different angle.

Take my own specialty—I'm an umpire. When the team lines up for a play I'm the fellow who stands right in there with the defensive team, just five or six yards back from the line of scrimmage and a few steps to the right or left of center. My attention is concentrated on the interior linemen. To most of the people in the stands, the line play may just be a confusing tangle of arms and legs and torsos; but from where I stand, it can really be a thing of beauty. I used to coach football myself and I still get a bang out of seeing a pattern unfold exactly the way some coach planned it, with the different blocks all meshing together so that a big hole comes open in the line.

But I'm not out there to admire the blocking patterns. Primarily I'm watching for violations by the linemen. These range from things like holding and illegal use of the hands to the matter of offensive linemen illegally moving downfield on forward passes before the ball is thrown.

This last item can give an umpire some of his biggest headaches. I had my worst experience on this in an Army-Pitt game several years ago. An Army coach had told us beforehand about a new play they expected to use. We're always glad to be notified in advance if anything unusual is likely to come up. Anyway, Army's new play took the form of a wide sweep from the narrow side of the field to the far boundary, with the ball carrier having the option of throwing a lateral pass to another back if he failed to get around the defense.

The very first time Army got the ball it ran this play. I recognized it immediately. Since there are no restrictions on the offensive linemen in regard to lateral passes, I paid no attention when an Army guard charged down and put a block on a Pitt defensive halfback. Meanwhile, the play continued as planned, with the ball carrier finally exercising his option to throw a lateral.

However, he inadvertently threw the ball forward. That changed the situation completely, but this just didn't register with me. The teams were already lining up for the next play when a Pitt man said to me, "What about that guard blocking downfield on a forward pass?"

All I could tell him was, "I'm sorry. It's too late to do anything about it now. That's one I missed. I'll see that it doesn't happen again." It didn't; and fortunately the play I'd failed to call had gone for only a short gain.

That was a case where I went wrong because I knew what play was coming. Generally, though, it helps the umpire to know where the ball is going. I always want to be in a position where I can see what's happening, but not get in anybody's way.

So I keep studying the offensive team. Before the ball is snapped, I look around for tip-offs, just as I used to do in my own playing days. Often some boy has an unconscious mannerism that gives me a clue. He may be in the habit of taking a quick glance in the direction in which he intends to go. Or it may be that he flexes one arm more than the other, indicating that he is going to push off to the opposite side. There are all sorts of little giveaways that you can hope to pick up.

I pay particular attention to the quarterbacks. Frequently they get into certain patterns of play calling. This is true even on the top college teams. Some quarterbacks are what I call "right men" or "left men"—meaning that they like to run plays to the one side more than to the other. Some will alternate—a play to the left, and then one to the right. Then there are quarterbacks who love to send their teams up the narrow side of the field. They'd rather go up those hash marks than to the long side.

When a noticeable defensive weak spot develops, I can be pretty sure that the offensive quarterback will exploit it. A smart fellow might not come back to it right away, though. He might save the weak spot for a time when he really needs yardage.

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In trying to anticipate what's coming, I also take into consideration the game situation—the position of the ball on the field, the down and yardage, the score and the amount of time left to play. All in all, if an umpire bears down on such things, he can size up the offense a good percentage of the time.

Naturally I make some wrong guesses too. An occasional quarterback is so unpredictable that about all an umpire can do is stay loose.

In addition to studying the offense, I also have to note the defensive alignment. I'm so close to the line of scrimmage that there are defensive players behind me as well as in front of me. I must make sure that I don't get in their line of vision or block them off from the play.

I got a forcible reminder of this in 1958. Like that earlier misfortune I described, this one took place at Pittsburgh. The opposing team was Notre Dame. It was a very close and hard-fought game, with Pitt coming out ahead, 29–26.

On the particular play I'm talking about, Pitt had the ball. I was in my position on the defensive side, slightly to the left, and Pitt ran a sweep to my right. The play was well out of my territory, so I sort of dropped back on my heels. Just as I did, a Notre Dame defensive halfback I'd forgotten about came rushing over in the direction of the play.

Since I was in the road, he pushed me aside, as he had every right to do. He must have caught me with the point of an elbow, because I felt a terrific jab in my back. A couple of days later I found that a rib was cracked. This was the only injury I've got in eighteen years of football officiating, although I've been knocked down another time or two.

That's one way for an official to get attention. Usually, though, people become aware of us only when we call penalties. Most fans think this is our chief reason for existence. Well, it's our job to see that the game is played according to regulations. When fouls occur, we penalize for them. But our basic approach is to try to keep fouls from being committed in the first place.

This is a large part of my job as an umpire. The definition of my duties in the official rules begins, "The umpire has primary jurisdiction over the equipment and conduct of the players." I'll pass over the "equipment" part of this for now. As to the "conduct of the players," my objective is to clamp down on any roughstuff before it gets out of hand.

I'm watching what goes on around the line of scrimmage, where the action is at close quarters and a boy is most likely to get carried away by his emotions. Now, I don't claim to see every foul that is committed. I'm constantly scanning and spot checking, but I might be looking in another direction at the very moment that an offensive lineman, for example, is bringing his folded arms up into the face of the man he's blocking.

However, if I miss anything of that nature, there usually are indications afterward that a man has been unfairly dealt with. In such a case I'll caution his opponent. I don't make a public spectacle out of it. I keep my distance and speak in a low voice, so that it won't be apparent I'm talking to him. I say something like, "That last play didn't look quite right to me. I don't know whether there was any violation, but let's be very careful in the future." Then I give special attention to that sector until I'm sure the trouble has been eliminated.

Usually a friendly word of warning is enough to restrain a boy who starts going too far in the heat of the game. Sometimes you can kid them out of it. In any event, you have to step in promptly, because roughhouse tactics can snowball. When a boy is the victim of a foul, whether deliberate or not, he may lose his own temper and start to retaliate.

In one Ivy League game I umpired, a big lineman became infuriated over a blow he had received. I don't believe it was an intentional foul. I've often seen this happen. A boy goes sprawling, and his foot or elbow or hand accidentally hits another player, and the victim is convinced that it was deliberate dirty work.

In this case the victim was so enraged that my attempts to soothe him had no effect. He wouldn't even listen to me. I could see that he was in a mood to commit mayhem on his opponent, so I walked over to his captain and explained the situation. I said I didn't think it was advisable to leave the big lineman in the game.

The captain talked to his man for a minute and then said, "I agree with you." He got his coach to take the overwrought boy out of the game. A few plays later the boy returned. He had got back his self-control. He played hard but clean football the rest of the day.

That's the way officials prefer to handle these things. Sometimes, of course, trouble flares up without any advance warning. When Pitt and Michigan State battled to a 7–7 tie this year, there were no signs of bad feeling or bad temper among the linemen I was watching until seventeen seconds from the end. Then a ball carrier suddenly got mad at a defensive back, and in a moment about five fist fights had broken out.

We were able to restore order very quickly, and everybody calmed down again. It's impossible to anticipate an outbreak of that sort. But we'll forestall unpleasantness whenever we can.

Before a game between two of the top Eastern teams several years ago, I was taken aside by one of the head coaches. He told me that one of the tackles on the opposing team—I'll call him Bill—had been using his knees in previous games. The coach said that Bill had already inflicted serious head injuries on a couple of opponents that season.

I told the coach, "This is a very serious charge. You're supposed to report anything like this in writing to the conference commissioner, and he in turn will relay it to the other school and to the referee. Have you done that?"

The coach said that he hadn't, but would I please keep an eye on Bill?

I said, "Certainly. It's my job to watch out for any possibilities of this sort."

Then I proceeded with my pregame job of checking on the players' equipment. This chiefly involves looking over any protective coverings that are being worn by players with injuries. The rules provide, for example, that no "hard or unyielding substance," such as sole leather or plaster casts, may be used on the hand, wrist, forearm or elbow.

I finished up in the one team's dressing room and moved on to the other. There the trainer wanted me to check a wrapping he had put on a boy's hand. This lad was a magnificent specimen—tall and broad, weighing well over 200 pounds.

As I was bent over examining his hand he suddenly said, "Say, aren't you the umpire who worked that practice game of ours before the season?"

When I told him that I was, he said, "Gosh, I'm glad to see you again!"

I felt a glow, because usually nobody is interested in seeing an official except the other officials. Then the number on his jersey caught my eye. I realized that this was Bill, the player I'd been warned about.

"Could I have a word with you in private, just between the two of us?" I asked.

"Sure," he said.

"Well," I told him, "from what I've heard, you use your knees a lot in a game."

"You know," he said, "I've heard the same thing."

I said, "Well, do we understand each other?"

Bill responded, "We understand each other very well."

At the start of the game I got another earful about Bill from the captain of the home team. So, I kept watching Bill's sector of the line and pretty soon I had to call a fifteen-yard penalty. It wasn't Bill who had committed the foul, though, but one of his opponents. The same thing happened a couple of times more before I finally had to call one on Bill. He had got a bit demonstrative, although not with his knees.

Late in the third quarter there was a time out, and I overheard Bill say to a teammate, "I've been behaving pretty well up to now, but those fellows are really giving it to me. I think it's time for me to take care of a couple of them."

I moved close to him. "Bill," I said, "did you forget that I was out here?"

He turned and looked at me. "All right," he said. "Nothing will happen."

And nothing did. Bill played very fine football that day—he later became an All-American—and his team won the game. I've often wondered since whether the other team's coach really had legitimate grounds for making that complaint about kneeing.

So far I've been talking about the work of the umpire. It's the job I know most about, but I don't mean to overemphasize it. The other officials are fully as busy—and important.

The referee, of course, is in over-all charge of the game. To begin with, he keeps the score. He seldom actually calls a touchdown, however. Somebody else usually is in a better position to do that, because the referee is always to the rear of the ball. He stations himself slightly farther back than the deepest man in the offensive backfield, and seven or eight yards outside him.

Before the ball is snapped the referee looks out for such things as illegal shifts and backs illegally in motion. After the snap he follows the ball. If there is a long run or pass, an official farther downfield takes over for him. But the referee generally is the man who puts the ball in position after it has become dead, and always the man who declares it ready for play again.

Like the other officials, he'll call any foul he happens to observe, but he watches especially for certain types of violations. On a pass, for example, he is on the alert to see that the incoming defensive men don't rough the passer, and on a punt, that they don't rough the kicker.

Between them, the officials try to keep all the action boxed in. As I've explained, the referee is in back of the offensive team, and the umpire is behind the defensive line. Out on opposite sides are the linesman and the field judge.

The linesman is on the same side of the field as the crew that mans the yardage sticks and the down indicator. He is in charge of the "chain gang." Keeping official track of the yardage and downs is one of his primary duties. The other is to watch for offside violations. He stations himself so that he is looking right down the line of scrimmage.

After the snap the linesman has a variety of things to cover. On the type of running play where there are blockers out in front of the ball carrier, he watches out for clipping and holding and so forth. On a forward pass he makes sure that the offensive end nearest him is not illegally impeded in going out as a receiver.

When the ball moves down his side of the field, whether on a pass or a run, the linesman is supposed to follow it. This can be quite a strain on an older fellow, especially if it is a real long pass and one of those fast, clean-limbed young receivers goes floating down there. On any kind of play that comes to a halt in his vicinity, the linesman will indicate with his foot where the ball should be spotted.

Across the way from the linesman is the field judge. He is the official timer. He either times the game himself or delegates the job to an official clock operator working under his direction. Aside from that, he performs many of the same duties on his side of the field as the linesman does on the other.

The field judge is not in as good a position to catch offside violations because he stands back in the defensive team's territory—a couple of yards farther back than even the umpire. On the other hand, that makes it a little easier for him to get down on long plays than it is for the linesman. So the field judge is specifically charged with taking over the referee's responsibility for the ball downfield.

That's the basic setup on plays from scrimmage when four officials work a game. I've merely given you the highlights. There are more ramifications than I have space to go into. And I haven't even touched on our procedures for such special situations as kickoffs, goal-line plays, punts and field-goal attempts.

When we have a fifth official—the back judge—we can get even better coverage. He helps especially on long passes. He's on the opposite side from the field judge and farther back—he's behind the entire defensive secondary. The back judge makes it unnecessary for the linesman to go downfield at all and he also takes some of the pressure off the field judge.

In addition, he can make life easier for the umpire. I've told you that I concentrate on the line play. In a four-official game I have to watch five offensive linemen and the defensive men who are playing against them. This can add up to a lot for one man to cover. But with a back judge, my load would be reduced if he could cover the initial contact of the guard and tackle on the side opposite to me. It is done this way on the Pacific Coast, and this is a technique that might profitably be adopted in all sections.

Most of the larger colleges nowadays regularly ask for five officials. I hope the time will come when all schools do this; it makes for better-regulated games. With the wide-open offenses college teams are going in for these days, the need for a fifth man has increased. Every official I know agrees with me on this.

Some people think our main reason for advocating five officials is that it creates extra jobs. This really isn't our motive. Few of us think of officiating as a "job." Rather, it's an avocation to which we devote a great deal of our spare time in the off season as well as in the fall when we have to spend every weekend away from our homes and families.

... ...

Now Where Was I?

I tack a list of things to do
Upon the wall; it helps
a lot
In sorting out my mixed
affairs
And keeping track of
where I'm not.

Betty Isler

... ...

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The fees, which are the same for every official in a game, range from twenty-five dollars to $125. It's a rare individual who clears as much as $1000 in a season. The money is a secondary consideration. Most officials are prosperous business or professional men. They get into officiating because they love football and want to be associated with it.

It was that way with me. I played end under Harry Stuhldreher at Villanova from 1927 through 1929, and then coached football for a dozen years at La Salle College in Philadelphia, where I'm now director of athletics and a professor of finance. La Salle gave up football in 1942. I wanted to remain connected with the sport, so when I was offered a chance to break into officiating, I took it.

I've never regretted it. I like almost everything about the work. The one unpleasant feature is the abusive criticism that officials sometimes draw. About the only time an official gets publicized is when he's accused of making a mistake. Well, we're certainly not infallible. We all slip up occasionally. But I think it's unfair for a man who has handled dozens of games without incident to be vilified over one questionable call.

My particular peeve is the growing vogue for using pictures to "prove" that an official called a play wrong. Pictures can be wrong too. The camera angle can distort things. A play may look different from ground level at the five-yard line than it does from the photographers' gallery at mid-field. The official at the spot is in the best position to know what happened. I think he is entitled to the benefit of any doubt on a judgment decision.

I'll have to admit there was one occasion when I was thankful for the camera. In the 1954 Navy-Notre Dame game on a slippery field at Baltimore Memorial Stadium, Notre Dame had a 6–0 lead at the half. In the third quarter Navy drove to the Notre Dame one-yard line. From there a halfback named Bob Craig pounded over.

But he lost the ball. I wasn't looking at him, of course. As the umpire, I was watching the linemen from back in the end zone. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the ball pop loose. It landed right at my feet, where Ralph Guglielmi, the Notre Dame quarterback, fell on it. I promptly tapped him on the shoulder to signify that he had possession.

However, I still didn't know how to rule on the play. Had the ball carrier fumbled before or after he crossed the goal line? If before, Guglielmi had recovered for a touchback, and the ball would go over to Notre Dame on its twenty; if after, the fumble made no difference, and it was a Navy touchdown.

How can a man call one he didn't see? Well, this is where teamwork among the officials enters in. On these goal-line situations, any official who sees a touchdown scored will indicate it to the other officials with an informal arm signal. At least one man is bound to see it—most often the linesman or the field judge—because there's somebody watching from every conceivable angle. So I quickly looked at each of my colleagues. None of them was making the touchdown sign. This automatically meant that the Navy back had fumbled before he went over.

The late Albie Booth, the old Yale star, was the referee that day. He came trotting up to me—this was only a matter of seconds after the end of the play—and said, "What was it?"

I said, "Touchback." He quickly took the ball, ran out to the twenty-yard line with it and turned it over to Notre Dame.

This was an all-important decision, because neither team scored during the remainder of the game. Navy lost, 6–0, instead of tying or winning. Some of the sports writers were very critical of the decision.

Fortunately for me, there turned out to be a picture that showed—as clearly as a picture ever can—that the Navy ball carrier had lost possession on the two-yard line. As I said, the camera was on my side that day. But I'd much rather leave the camera out of things altogether.

Some outsiders have the impression that once an official advances to the point where he gets major assignments he is secure in that status for life. That isn't how it works. Seniority and experience count on the lower rungs of the ladder, but on the top level we have to prove ourselves every year.

In the Eastern College Athletic Conference—which takes in more than 100 schools—they keep score on us. After each game the opposing coaches grade us. We grade one another. Representatives of the conference commissioner, Asa S. Bushnell, check on us. We are tested on our knowledge of the rulebook and the officials' manual. At the end of the season all these marks are added up.

What happens then? Well, the top classification of officials is Division One, which is limited to twenty-five men in each category—referees, umpires, linesmen and field judges. Every year the three Division One men with the lowest scores are dropped into Division Two, and the three highest in Division Two are moved up to Division One.

Division One in turn is subdivided into Groups A, B and C. The eight highest-ranking men are in Group A. They get the choicest assignments. I've been fortunate enough to stay on that level for several years. This has given me a close-up view of many outstanding games. The average spectator probably wouldn't care to watch the play from my position, however, because I can't keep my eyes on the ball.

An umpire trains himself not to follow the ball. When somebody who has attended one of my games starts talking to me about the long runs and the touchdown passes and so forth, I tell him, "You know more about that than I do. I had to read the papers to find out how the scores were made."

I seldom even see a ball carrier, except to get a glimpse of him as he comes through a hole in the line. But as I've told you, I see the things that to me are the heart of football. I see the hard blocking by the linemen that opens up those holes for the backs and I see the defensive men maneuvering to get around the blocks. Each is trying to outwit and outmuscle the other. It's a fascinating performance.

The impression I form of a team from its line play is generally reflected in its over-all record. For example, when I say that Syracuse in 1959 was one of the best college teams I ever saw, I'm thinking of how the Syracuse line performed against U.C.L.A. last December in Los Angeles. For a major intersectional game like this there are officials from each team's section; Cliff Montgomery and I were the officials from the East.

I thought Syracuse was in a class with some of the great Oklahoma teams that ran up a forty-seven-game winning streak between 1953 and 1957. In Oklahoma's case, too, I am talking about the line play.

Another fine squad I've seen in recent years was the 1958 Army team captained by Pete Dawkins. I can't tell you much about Dawkins, though. There were other officials to look after him. I was watching the linemen. That's more than enough to give a man a busy afternoon. I look forward to having many more of the same.

THE END

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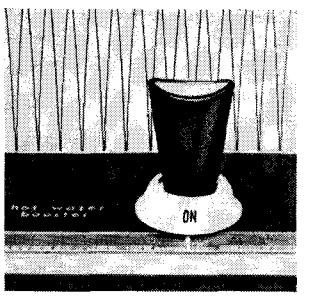

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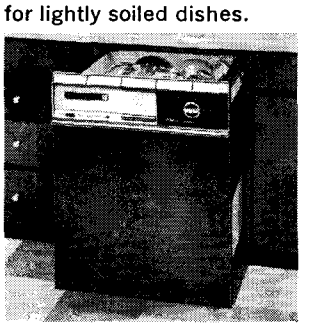

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Africa's Peaceable Oasis

(Continued from Page 33)

at the village kitchen. It is his only meal of the day and he gorges himself, reaching into the pot with his hands, forming the rice into balls, which he dips into the gravy, pops into his mouth and swallows whole. Then he sleeps, while his wife heats the water for his bath; for, contrary to popular belief, the tribal Liberian, in his native habitat, keeps both his house and his person immaculately clean. Fed, rested and bathed, he dresses in spotless white, or in shirt and trousers of bright colors, and goes out to palaver with his friends, a folded umbrella balanced carefully on his head.

For his day's labors he has earned roughly forty-five cents—more if he has spent his two free hours helping to destroy the weeds that grow among the rubber trees. He has also earned the right to live free, with his wife and family, in a snug and comfortable house, and to buy rice, fish and other staple foods, blankets and shorts and T shirts at the company commissary, at a price far below the local market. He also by his labors is entitled to medical treatment of a caliber few Americans could afford, to send his children to company schools and to go to school himself to learn to speak English and to read and write.

He is a man making the first small step out of primal savagery into the civilized world, and he still lives in both. Periodically he leaves the plantation and goes back to the tribe, to live under the discipline of his clan chief in a communal relationship that has changed but little since ancient times. Periodically ambition stirs him and he returns, to earn the money to buy a second wife, or a bicycle, or a piece of land to farm as his own. He brings with him to the plantation old habits of mind, old fears and faiths and primitive attitudes that are innate in him. He takes back to the tribe new yearnings, new hopes, new concepts that he had absorbed through his contacts with the civilized world.

On the plantation all the miracles of modern medicine are available to him—but he may seek their help only after the witch doctor's charms and incantations have failed. On the plantation he may, if it pleases him, attend a Christian church; at home in the bush he worships the gods of his ancestors, stones and trees, hills and waters, and the spirits of the forest.

The plantation schools are the door by which he and his children may enter the civilized world, but he is slow to avail himself of their teaching. His thought processes were formed by the Poro, the "bush school," where in rites that were bloody and cruel until the Liberian Government took a hand, the witch doctors initiated him into the mysteries of manhood—and into the skills of hunting and trapping and primitive farming that a tribal man must know.

One short step higher up the ladder of civilization are the 6000 skilled and semi-skilled men the company has trained—the bud grafters and nurserymen; the carpenters and masons and road builders; the tile makers and sawmillers; drivers, mechanics and house servants; and the men who under the eye of a handful of American and European supervisors operate the world's biggest natural rubber factory, where 76,000,000 pounds of latex and crepe rubber are processed every year. Higher still are the 2700 clerks and stenographers, secretaries, accountants and lab technicians, nurses and schoolteachers and sanitation men the company has trained and put to work. And higher still are the men who have left the plantation and gone on into law and politics, breaking their old tribal affiliations and taking their place in the councils of government with the descendants of the freed slaves who founded the little republic nearly 140 years ago.

This ruling class until recent years looked upon their tribal brethren with mingled feelings of contempt and fear. Today under the unification policy of a statesman-president, William V. S. Tubman, the tribal people by peaceful means are being tamed, trained and accepted into citizenship; and Liberia by any standard—political, economic, social or cultural—is beginning not only to assume a role of leadership in Africa but to make for itself a respected place among the nations of the modern world.

The role that Firestone Plantations Company has played in this transition can hardly be overstressed. In the preface to a study of American business performance abroad, made for the National Planning Association by Wayne Chatfield Taylor, Eugene W. Burgess, director of research, wrote:

> Firestone . . . was more than just a pioneer in Liberia. [The company] brought hope—translated into reality by technical, scientific and human skills—of lifting the levels of living, education and health to the Liberian people. It has supported and nurtured many other economic activities that give promise of balanced development, while expanding through research the productivity of Liberia's greatest asset—its people and its land.

In short, Firestone, while conducting an extremely successful commercial enterprise, has accomplished what our Government has spent billions in tax money trying to achieve in other lands—the raising of the living standards of an underdeveloped country.

This partnership between a huge American company and a small and backward country began some thirty-five years ago. It was at the time a marriage of convenience for them both, and to understand how it came about it is necessary to trace briefly the history of both partners. In an Africa which the world's great powers had divided and exploited as they pleased, Liberia in 1926 had survived precariously for 79 years as the world's only independent black republic. Tucked away at the base of the African skull, on a stretch of malarial coastline known as the "white man's graveyard," the little country, roughly the size of Ohio, was surrounded on three sides by French and British colonies. She was deeply in debt to both, and each from time to time, on one pretext or another, had bitten off chunks of her territory to add to their own holdings in Guinea, Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast. Their latest move, in the middle '20's, was to seek to have the nation declared an international bankrupt and placed under the supervision of a League of Nations commission.

The tiny country had had a troubled history from the start. Its story begins in 1816, when northern philanthropists, preachers and politicians joined with southern slaveowners to form the American Colonization Society, their purpose to find a home in Africa for the growing population of freed slaves. Their motives were mixed. The Northern group was moved by pity for the freedmen, who, though no longer in bondage, had no status as citizens. The Southerners saw them as fomentors of strife who sought to stir the slaves to rebellion, and they were happy to join in any plan to ship them out of the country. The Government, which had outlawed the importation of slaves in 1808, saw in the colonization plan a solution to a vexing problem. Whenever and wherever the colony was founded, it could dump there the human cargoes liberated from the slave ships the Navy was capturing as they tried to slip into Southern ports in the United States.

The first attempt at establishing a colony was a failure. In 1820 eighty-eight free Negroes and three white agents landed on Sherbro Island, off Sierra Leone. Soon twenty-nine of the freedmen and all three agents were dead of fever. Undaunted, the Colonization Society tried again. A year later a young naval officer named Robert F. Stockton and Dr. Eli Ayres, an official of the society, moved down the coast to a rocky cape which appeared to be a healthier site. Here, after considerable difficulty, they made a deal with the tribal "kings." For a few hundred dollars' worth of trade goods, the chiefs conveyed a stretch of shoreline of unspecified depth to "certain citizens of the United States who are desirous to establish themselves on the West Coast of Africa."

The "certain citizens," about 200, arrived in 1822 and immediately found themselves beset by the native chiefs, who evidently had begun to regret their bargain. Led by a fiery young minister named Jehudi Ashmun, a Congregationalist turned Episcopalian, they beat off the invading tribesmen with cannon fire, and the little settlement, called Monrovia after Pres. James Monroe, took up its precarious existence along the jungled shoreline.

The first generation of settlers—whose slogan "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here" is now on the great seal of the country—were stout-hearted and resolute men, and by 1830 the little colony, through their enterprise and endurance, was largely self-supporting.

NEXT WEEK

In Color:

DAZZLING SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

THE TOWN MILLIONAIRES BUILT

By Peter Wyden

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WILLS

By Roul Tunley

THE MAYO CLINIC

PART II: HOW THE CLINIC WORKS

By Victor Cohn

A POST EDITOR REPORTS:

HOW THE CONGO CRISIS HIT BELGIUM

By Ernest O. Hauser

STANFORD'S WALLACE STERLING:

COLLEGE PRESIDENT WITH A MIDAS TOUCH

By Frank J. Taylor

THE CHRISTMAS HUNT

A Short Story by Borden Deal

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Their descendants, though, were of a different stripe. As the colony prospered, they began to devote their time to politics and the law and to elaborate social functions at which they sweltered in high silk hats and frock coats. Out of their memories of plantation days in the old South, they created a black aristocracy in which a gentleman did no work and the tribal people were relegated to a position of servitude. Whatever technical and mechanical skills their fathers had possessed were soon forgotten, and from the end of the Civil War in the United States, when the trickle of immigration ceased, the country began to stagnate.

In the middle '20's the nation's fortunes were at their lowest ebb. The government owed $1,700,000 to French, German, British and United States bankers, and the treasury, as usual, was empty. Worse still, rumors, spread by travelers and missionaries, were beginning to drift about the chancelleries of the world that the aristocrats of Monrovia were selling their tribal brethren into servitude to the Spanish, to work the cocoa plantations of Fernando Po, 1000 miles to the south. The British, who needed labor for their own cocoa plantations on the Gold Coast, took umbrage at this and began to urge, through diplomatic channels, that Liberia as an independent republic be dismembered and its government taken over by "strong, high-minded white men."

While this storm was gathering momentum, a strong, high-minded white man named Harvey S. Firestone Sr. was having his own troubles with the British.

In the early 1920's, ostensibly in an effort to stabilize the wildly fluctuating prices of raw rubber, British planters in Malaya and Sumatra had pushed through Parliament a Rubber Plantation Act, better known as the "Stevenson Plan," which set production quotas and fixed an official "fair price." The result was a steady rise in the price of rubber from fourteen cents a pound in 1922 to $1.23 in 1925. The effect, of course, fell heaviest on the American consumer, who at that time was using 70 per cent of all the world's production of crude rubber. Mr. Firestone, a strong believer in high production at low unit cost, set out to break this monopoly, an action for which the British themselves provided a precedent. Half a century before, Brazil, where *Hevea brasiliensis*, the wild rubber tree, grows in the Amazon forests, had exploited its own monopoly by pushing rubber prices sky high. A British soldier of fortune and amateur botanist named Henry Wickham, later knighted for his deeds, had slipped out of Brazil with 70,000 rubber seeds, which, when planted in Kew Gardens, near London, had produced some 2700 seedlings. These had become the parent trees of the great British and Dutch plantations in Southern Asia, which broke forever the Brazilian monopoly.

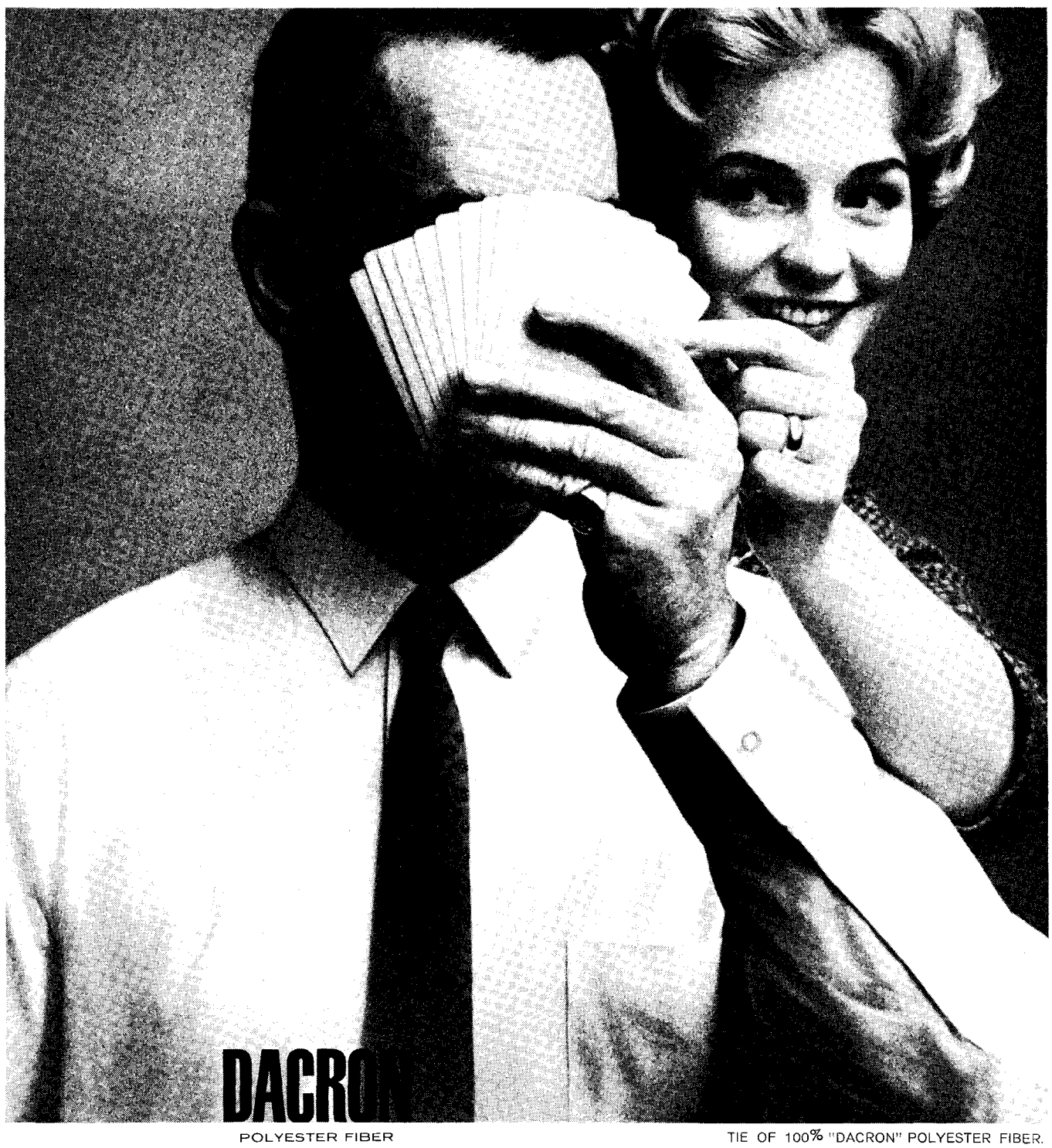
Along with his two good friends, Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, Mr. Firestone set out to free his company from dependence on Far Eastern rubber. Mr. Ford logically went to Brazil to start a new plantation in the rubber trees' native habitat, only to find that a shortage of labor there made a successful operation impossible. Mr. Edison turned to his laboratory, to discover that a species of goldenrod would produce rubber, but at a cost far higher than that of tree-grown rubber. Mr. Firestone sent his son, Harvey Firestone Jr., roaming the world at the head of a survey party, seeking a place where soil, rainfall and a dependable supply of labor combined to make grand-scale planting possible.

They found it in Liberia. Near Monrovia was a small plantation of 2000 acres, planted by the British in 1910 and abandoned in 1921 when the price of rubber fell to three cents a pound. The jungle had returned, but the trees were flourishing, strong proof that here, where a hot sun burned and 180 inches of rainfall fell each year, growing conditions were right. And beyond the old plantation, toward the hills, stretched millions of acres of similar land.

To Liberia's president, Mr. Charles Dunbar Burgess King, the coming of Firestone's survey crews seemed a happy issue out of all his political afflictions. If a big American company had a heavy investment in Liberia, President King felt that the United States Government would see to it that Great Britain and France would no longer be able to push his country around.

A debt, though, was a debt, and somehow the old loan had to be paid off. Liberia, it was agreed, would lease to the Firestone Plantations Company up to 1,000,000 acres of land for 99 years, at an annual rental of six cents an acre. In addition, the company would pay the government a tax of 1 per cent on the value of any rubber shipped. In turn, Firestone would set up a separate company, the Finance Corporation of America, which would buy $5,000,000 worth of Liberian gold bonds. With this money the country could get its European creditors off its neck and finance some of the internal improvements, such as roads and schools, which the country so desperately needed.

The loan agreement was a source of friction between the company and the country for years, for its terms gave the Finance Corporation the right to supervise every detail of Liberia's governmental



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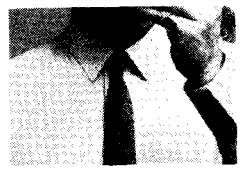

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expenditures. This was naturally a sore affront to the proud Liberians, who wanted to spend their revenues as they pleased. They were, in fact, so piqued by the terms of the agreement they borrowed only half of the allotted $5,000,000, and when by 1952 the last repayment was made and the agreement came to an end, both sides breathed a vast sigh of relief. The paying off of the loan cleared the air, and since then the country and the company have gotten along amicably, with only minor squabbles to mar their relationship.

Even before the planting agreement was ratified by the Liberian legislature, Firestone had started moving. Two plantation sites were chosen—one forty miles east of Monrovia, now known as Harbel, a second and smaller area 240 miles to the southeast at Cape Palmas on the border of the Ivory Coast. The old British plantation at Mount Barclay became the seedling nursery, providing the millions of trees needed as the bush crews cut and burned the forests to clear the land for planting.

As the forests fell Firestone began to build the 10,000 homes which would shelter its workers, the schools and hospitals to serve them, the roads that would link the far-flung divisions of the huge plantation. In addition, the company set up the United States Trading Company to bring in the imported goods the plantation would need, and to buy and sell food and clothing at subsidized prices, thus freeing the labor force from the all-the-traffic-will-bear avarice of the Lebanese who are the merchants of Liberia. It set up a bank to replace one that the British had abandoned, and a construction company to aid the government in its road-building plans. The Trading Company still is functioning—the biggest export-import business in the country. The bank has been sold, and the construction company, after building the great World War II air base, Roberts Field, and a network of roads, has been dissolved.

Firestone, from the start, introduced into Africa a new idea in the recruitment of labor. The tribal native is not a man strongly motivated to work for wages, and in the past, in other areas, his services had been commandeered and utilized under conditions strongly resembling that of slavery. His chiefs, in effect, sold his services to the employer, and the chiefs or their agents collected his wages. Firestone was resolved to have no part of this system. The company would induce labor to come by offering good wages, healthy living conditions, and firm but fair treatment, and a man's wages would be paid into his own hand. If these inducements did not work, then the whole experiment would fail.

In a memorandum of understanding, Harvey S. Firestone Jr. wrote to President King:

> Labor . . . shall be free to bargain for its terms . . . and shall be free to sever its employment with the Company at its own will and convenience. . . . The success of our development in Liberia is largely dependent upon the organization of a permanent and contented labor force. This can only be done through free and unrestricted employment and upon terms and conditions which are agreeable to the laborers themselves.

This was agreed upon. In actual practice, however, ancient tribal customs were observed. The African of the hinterland could not break his tribal bonds and hire himself out as a free agent without destroying the whole structure of the communal society under which he lived. The laborer was paid his wages. At the same time his clan chief received a payment of fifteen cents per man per month to compensate for the loss of his services to the tribe, plus occasional gifts of gin and cigarettes. There was nothing clandestine about this arrangement, and it still continues—the "Chiefs' Assistance Program" amounting to about $40,000 a year.

In its efforts to establish conditions satisfactory to the worker, the company sometimes found its humanitarian instincts running counter to ancient habits. In the early days somebody decided that the tapper, instead of rising at dawn and going to work hungry, as was his custom, should be provided with a hearty breakfast. This was done, and the tappers went joyously to their tasks. There they lay down under the trees and promptly went to sleep. The company also spent thousands of dollars planting grass between the houses in the new villages. The women swept the ground bare, for grass harbors evil spirits.

The company set up a fine maternity ward in its new hospital and could not understand why so few mothers came there to bear their young. They soon discovered the reason. The tribal Liberian believes that at the moment of birth the mother cries out the name of the baby's actual father, and the husband insists on being present to hear this cry. If the name is not his own, he hauls the man whose name was called before the clan chief and makes him pay a fine. Now husbands are allowed in the delivery room, and some 1500 babies a year are born in the hospital.

> The woman who professes to be just arriving at middle age is often making a return trip.
>
> SHANNON FIFE

Care of the expectant mother starts early, with issues of powdered milk to make up for the lack of meat that causes all tribal Liberians to suffer from a protein deficiency that is sometimes so severe that it is said to turn their hair a rusty red. To assist in the child-care program a number of small houses—known to the Liberians as Big Belly Village—were built next to the hospital. Here the expectant mothers come to spend the last weeks of their pregnancy under the supervision of the company doctors, and here also the mothers stay when their babies are under treatment in the hospital. At first the company provided sheets and pillow cases for all the beds in the village, but these things rapidly disappeared. Finally, the company made a rule that before a mother could take her baby home she would have to turn in her sheet and pillow cases.

"No," said the mothers amiably, "you keep the baby. We keep the cloth." Now the mattresses are bare.

The hospitals at Harbel and Cape Palmas provide the medical and surgical services of general hospitals anywhere. In addition, in 1946 Harvey Firestone Jr. provided $330,000 to establish a research laboratory and hospital, to study leprosy, yaws, sleeping sickness and the hideous skin diseases that are indigenous to Africa. This Liberian Institute is now under the direction of the American Foundation for Tropical Medicine, staffed by scientists from fourteen leading American universities and supported, through the foundation, by American companies operating in the tropics.

Firestone, which spent about $1,500,000 to build its two plantation hospitals, spends roughly $750,000 a year to keep its health services going. It knows that one third of those it treats are not its own employees, but like the missionary doctors who have been working in the country since the foundation of the republic, it serves all who come seeking medical help.

In its research activities the company also goes far beyond its own direct needs. The experiment station it maintains at Harbel has developed bud-grafted trees which now produce 1048 pounds of latex per acre, the highest production rate in the world. Trees now planted in experimental plots give promise of doubling or tripling that output, a botanical breakthrough that will greatly strengthen natural rubber's position in its fierce competition with the synthetic product. In addition, the researchers devote much time and money to projects that have little application to rubber growing, but will greatly help the country as a whole. The ancient pattern of "cut-and-burn" rice farming destroys the soil for six years after a crop is harvested, and the harvest is no more than enough to keep the tribe living at a bare subsistence level. The company is now experimenting with heavier producing forms of upland rice. It is also attacking the problem of the shortage of protein. In his meat hunger the tribal Liberian has long since exhausted the wild game and he now pursues "small beef"—such as mice, lizards, beetles and ants. The company is testing pasture grasses that will stand up under the fierce, pounding tropic rains and is trying to develop a breed of cattle from native stock that will be resistant to the tsetse fly.

In a country where less than ten per cent of the population can read and write, the company spends some $160,000 a year on education. The plantation schools provided by the company stop at the eighth grade, but bright students are given scholarships to church- and government-supported high schools and trade schools in Monrovia; and those who show great promise there may be educated in the United States at company expense. These youngsters are under no obligation to come back and work for Firestone, and many of them don't. They come back and take government jobs. This makes it difficult for the company to respond to the government's request that it put more Liberians in positions of top responsibility, for in a country awakening from centuries of sleep, there just aren't enough trained brains to go around. The company is so organized that only 180-odd people supervise the whole huge operation employing some 25,000 men. Most of these executives are Americans, with a growing number of Dutch and Swiss, but by the end of this year there will be seven Liberians holding staff positions.

The company in recent years has modified its original plans to put 1,000,000 acres in cultivation. Instead of clearing new land, it is replacing old trees with the heavier-yielding crosses, or "clones," now being developed in its experimental stations. It is also encouraging Liberians to grow their own rubber. It provides the young trees, lays out a planting and tapping plan for each farm, and buys the rubber at the world market price. At first only the well-to-do Liberians took advantage of this windfall. Now more than 2000 Liberian growers, many of them tribal men, sell the company about 12,000,000 pounds of rubber, worth approximately $4,000,000, every year. A typical example is Togar, who came out of the bush as a wash boy, working at thirty cents a day. His small farm now nets him $7500 a year. Many others are making as much as $25,000 a year, for rubber costs about seventeen cents a pound to produce and, as this is written, is selling at thirty-two cents a pound.

In the absence of detailed government statistics it is difficult to assess the company's full contribution to the Liberian economy. Last year, though, the total revenue of the Liberian Government was roughly $24,000,000. In that year Firestone paid $8,100,000 in rent and taxes, or about one third of the government's total revenue. In addition, it paid some $5,700,000 in wages to its employees, not counting the additional real income made available to them through free housing, medical care, education, and subsidized food, such as the sale of eight-and-a-half-cent rice at two and a half cents a pound.

Though still the biggest taxpayer and the biggest employer of labor in the country, Firestone is no longer the only foreign company operating there, for President Tubman's "open-door" policy is beginning to pay off richly. The B.F. Goodrich Company is now clearing and planting 58,000 acres at a cost of $8,500,000, and like Firestone it is building hospitals and schools for its workers. It also plans to educate and train as many Liberians as possible for its staff positions. Dutch planters, driven from Indonesia, also are coming in to exploit Liberia's greatest asset, its ability to grow trees, and a company founded by the late Edward R. Stettinius Jr. is producing coffee, cocoa and palm oil.

In recent years another great source of wealth has been explored and is now being developed. In the Bomi Hills, the Nimba Mountains and along the Mano River are some of the richest deposits of iron ore in the world, and Republic Steel, Bethlehem Steel and European companies are now working these deposits on a partnership basis with the Liberian Government.

Firestone welcomes these newcomers, even though their coming tightens an already restricted labor market. It was sometimes awkward, being the only fat boy on the street; for the Liberian politicians, like politicians everywhere, were quick to blame the foreign company for anything that went wrong.

The company, of course, makes no claim that it has been the only creative influence operating in the country. For generations medical missionaries, such as the famous Dr. George W. Harley and his wife, have been laboring in Liberia, and schools founded by American churches have kept a lamp of learning burning in the darkness for a hundred years. The $20,000,000 port at Monrovia was built with lend-lease money, and the greater part of Liberia's capital funds are now derived from Export-Import Bank loans. I.C.A. keeps a staff busy in Liberia working on health, education and agricultural problems, and U.N. welfare organizations are active there.

In the last analysis Firestone's greatest contribution may be measured in terms of an intangible. It has proved to Liberia's people, and to an Africa breaking its colonial chains in violence and anger, that an American company, while operating its own business at a profit, can at the same time make a great contribution to a nation's welfare without encroaching in the slightest degree upon its sovereignty.

"We went into Liberia to grow rubber at a profit," says Byron H. Larrabee, the head of the Firestone Plantations Company. "But we also went there resolved never to abuse our power, to deal with government and labor exactly as we deal with them at home. If this policy has helped a great president and a great people to lift themselves a little higher up the ladder, then we're glad." THE END

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Money on Her Mind (Continued from Page 22)

clothes, driving Susan and Richard to dancing school, holes in his socks.

She found the attaché case George used on his occasional business trips, on which he never asked her to accompany him. Not George; he came home and told her about the plush restaurants and hotels. Stuffing the money in the attaché case, she dressed, put the phone back on the hook, got in her car and started off. At the next driveway her neighbor hailed her.

"Are you going to the P.T.A.?" she called, and Betty shook her head, annoyed at the P.T.A.'s coming between her and Paris, and drove on downtown. She parked in the bank lot and carried the attaché case inside and over to the nearest teller. Opening the case on the ledge, she began shoving bills under the grille.

"You wish to add this to your account, Mrs. Loomis?" the astounded teller inquired, stacking the bills, counting a flood of dimes, nickels and pennies.

"Definitely not," Betty said. "Are my figures right? Are there twelve hundred dollars there? I will take two five-hundred-dollar bills—they do make five-hundred-dollar bills, don't they?—and two one-hundred-dollar bills."

Leaving the bank, she walked down the street to a travel agency, accumulated folders, then glanced in shop windows, went back to her car, looked once again at the money, then drove to Miranda's.

At Miranda's the *maître d'* did not know her because she only went there perhaps twice a year, but he knew George because George practically lived in Miranda's. He was there now—she saw him at once.

Betty was shown to a rather undesirable table. George, of course, had one of the best tables. He was being charming to an older woman with beautifully waved white hair and well-preserved skin. When he saw Betty, he stopped being all teeth and smiles and got up and came over to her table.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"You mean I should be home leaning on a mop and eating a peanut-butter sandwich?" she said. "Or do you simply mean that this isn't my kind of place? I'm the drab, dowdy type who should have gone to a drive-in?"

It wouldn't even occur to George, she thought, that she might be meeting someone. Jealousy was an emotion he didn't know existed.

"I can't leave my client," George said. "She's planning to alter her will."

"I wouldn't think of keeping you, George," Betty said. "Go charm your client."

"O.K.," said George and went back. Women watched him as he walked across the room, she noticed. They always did. George was very good at being charming, except to his wife, she thought, and there was something about his manner that made women want to confide in him.

It was unfortunate that she hated eating alone. She hated even more eating alone and watching George butter up some widow or divorcée about to alter her will.

She sipped a Martini and told the waiter she had changed her mind and would not order lunch. Finishing her drink, she rose with dignity and started through the restaurant, taking care to pass by George's table, hesitating momentarily as she went by.

George stood up and made the introductions. "Mrs. Farmer has just returned from Paris," he said.

"How nice," Betty said. "I've been thinking of going over myself this year. Just flying over on the spur of the moment. George is always talking about taking me someday, but I'm sure he'll never find the time, so I thought I'd just dash over alone. Things you do on impulse are apt to be more fun than the things you plan, don't you agree, Mrs. Farmer?"

Mrs. Farmer agreed. George made no comment, but his expression was eloquent.

"Nice to have met you," Betty said and sauntered on, and George came leaping in her wake.

"What the devil are you talking about, flying to Paris?" he said. "How many drinks did you have? Are you drunk?"

He might have redeemed himself, she thought, looking at him with a mixture of unrequited love and loathing. He might have said she was beautiful, that his pulse had beaten faster when he saw her walk in Miranda's.

"Charm your client, George," she said coldly and went outside and sat in her car, looking at gaily colored travel folders, then deciding regretfully against Paris because how could George cope with Susan, five, and Richard, seven, and besides she hated going anywhere alone, even eighty miles to Springville to visit her mother, and she'd had a terrible time with French in high school.

She looked again at the money, and the word OATMAN'S leaped into her mind in fiery capitals. They had a charge account at Oatman's, but it was rarely used. Each Christmas she bought George a present from Oatman's, and if a very valuable client got married or had a baby, she shopped at Oatman's for a present. Not once in ten years had she bought a thing for herself at Oatman's.

She drove there and went inside and walked around until she saw a girl whose looks she liked, and then took her in hand.

"I'm coming in here as though I'm naked," Betty said earnestly. "I'm coming in here like a channel swimmer or a movie star whose clothes have been ripped off by autograph hunters, and I have to start from the skin out."

Two hours later she arrived at the mink stole, having purchased bra, panties, slips, practically invisible hose, blue pumps, perfume and the blue dress that was high and prim in front, but with virtually no back at all.

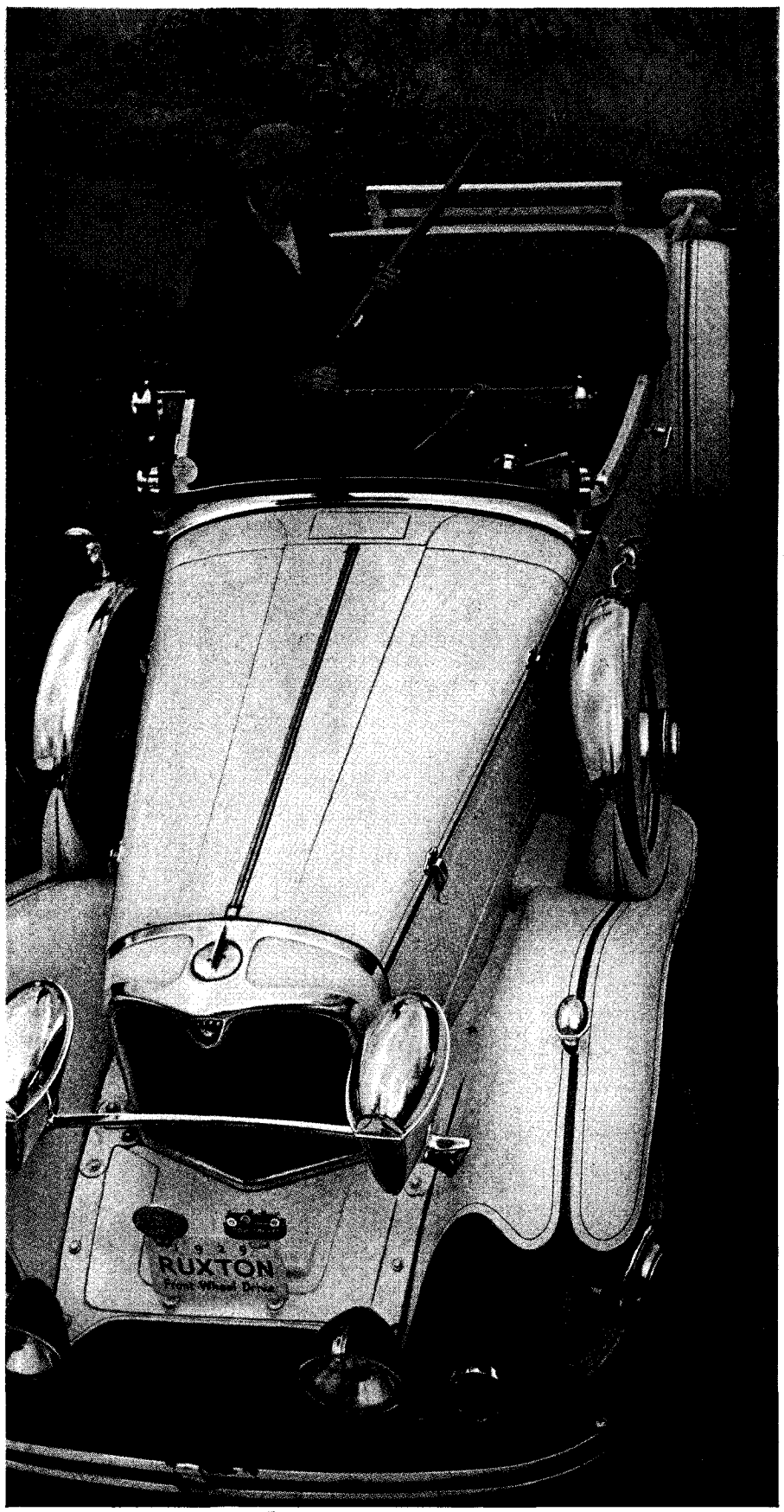
"I'll take it," Betty said, referring to the stole, and presently the slip was written up and Betty examined the staggering total, which was twelve hundred and sixteen dollars and fifty-three cents, and she thought giddily how wise she had been not to eat lunch because she couldn't have afforded it. With her cocktail the money was gone.

"This is a charge?" said the girl, and Betty said, "I'll pay cash," and then changed her mind, unable to part then and there with all that lovely, beautiful money.

"Charge it," she said. She could spend the rest of the day looking at the money like a miser, and then the next morning she would come in and settle the bill.

Carrying her things out to the car, she drove home and was dreamily contemplating each item laid out on her bed when the telephone rang.

It was George. He was in one of his brisk, efficient, this-is-vital moods. "I am having dinner with a Mr. Brethwaite," he said, "and I'd like you to join us. You can pick us up at the office. This could be very important. He's a new client, and I'm arranging a merger of two companies. I don't know him well, and he wants you to come along (*Continued on Page 77*)



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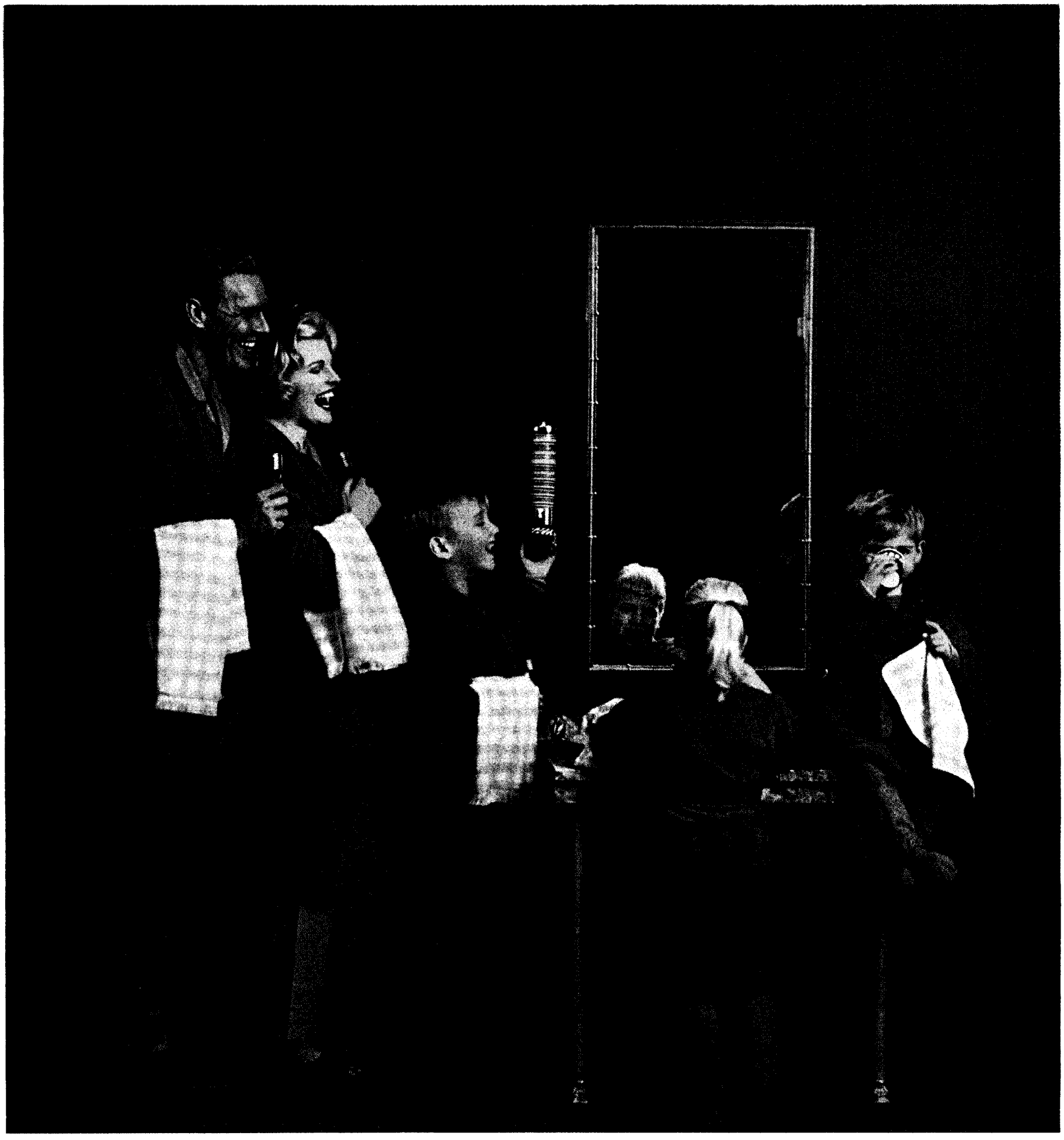

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(*Continued from Page 75*) for dinner. I think he's one of these old-school gentlemen who wants a look at my wife before he trusts me. Wear something—you know, not too dashing. That green dress ——"

"That old rag," Betty said contemptuously, looking at the things on the bed.

"Well, you know what to wear," George said. "You're all right, aren't you? Not looped or anything? I didn't expect to see you in Miranda's."

"Were you glad to see me in Miranda's, George?" Betty said. "Did your heart beat faster when you saw me there?"

"I think the green would be fine," George said. "I haven't time to trade gags. Be here at six."

"I'll be there," Betty said. "With bells on," she added, touching the stole with one hand.

She called the sitter, and the children got off the school bus and she planted them firmly in their rooms and then soaked in a hot tub, and took endless time with her hair and face, and at fifteen of six, when the sitter arrived, she swept to the door and was gratified at her reception. The children also looked startled, and almost afraid to kiss her good night.

She drove downtown, and George and his client emerged from the office building as she pulled to the curb. George came around to the driver's side and started to introduce Betty, then stopped and looked at her thoughtfully.

George was never a man to fly off the handle, Betty thought. He had an orderly, logical mind, and if something went completely haywire, instead of blowing his stack, his mind became a kind of computing machine making intricate calculations to discover what had gone wrong. She could sense the wheels spinning, lights flashing on and off. He reached out one finger and touched the stole, and said nothing. She had to hand George one thing, Betty thought; he didn't panic. So many men would have panicked.

"My wife," said George somberly, and old Mr. Brethwaite smiled and sat beside her while they drove to Miranda's. They went inside, and Mr. Brethwaite, who had an old-fashioned courtesy, helped her off with her stole and then paused, and beside him George quivered as though an arrow had just caught him between his shoulder blades.

They went to their table, and Betty tried to be charming to Mr. Brethwaite. It was not too difficult, because he held her chair and lighted her cigarettes and did all the little things that George hadn't done since the day he said, "I do." She found it easy to talk to Mr. Brethwaite, but George was not his usual executive self. As the evening progressed he talked less and less, and finally he just sat there in silence.

Suddenly, abruptly, he excused himself from the table, and Betty was left with old Mr. Brethwaite.

"You're not what I expected," Mr. Brethwaite said.

"Oh dear," Betty said. "I suppose you prefer blondes."

"You're lovely," Mr. Brethwaite said. "Your husband is a capable and aggressive young man. I had a picture of you in my mind before we met. I thought to myself that this young man will have a wife who's been coached on the proper technique of being nice to clients. She'll be dressed with good taste, but very simply; she'll be discreet and remain in the background, the faithful wife who remains in the shadow of her husband. Instead you knocked my eye out, which I didn't expect. But there's one thing that pleased me very much. Your husband idolizes you."

Betty felt her heart beat faster. "Are you sure?"

"George told me you'd been married for ten years," Mr. Brethwaite said. "Yet tonight when he saw you he acted like a boy seeing a beautiful girl he barely knows. I watched his reaction when you met us at the office and when we came into the restaurant. It's not often you see a man who's been married ten years look at his wife the way George looked at you."

George returned to the table at that moment. He remained subdued, and Betty studied him. She loved him, she thought, and if she ever went to Paris without him, she would die. Paris was for lovers, and George was her lover.

Also, she asked herself, did she really have anything to complain about? He was faithful, he was good and kind and saw to her every need, except possibly at eight A.M., but then he had business problems on his mind.

But most of all she loved him. She would always love him, Betty thought, and if a wife loved her husband and came into some money, what would any loving wife do? Any loving wife, she told herself, would do something nice for her husband. And what had she done—splurged and spent it all on herself like a greedy child in a candy store.

I will give up everything but the stole, Betty told herself. *I will take the rest of the money and buy George a new set of golf woods and irons and a new bag.*

George had found his voice again and was talking to Mr. Brethwaite. Betty slid the fingers of one hand up and down the stole draped over her chair and tearfully made a decision.

She would give up the stole. She would keep the rest, and then she would spend eight hundred dollars on George. She did not really need a stole.

Betty sighed, her decision made, and reached for her purse on the floor beside her chair. She noticed that the catch was undone.

She picked it up to look once again at the money and then stared into the depths of her purse as though it had suddenly become inhabited by a little man from outer space.

The money was gone! All that beautiful, lovely money was missing. She scrambled frantically through the purse's contents.

"Something wrong?" George said.

"Looking for my lipstick," she muttered, and went to the powder room and turned the purse upside down and went through everything and felt the lining of the purse, and it was no good because the money was gone. There was exactly seventy-eight cents in her change purse, and that was the remainder of the week's house money.

She thought back and she knew the money had been in her purse when she had left home. Someone in the restaurant had filched it.

The charge account, she thought suddenly. At the end of the month Oatman's bill would come in, and George would sit at his desk and slit the envelope and drop dead.

She huddled in the powder room, then got up as though the warden had summoned her to the execution and walked slowly back to their table.

"Are you ready to go?" George said. "You look pale. Do you feel all right?"

She nodded, and George paid the check and they left and drove Mr. Brethwaite to his hotel. They said good night and started for home, and Betty cowered against the door and looked at George.

"That's quite a dress," George said. "You bought it today?"

"This afternoon," Betty said. "At Oatman's."

"Must have been fairly expensive," George said. "It looks expensive."

"Ninety-five dollars."

"Well," George said, "I suppose it's more than you ordinarily pay for a dress, but it's all right. The shoes are new, too, aren't they?"

"Everything I have on down to my skin is new," Betty said.

"Kind of ran wild in Oatman's today, didn't you?"

"They'll probably talk about me for years," Betty said.

They drove a mile in silence. She loved him, Betty thought desperately, she loved him, and he was going to hate her for the rest of his life. And furthermore he would never in the world believe her story.

"Touching on the stole," George said, "I suppose it's the real thing? I mean it isn't dyed rabbit or muskrat, or something plebeian?"

"Mink," said Betty.

"I thought so," George said. "You know, I haven't the slightest idea what a mink stole costs. All through dinner I was wondering. Four hundred, five hundred, six hundred?"

"Would you like to try for eight?" Betty said. "Plus the excise tax and sales tax."

"Amounts to quite a bit," George said. "The whole package must have run to a thousand dollars or better."

"I believe it came to exactly twelve hundred and fourteen dollars and eighty-seven cents," Betty said, and had a sudden desire to fall through the floor of the car and disappear forever.

George drove in silence. She wished he would hit her with a tire iron or something. Unable to stand the quiet, she blurted out, "It was money I saved up over the years since we got married. Fifty cents here and there." *What a likely story*, she thought. She could hardly believe it herself.

"Well, well," said George, "that's very interesting."

He turned into their driveway. They went into the house through the door to the kitchen, and George turned on the light and then removed her stole.

"You know what I first thought when I got a look at you in the restaurant?" he said. "I thought the dress would fall off and a cop would wrap you in a tablecloth and cart us all off to the bastille. Then I had a second thought."

"To divorce me," Betty said.

"My second thought," said George, "was that you have the most beautiful back of any dame I ever dated."

He bent and kissed her between the shoulder blades, and she burst into tears.

"I saved the money out of the house allowance," she said. "Honest I did. I can't take back the underthings, but I can return the stole; maybe they'll never know I wore the dress ——"

"Oh, by the way," George said, "does this belong to you?"

He fished in his pocket and tossed crumpled bills on the table. Two five-hundred-dollar bills and two one-hundreds and sixteen dollars in small bills. Betty stared at them.

George grinned at her. "I was out of cigarettes at the table," he said, "and I reached in your purse. It was quite a shock. I spent the whole dinner hour not knowing what I was eating. Frankly I had it all figured out that you had become the paramour of some wealthy man, and first I was going to kill you when I got you home, and then I decided that I couldn't kill you because, paramour or no paramour, I knew I loved you. And maybe lately I've fallen into a bad habit of taking you a bit too much for granted. Although I must say you weren't very subtle in reminding me about it."

He kissed her, and she said, "I'm sure they'll take back the stole anyway, and I'll buy you golf clubs ——"

"I don't want golf clubs; I want you," George said, "and it's late and let's go to bed. Oh, before I forget. I forgot to give you your household allowance for the week last night."

He was brisk and efficient again. He counted out the money and handed it to her, then started through the kitchen doorway.

"Come to bed," he called.

"In a minute, honey," Betty said.

She put the household allowance in her purse. There was seventy-eight cents left over from the past week. She looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, then took the seventy-eight cents and opened a canister that had once held sugar, but now was unused. Smiling to herself, she put the money in the canister. After all, she thought, in another ten years she'd be forty; in another ten years she might need it.

THE END

"Black day for Chopin, wasn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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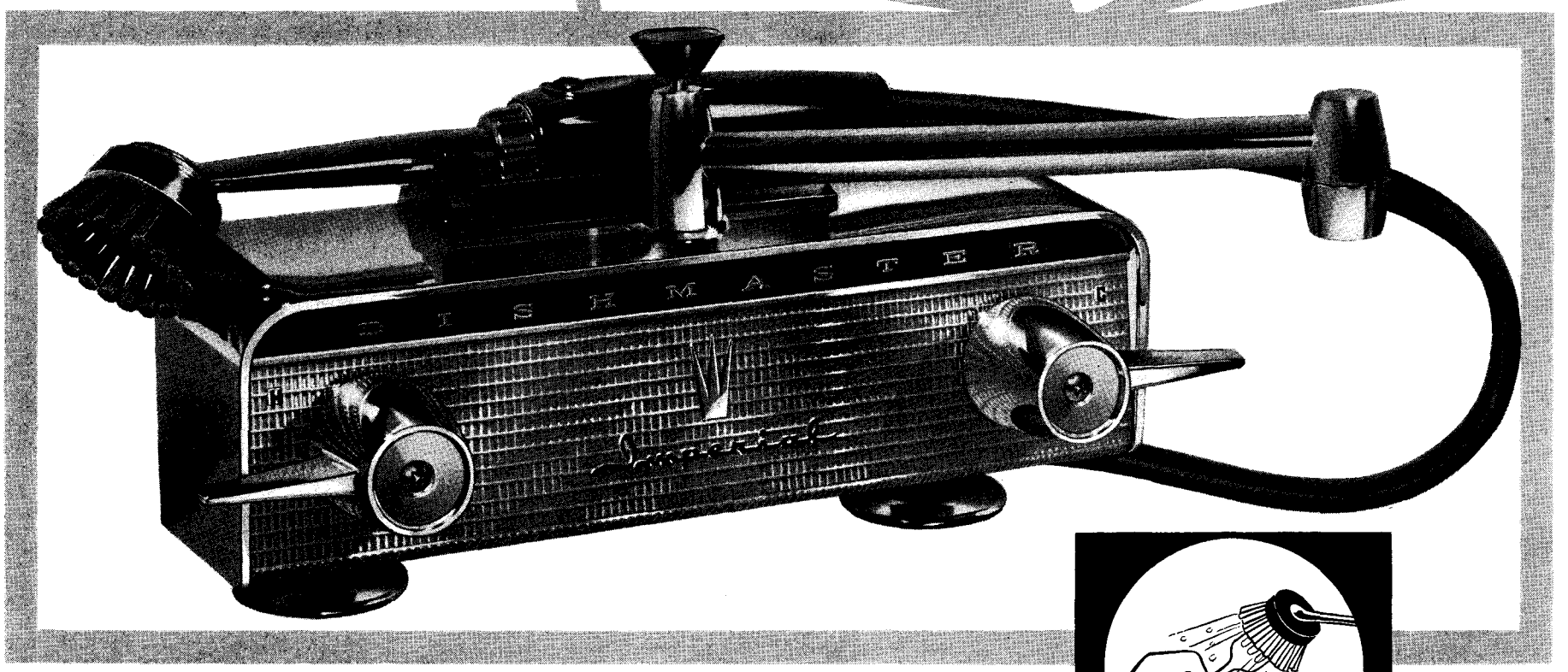
the wonderful Gift!



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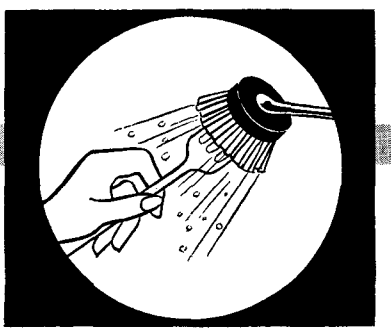

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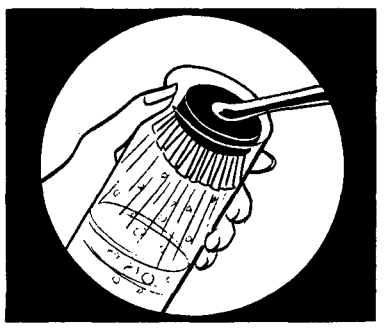

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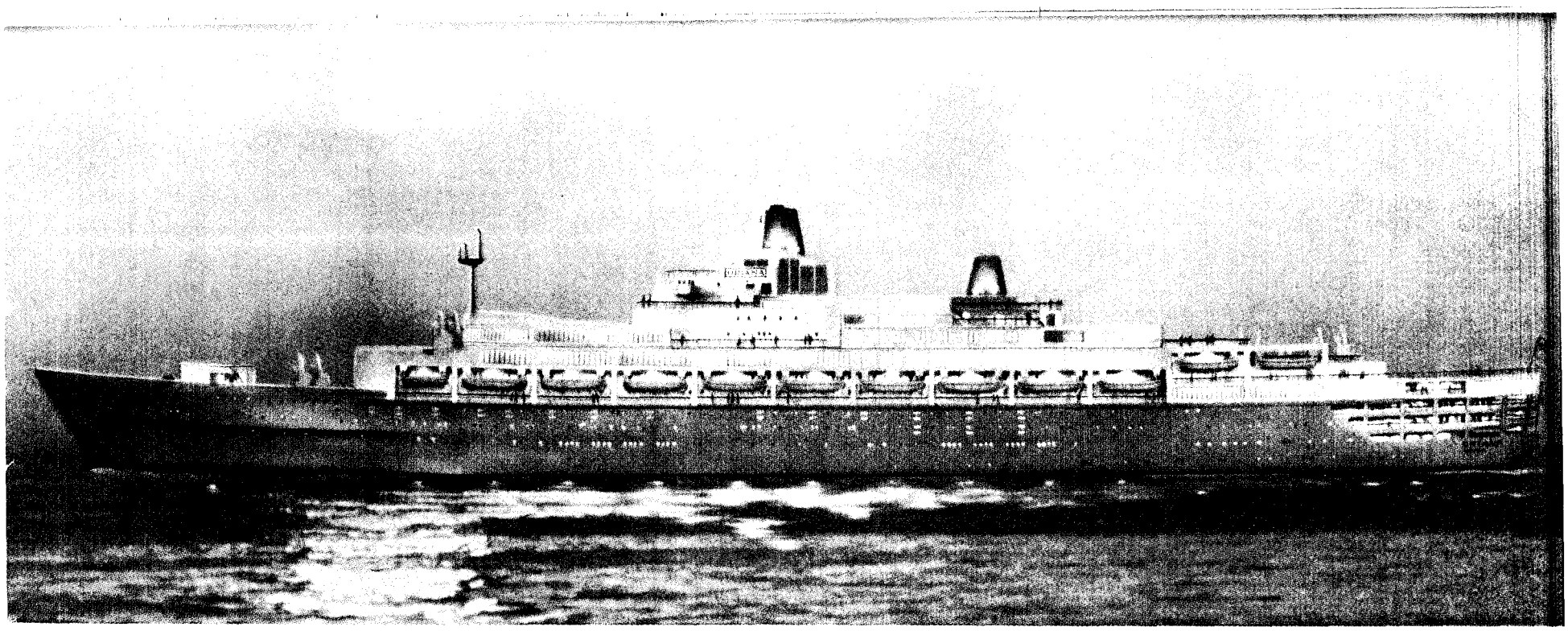

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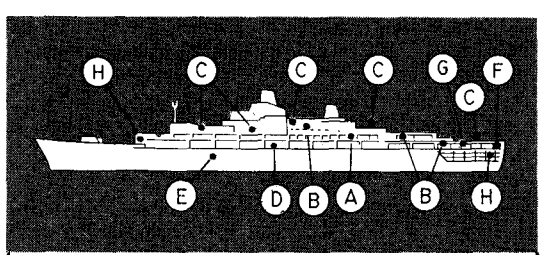
There is a fully equipped two-story theater, **(A)** on diagram below, for movies, television



A. Theater
B. Swimming Pools
C. Games Decks
D. Silver Grill
E. 1st Class Restaurant
F. Stern Gallery
G. Tourist Ballroom
H. Children's Areas

shows and concerts. Three swimming pools **(B)** two in tourist and one in first class. And eleven passenger decks, five of which **(C)** are open to the gentle sun for sports and loafing.

In first class you can eat in a Grill **(D)** which

"Sundowners" at a seagoing outdoor café in the South Pacific. A dry martini sets you back 20¢.

has walls of silver coins and an open charcoal grill. Or in a magnificent Restaurant **(E)** paneled in Brazilian Rosewood and glowing silks from Thailand.

Probably the most spectacular lounge afloat is in *tourist* class on *Oriana*. The Stern Gallery **(F)** has a 130-foot sweep of windows looking out over the ocean. Just forward is a lovely 250-foot long ballroom **(G)** that runs the full width of the ship.

Children have their own play areas **(H)** supervised for you by English nannies.

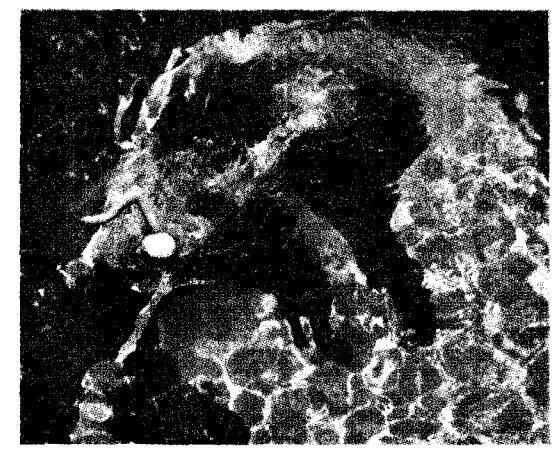
How to plan your trip

You can explore some of the world's most fascinating places on *Oriana* for less than you'd

Kandy dancers at Ceylon's Temple of the Tooth, a three-hour drive from the port of Colombo.

spend at a resort hotel—as little as $15 a day!

Oriana calls at Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, Gibraltar and England on her maiden voyage. You can stop off anywhere along the way and return on another P&O-Orient liner. Or you can make the whole trip the first leg of a voyage around the



Three pools on *Oriana* brim with blue Pacific water. Children have their own paddling pools.

world. Fares to England on the maiden voyage start at $731 tourist, $1170 first class.

Note: Tickets for the maiden voyage are going fast. If you can't get what you want, you may choose from two other voyages on *Oriana:*

In May, *Oriana* sails to the South Pacific on a 35-day cruise to Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, New Zealand and Australia. Fares for the cruise start at $678 tourist and $1036 first class.

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The Mountain That Nearly Killed Me

(Continued from Page 37)

off my feet, and I somersaulted downhill; and when the sharp points of my crampons dug into the ice as I came down, they only acted as a fulcrum to send me into another and bigger cart wheel. I felt the new shock as my weight and that of the lead man—some 400 pounds with a lot of velocity—whipped the third and fourth men off their feet. Four men on a rope—a squirming worm of men—slithered down the incline at increasing speed.

I continued to cartwheel, and my crampons dug in again on the second or third spin. This third time, the force of 800 pounds of men, moving fast, came hard against one left leg—mine. I heard the bone snap as I went heels over head once more.

Then, only seconds later, but seeming longer, I was sliding to a stop on my nose as the 500-foot slope flattened out to a mild gradient. I was sure my nose must be a tattered remnant, but my leg did not hurt at all.

Our party was badly battered. Pete Schoening was unconscious, and Jim Whitaker was dazed. This left Louis Whitaker and me to yell for help, and we started shouting toward another mountain-climbing party—a group from Anchorage, Alaska—which was making a descent below us and was just about to go around the corner of a ridge. Once around, they couldn't have heard or seen us. Nor could anyone else. At 17,200 feet, the real estate isn't crowded.

But our voices were loud, and our luck was in. The Anchorage party stopped. A thin voice was audible—"Do you need help?"

I'm sure I was the one who shouted, "Yes!" I also made one other deathless statement. Somebody asked, "How are you?" and I replied, "My nose is broken, and I think my leg is too."

I was half right. The nose wasn't broken, but the leg definitely was. Shortly after this the unconscious man regained his senses, although later he could remember nothing of the next twenty-four hours, and the others checked their condition, which was comparatively good. Fortunately we had excellent equipment. For the highest part of the climb we had carried one sleeping bag, emergency rations, water, a small bottle of heavily sugared water, a first-aid kit and extra clothing, plus climbing equipment and metal-framed back packs. We still were on a slope, although not dangerously pitched. Below us was the glacier, with a straight fall at its lower end. At our altitude nobody moves fast unless he's falling; but my companions moved with sure purpose. First they chopped out a small depression, nearly level, a shelf just long enough for John Day. Then they pulled the sleeping bag up around me, set a pack on the lower side and braced the pack with ice axes driven into the surface.

At this point I still felt no pain in my leg. I was thirsty, but our water and even the sugar syrup, which I had been keeping inside my parka, was frozen. I took off a mitten and scooped a little snow into my mouth as the others outlined their plan. They would go down to our high camp for supplies and to send messages for help. Wobbly, but still functioning, they started down the mountain. The scrape of their crampons on the hard snow was the last human sound. After it, only an enormous silence.

I thought, *Well, John, this all started on a hospital bed, and look where it ended—almost three and a half miles high, all by yourself and in a bed not quite so good.* Then I vomited and began to shake with shock.

The most common question asked of mountain climbers is, "Why?" Answers range from the old saw, "Because the mountains are there," to vague talk about scenery, the spiritual lift, or the thrill of reaching the top. I doubt I can improve on these answers, but I'll try to explain why I happened to be on Mount McKinley.

I've always been interested in the outdoors. As a young man, I left Medford, Oregon, to attend the state university and then Harvard Business School and the Babson Institute, but eventually I came back to my home town and to a ranch where I graze cattle for money and bison as a curiosity. Through the years I've ridden horses over large slices of Oregon, have hunted big game and retraced and marked a trail followed in the early days by some of the Oregon pioneers. These interests led to membership in the Adventurers and Explorers clubs in New York.

Then, just ten years ago, a persistent spinal ailment sent me to a clinic. The diagnosis was clear—I had arthritis which probably would cripple me. I would ride no more horses. If I walked at all, I'd be bent almost horizontally. I was forty years old and, it seemed at first, athletically finished.

However, by the time I was ready to go home from the clinic, I had a slightly amended diagnosis. I might not become bent over entirely, the doctors said, and they gave me their blessing to do what I could about the situation. Drinking, smoking and horseback riding were out, but the physicians advised me that walking, running or even weight lifting would do me no harm. And I had another advantage: a most patient wife who encouraged me when I began picking up weights—carefully, believe me—and covering our countryside on foot. Neighbors grew accustomed to seeing a middle-aged, redheaded man hoofing along the roads. My whole conditioning plan began to work; presently I felt fine.

So I climbed a mountain. On Labor Day of 1956—I was then forty-seven—I drove forty miles to the base of Mount McLoughlin. This 9497-foot peak is considered one of the major Cascade mountains, although it only makes seasoned climbers sniff. Not so John Day. I started early and quickly reduced the weight I was carrying, even throwing away an unnecessary stick of gum. Then I marched up the slope. I was halfway to the summit before the sun rose, and all alone when I reached the top. Halfway down I met some people puffing up the trail, and they stared at me with astonishment. I felt some astonishment myself. I'd climbed easily and fast, and I still felt fine. This was heady stuff, particularly for a man not long past the fear that he might never walk again.

Next I climbed Mount Thielsen (9178 feet), Mount Jefferson (10,495), the Three Sisters Peaks and Mount Hood (11,245) in Oregon. But there were many other peaks, and people talked about them. One of the most experienced climbers I know said, "John, most climbers want to climb all the big mountains they can, and almost everybody goes through a stage of wanting to climb fast. Even to this day, when I climb a mountain, I look in the summit box to see what time the other people made on their way up and whether I didn't better it just a little."

At the end of the first climbing season I hiked fifty-six miles one day in the lesser mountains of eastern Oregon just to see whether I could do it. I climbed Mount Lassen and Mount Shasta—one easy, the other harder than I expected—and I walked up Mount Whitney with a pack mule to see the sunrise (even the mule thought this was a climb for old ladies, although Whitney is the highest peak in the forty-eight states). All this was bringing me closer to that chilly sleeping bag on McKinley's shoulder, although I still thought that mountain was much too tough for a grandfather.

The first time I saw Jim Whitaker he was behind the counter in a Seattle sporting-goods store. I was just another customer to him, but I liked what I saw. He didn't have the exact item for which I asked, but he said, "Why don't you try. . . . " and gave me the address of another store. When I entered the second store, I was greeted by the same clerk—or one who looked precisely like him.

Thus I met the Whitaker twins, Jim and Louis, who had been recommended as guides. They also were honest men. When I mentioned that I'd like to climb all the major peaks in Washington, one of them said, "This is a young-man's game. You'd be asking a fifty-year-old heart to do something suitable for a twenty-year-old. Besides. . . . " Some argument was necessary before Louis agreed to guide me up Mount St. Helens, a 9671-foot ice-cream-cone peak in southern Washington.

The Whitakers had climbed Mount Rainier more than 100 times as guides and had instructed United States mountain troops. As we ascended St. Helens, which looks easy but has killed its share of careless climbers, Louis watched me closely. I reached the summit in good condition, but he still was noncommittal and presently led the way to the top of a long pumice slope on one face of the mountain. This looked as if it would slide at a touch, but actually the pumice is so light that nothing moves it far. Louis's system for going down was to take a long step—almost a jump—dig in his heels and slide, then to jump again. Thus, like children playing in a snowdrift, we ran down the mountain. From the bottom of the pumice we trotted to the car. Only then did Louis commit himself. "It just might be that you could climb those other peaks," he said. "When did you want to start?" I felt I'd won a terrific victory.

We did climb the Washington peaks—Helens, Adams, Glacier, Rainier, Baker and Olympus—in nine days. In the season of 1959 I climbed seventeen major peaks between Canada and Mexico. The Whitakers and I set a new speed record in climbing Rainier and had a couple of weeks to be proud before chief guide Dick McGowan knocked an hour off our time. Then Bill Buckingham, Al Reed and I climbed all three of Wyoming's Teton peaks in a single day.

But late in 1959 I had to face a few facts. So far, the whole thing had been fun. In each case I'd had skilled professional help, and we had observed all safety rules. But there had been too much publicity about the wild Oregon rancher who *ran* up mountains. Serious mountaineers were looking down their noses. One spelled out their attitude—"It's not that we worry so much about you, John. You may take all the proper precautions. But the very fact that you break records is likely to start other people trying, and some of them may not be so cautious. Some are likely to kill themselves."

There was one other consideration. If I was to go on climbing, the mountains ahead were tougher than anything behind. For example, nobody dances any jigs on Canada's Mount Robson.

I decided to stop speed-climbing and determined to climb Mount Robson at about the same time. Robson is only 12,972 feet high, but is a mountain wreathed in almost perpetual storm. I convinced the Whitaker brothers to try it with me, along with Keith Petrie, head of an Oregon mountain-rescue group; Ray Conkling, president of Portland's Wy-East Climbers, and Frank Stark, an Austrian professional guide.

We climbed to about 10,000 feet and set up a high camp. But snow fell during the night and as we climbed the next morning, we ran into deeper fresh snow, snow so light that it moved past us in a slow river, forming drifts in every little gully. It wasn't consolidated enough to take a man with it, but nevertheless made bad climbing. About 2000 feet from the top Stark finally admitted, "This stuff is too deep for me. If you want to go on, I'll wait."

But I had some doubts too. I had watched chunks as big as rooms peeling off an ice wall near us and sliding slowly downhill in that soft snow. Also, other storms were building up. So, for the first time in my climbing, I was the one to say, "Let's back off."

Back at our high camp, our tents were just snowy mounds. We dug them out and found our buried cooking utensils, then started on back down the route we had followed up the day before. Rain had fallen during the night, then frozen. Soon we walked into a fog which forced us to stay on the ridges where we could keep track of our course, even though the rocks were glazed with ice under six inches of new snow. When we finally reached the timber line, I asked Petrie, "What would have happened if an ordinary summer climbing party had run into conditions like those?"

He said, "Probably most of them would have been killed."

So Robson, the stormy mountain, had beaten us—and, although I didn't realize it, I was one step closer to that sleeping bag on McKinley. I had a sort of mental block on the subject, doubting I could make McKinley's 20,000 feet. Then Dr. John Ambler of Denver told me about climbing McKinley when he was fifty-one and said, "Sure, you can climb that mountain." Perhaps more important, I saw some other people who had done it, and I said to myself, *By gosh, if those jokers can do it, so can I.*

So, early in 1960, I broached the subject of McKinley to the Whitaker twins and Pete Schoening. We then began corresponding with McKinley veterans and scientific organizations. One of the latter, the American Geographical Society, asked us to photograph the upper accumulation area of Kahiltna Glacier on the mountain so that comparisons could be made with earlier and later photos to show changes in terrain and (*Continued on Page 82*)

That's What I Think

By Gladys B. Cutler

I went to the concert
And liked it a lot
But wasn't quite sure
If I should have or not
And hardly could wait
To consult the review
So I could relax
And discuss it with you.

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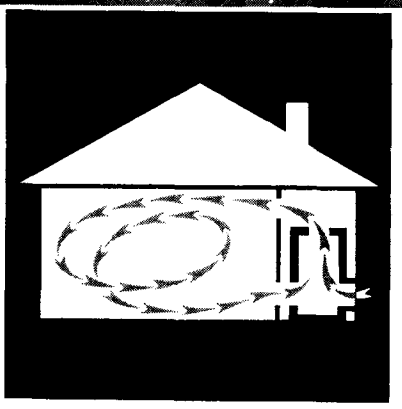

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(*Continued from Page 80*) glacial structures. Mountain veterans advised that a climb should be made in May, when weather was most likely to be good—or, rather, the least likely to be horrid.

We outlined our plans to McKinley National Park officials, and three standby parties—competent climbers who would come in after us if anything went wrong—volunteered. One was from the Wy-East Climbers; another was a Seattle group preparing to climb in the St. Elias range, the third was a party which intended to climb McKinley later.

The human body operates much differently above 10,000 feet, and preparation for the change can do much to prevent the mountain sickness often affecting climbers. So, before taking off for Alaska, I went to Colorado and spent two weeks living at about 11,000 feet in the Berthoud Pass and climbing to 13,000 or 14,000 feet every day. Meanwhile, the Whitakers and Schoening were doing their own conditioning in Seattle. We met in time to catch a plane for Anchorage, then went on to Talkeetna.

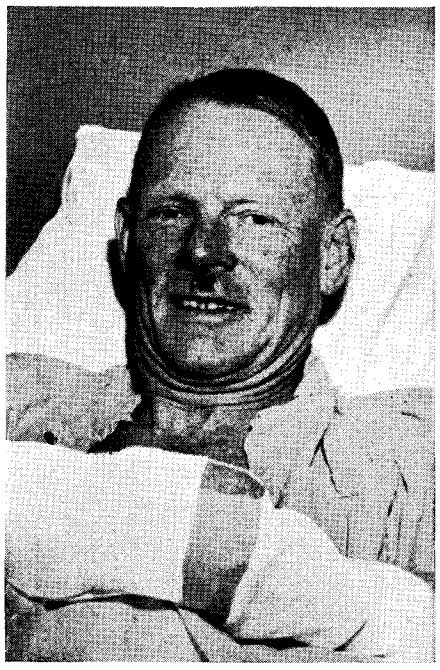
We had about 800 pounds of equipment—food, tents, stoves, sleeping bags, down trousers, double-thickness underwear, cold-weather felt boots, climbing boots and leather-and-nylon overboots. A small airplane, flown by Don Sheldon, a well-known bush pilot, ferried all this and us in repeated trips to the 10,200-foot level on Mount McKinley. Jim Whitaker and I set up cameras and began taking the photos wanted by the geographical society, using control points so later photos could be made under identical conditions.

For a lonely mountain, McKinley was a bit overpopulated when we arrived. A group of people from Anchorage, led by Paul Crews, was climbing from a camp at the 8200-foot level. Also, two parties of Japanese university people had started the season by climbing to the summit, and they were still on the mountain.

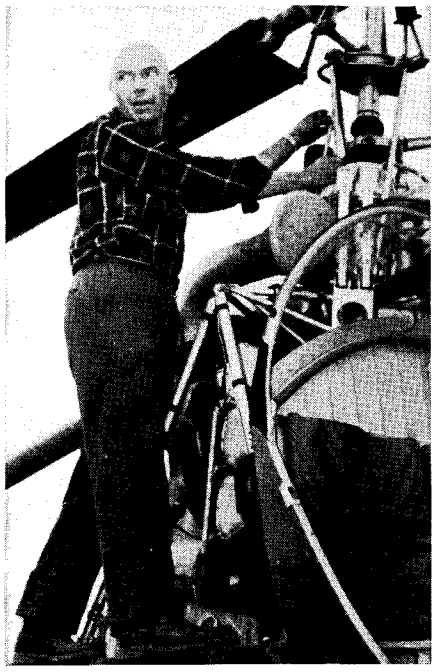
When we met the Japanese, I was encouraged by one fellow who sought me out and asked if I was the fifty-year-old grandfather about whom he had read. I admitted I was. Then he pointed to himself and grinned. "I," he said, "am fifty-two."

When I had talked over our plans with Doctor Ambler back in Denver, he had suggested that we set up a base camp at 10,000 feet and the next one at 14,500. "Then," he had said, "it will take you a day or two to cut ice steps and put in a permanent rope above that level; but afterward you can go right on up, with your high camp at about 16,500 feet." All this we found true, except that the Japanese had done all the hard work, cutting steps and leaving a rope where it was most needed.

We passed the Anchorage people on a ridge where they had stopped to try to retrieve some cooking gear which had slipped out of a pack. That night we camped at about 16,600 feet, and the Anchorage group set up their high camp not far below, at 16,400. One of their members, Mrs. Helga Bading, was bothered by the altitude, and she stayed at this camp while the rest of her party climbed to the summit the next day—they passed us while I was taking some photos near the top. By the time we reached the summit, they were almost ready to start down.



"I hope to climb again," says amateur mountaineer John Day, shown above in a hospital at Anchorage after his rescue from near death on Mt. McKinley.



Heroic helicopter pilot Link Luckett rescued Day at 17,200 feet. It was the highest landing and take-off of any aircraft in aviation history.

Another victim of McKinley, Helga Bading of the Anchorage party. She became delirious from "mountain sickness" and was rescued by a plane.

Work done by the Japanese had eased our climb, and all of us were in good condition. Despite the thirty-below temperature and some wind, I took more pictures. Briefly we savored the splendid isolation, the brilliant sky and the top of a continent spread out below us—the very top. Then we started down.

Two hours later, none of this was easy for me to remember, because the violent shivering of shock made me forget even my broken leg and the fact that I was alone on a mountain in a sleeping bag. I'd suffered shock before, but I thought, *This is going to be a lulu.* And it was. I sweated, chilled, breathed fast. I never knew how long the shock lasted or how long I was alone. Time had no significance.

While I was shaking, however, some expert mountaineering was under way. After hearing us shout, Paul Crews led his Anchorage party down to our high camp, then loaded up with emergency supplies, including our four-man tent, and headed up again. He was part way back up to me when the Whitaker brothers and Schoening met him on their way down. This tent was a one-piece affair, but Crews split the floor so he could erect the tent over me. I remember, curiously, that he said, "I hope you don't mind my cutting your brand-new tent."

I didn't mind. He spent an hour setting it, then lighted a little portable stove inside. I had no pain except in my nose; and while it hurt, I did some thinking. I thought, *Well, boy, you're really in a spot this time, up on a mountain whose base is about a hundred miles from the nearest Indian, two of your party hurt; this is going to be a touch-and-go thing.* For once I was precisely correct.

Crews stayed until the very early morning—there is no real dark on McKinley in May—and then left me alone again, saying he would send messages for help from his own camp.

We all needed help on that mountain. Down in the Anchorage camp Mrs. Bading was so ill from mountain sickness that her companions were afraid to move her. Dr. Rod Wilson, one of that party, watched her during the night, then climbed up to me in the morning. He was hollow-eyed and weary as he fixed a loose wire splint on my leg. It happened that I was wearing some floppy climbing pants I had found in Colorado; earlier, at Talkeetna, while I was moving some gear, a bystander had remarked that my costume would look good on his elderly aunt. Now I discovered the real value of those loose trousers—I could pull them back down over my leg, splint and all, and keep warm. I'm convinced I wouldn't have a left leg at all today except for them.

After getting my leg splinted, Doctor Wilson left; but now the Whitaker brothers and Schoening climbed back, along with two members of the Anchorage party, Andy Brauchli and Chuck Metzger. Later Metzger returned to his party's camp, and the four others found room in the tent with me. They also heated some food, but, typically, nobody was hungry at that oxygen-short altitude. I remember eating only a few dried plums, part of a meat bar and a little can of fruit during the entire time I was on the mountain. Late in the day Schoening began to act differently, as if he were awakening, and then admitted he could remember nothing of the previous twenty-four hours, although he had done all of the proper things in the interim—except that he wandered around right after the fall with his hands bare. By the time the Whitakers noticed that he had lost his gloves, Schoening's fingers had turned white. I immediately gave him a spare pair of mine, but the frostbite later caused him to lose parts of several fingers.

Meanwhile, a remarkable rescue effort was getting under way. Paul Crew's first message started a relief party from the newly organized Anchorage Mountain Rescue Council. In Seattle and Portland other Mountain Rescue Council members were moving fast under direction of Ome Daiber [THE MAN WHO RESCUES MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS, *The Saturday Evening Post*, May 2, 1953]. Military commanders on the West Coast and in Alaska authorized use of search planes, helicopters and transports to bring some of the rescuers north.

Before the first full day ended, planes circled us and dropped supplies—food, a litter, additional fuel. I could see little of this from the tent, but the others repeatedly went outside, either to stare at the pilots staring at us, or to pick up the supplies dropped on the snow. Once somebody yelled, "Cover your head! He's going to hit the tent!" Luckily the package missed by a few feet.

Thirst was our main problem. Repeatedly I stuffed snow into my mouth until my fingers turned white. Then I put my hand down inside my parka and kept it there, but nevertheless ended with frosted fingers. I wiggled the toes of my injured leg religiously to help circulation; sometimes I dozed, but never slept. I listened as a big military helicopter came close, but could not land. So passed four days and four nights. Nobody was sure a helicopter could reach us or that we could last until the climbers came up the hard way. But in my own mind I knew I wasn't just going to lie there and wait too long. I thought I might be able to crawl and I intended to get out, one way or another, or know the reason why. Sober reflection now says I couldn't have crawled far, but the idea helped at the time.

One of the Anchorage people finally came up again to tell us a helicopter would attempt a landing, but needed a level spot. My companions lifted me into the litter, an Akja which could be skidded on the snow. With a man on each corner, they started across the slope and slightly upward toward a flat spot near a snow mound.

I had confidence in these men, but they all were on the weak side by this time—and there was another 500-foot slope below us, with about a 3000-foot drop at the bottom. I said, "Boys, don't let this thing get away. If it goes, I'll never stop sliding." They muttered something reasonably pleasant as they pushed on 300 miserable yards to the flat spot. There they put me in a tent, and we waited some more.

But tragedy never is far away on a mountain. Planes continued to circle over us from time to time, and we couldn't be sure why they came or, for that matter, whether we were seeing different planes each time or the same ones over and over again. Tragedy moved close to us when one of them, a small ship, circled over us, banked sharply—and stalled out in the thin air and plunged into the mountainside 200 feet away, while people in our camp stood helpless. Flames spewed over the wreckage. Schoening and one of the Whitakers rushed to the crash, but couldn't approach closely and had no extinguishers or other means of fighting the fire. After the fire died, they found the bodies of William Stevenson, an Anchorage contractor, and Robert Elliot, an Air Force technical sergeant.

Now there was a new chill over our camp. Schoening climbed a ridge to look over into the Kahiltna Glacier Valley, where rescuers would be climbing, but saw no one. Shortly afterward a three-place helicopter appeared, its engine laboring. Link Luckett, a completely bald commercial (*Continued on Page 84*)

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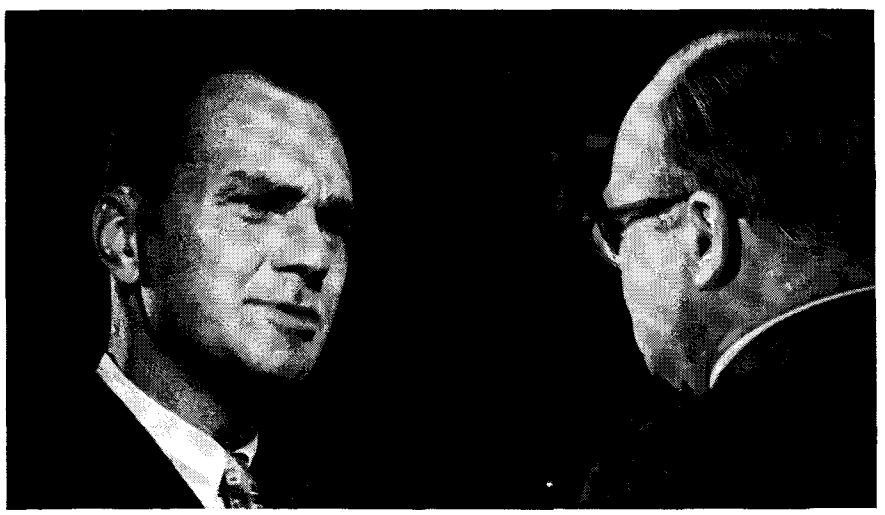
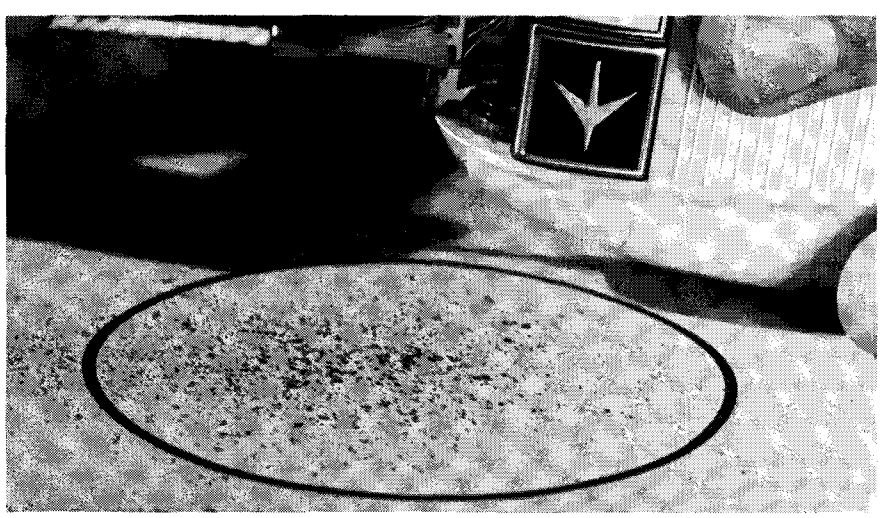
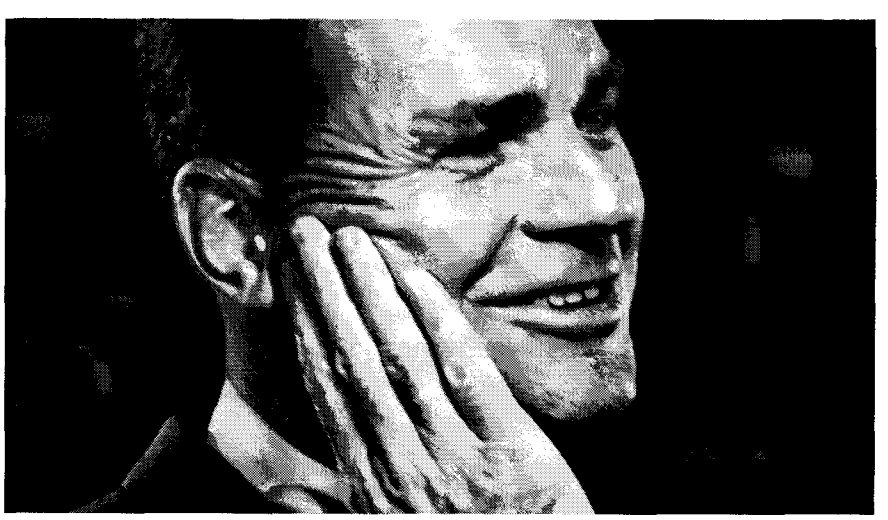


1. *New York City: Commuter Harry Ware, on his way to work, is asked to try the Sunbeam "After Shave" test.*

2. *Although he got a good shave before leaving home, Ware agrees to shave again with the new Shavemaster shaver.*



3. *Interviewer flips shaver head open and brushes it out... showing Ware beard his own razor couldn't get.*



4. *Seeing and feeling proof of the Shavemaster's closer shave, Ware agrees, "It picked up a lot!"*

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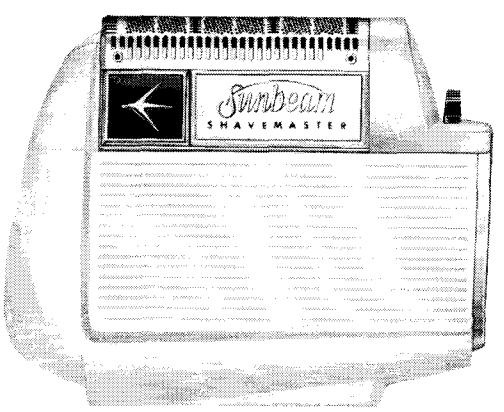
Electric shaving has changed. And this is more than *our* opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses the new Shavemaster. Dealers have it now, for *you* to try.



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(*Continued from Page 82*) pilot, landed on skids and left his engine running. He took one startled look at the burned airplane, then fought his way over to us, bringing a small radio. Panting, he explained this was only a survey trip, but he would be back. Then he half-ran back to his machine and his oxygen supply. An incredibly brave man, he definitely was not acclimated to 17,200 feet. As he sped the engine, barely managing to get the helicopter off the snow, we all wondered whether he could even reach his own base again. But the radio presently confirmed his arrival and told us to report when a fifteen-to-twenty-mile wind was blowing. Then we were to light smoke flares to guide Luckett to us once more. Within five hours, the specified conditions occurred. When we radioed this word, the answer was, "He's on his way."

A few minutes later Luckett circled, then settled on the marked spot and left his engine running. (He had no battery, so he could not have started the engine again.) Men seldom move faster than my four friends in skidding me across fifty feet of ice and shoving me up into a seat beside Luckett. The helicopter had been stripped of everything unessential in order to land well above its maximum rated altitude. While I hung on, sitting up for the first time in four days, Luckett sped up his old paddle wheel—a little faster and then faster still.

He held up one gloved hand with fingers crossed, and I did the same. Starved for oxygen, the engine was winding up very, very slowly. Then the helicopter began to skid a little, stop and skid again. Working his stick with skill, Luckett managed to keep it out of one snow depression, then skirted another. The whole machine shuddered. We rose a few inches above the ice—but headed downhill. The motor hesitated—or I thought it did—and I was sure it would stall out. Finally we were five feet off the surface, riding a down-mountain wind—then fifty feet. Luckett gave a long-drawn sigh of relief and said, "I don't know whether you realize it, but you've just gone through the highest pickup in aviation history."

I said, "I know that. I also know that in my book you're one of the greatest pilots."

He said, "I'm glad you think so because I'm going to have to take you down fast. We only have gas for ten or fifteen minutes."

A few minutes later he settled me, very gently, on the snow at 10,200 feet, where an airplane was waiting. So another mountain had beaten John Day, but again I was down safely. So was Mrs. Bading, who had been helped down to 14,300 feet by her companions—their high camp had offered no chance for a helicopter landing—and there had been picked up by airplane.

Luckett made another trip to our high camp to rescue Schoening. The Whitakers, Crews and the rest of the Anchorage people came down on their own power, to the 16,500-foot level, where they met a rescue party of four men—Dee Molenaar, George Senner, Gene Prater and Gary Rose. These men had climbed without conditioning or long preparation. In fact, all over the mountain, men on foot and in aircraft strained endurance and luck just to save one woman and one middle-aged Oregon rancher—and I'm not likely to forget it.

In Anchorage and Seattle hospitals, examinations showed I not only had a broken leg but also had snapped the tendons in both ankles. These required extended operations and may leave me with at least one stiff ankle. As this is written, my legs are just out of the casts.

So it's a fair question: What do I think of mountain climbing now? I really can't answer, except that I've learned things about men I never knew before—the feats they can do in emergencies, the curious fraternity among those who seldom can explain why they want to climb the highest pieces of real estate around. And one thing more I do know: There are a lot of mountains left—Kilimanjaro, Blanc, the Matterhorn, Kenya, Mount Cook in New Zealand, even Fujiyama in Japan. Some are hard, and some, like Fuji, are climbed regularly by septuagenarians drinking tea on the way. But whether this ankle stays stiff or not, I hope to have a try at some of them.

As for Robson and McKinley—well, those moth-eaten old volcanoes are still there, packed in ice and waiting for somebody. Maybe for me.

Evidence of Theft (Continued from Page 30)

files on the few dozen clients whom Mr. Wallace referred to largely in his north-country tones as "my praactice."

He started to insert them into the filing cabinet, padding them with blank files so that all the drawers would be in use. The bottom drawer stuck halfway.

Kneeling down, Frank stretched his arm into the recesses of the cabinet, found the obstruction, jogged the drawer to and fro, and finally freed it. He was left with a flat, rectangular packet, wrapped in brown paper.

Still on his knees, he unwrapped the brown paper. It was a photograph in a red-morocco frame. He stood up, placed it carefully on top of the filing cabinet, stepped back and stared at it. It was a full-plate, head-and-shoulders photograph of a girl.

She had dark hair taken back behind her ears, curling softly over her temples. Her eyes were crystal clear, and she was gazing slightly to one side. Her eyebrows were delicately tapered arches. Her nose was straight. Her mouth was perfectly shaped. She was not smiling, and yet there was an indentation at the corner of her lips as if she might smile at any moment. She wore small, hooped earrings. Around her shoulders was a white stole.

The shape of her face was oval, and the perfect symmetry of her features endowed her with a delicacy of beauty that Frank found it hard to credit. She was far and away the most lovely girl that he had ever seen in his life.

Yet it was no conventional, one-dimensional, pin-up variety of beauty. Despite its delicacy, the face spoke of strength, of integrity, of honesty, of a capacity for devotion.

Rubbish, Frank thought. How can you read that much into a photograph? She might be a shrew. But his eyes never left her face, and he knew she wasn't. Thoughtfully he brushed the knees of his trousers. At the door he turned and looked back at the portrait. He had the strangest feeling that he was leaving something behind, something that mattered.

In the morning Frank paused in the street and looked up at the windows of his small suite of offices. This was what he had always wanted, to be on his own. It had taken a long time. He was past thirty now, with years of single-minded, grinding effort and saving behind him, years when nothing had been of any account but the achievement of this brick cell, which, with the many others of its kind, larger or smaller, made up the heart of the city. Only this one was his, Frank Lang's.

And now that one dream had been achieved, another had to be converted into reality. By his own will, his own ability, he had to struggle to drag nearer the day when his office took in not one corner of the first floor, but the whole of the floor, and the second floor, and, yes, the third floor too.

That, Frank told himself, was the important thing, that was what he had to think about, to concentrate on. That was enough.

The entrance to Frank's office was through a small door in the side street and then up a flight of stairs, but just the same it was a good position. It was certainly too good for the present size of the practice.

At the side of the door was a gleaming brass plate: WALLACE, LANG AND CO. ACCOUNTANTS. The "Wallace" part was there as much to please the old man from whom Frank had bought the practice as from any necessity for continuity.

It did, though, give the title a certain ring. A name was important, Frank reflected. For instance, "Wallace, Lang and Lang" was a pleasant combination of tradition and authority. Perhaps by the time he took over the second floor. . . .

Frank pulled himself up with a jerk. He must be stern with this insidious side-tracking which he had successfully banished from his life for so long. All this havering and wavering just because of a photograph of an unknown girl. Well, Frank told himself grimly, even if the night had been uncommonly long, he had at least succeeded in pulling himself together. He had everything he wanted, and so —— Everything?

"Are you sure they're friendly?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Frank unlocked the door and banged it open with some savagery. The sight of his office soothed him somewhat. It certainly looked quite impressively efficient. More suitable for a youngish accountant, anyway, than the heavy, mahogany, curling, curving, beknobbed Victorian monstrosities which Mr. Wallace had liked to be surrounded by.

Frank hoped that Mr. Wallace was well. He had conceived a fondness for the old, white-haired man, whose face had knit together in age until it wore a permanent frown. Also, he was sorry for him. He was aware of the nature of the old man's minor tragedy. The engineered quarrel by his partner, the dissolution of the partnership which had left Mr. Wallace with the unprofitable end, the necessity to go on working when he had planned to retire, the scraping and penny-pinching, the very real poverty, the eventual bitter realization that he was too old, that his perception was failing, that if he didn't sell out now, even his loyal clients would leave him.

There wasn't much that Frank could do for Mr. Wallace. Except perhaps make the firm which bore his name a force again in the city. That, Frank was determined to do.

He hung up his coat, went over to the filing cabinet, picked up the photograph gingerly and prepared to do what had to be done. But then Frank discovered the flaw in his decision. His office, as yet, lacked a wastepaper basket.

He allowed himself to look at the face of the girl. Experimentally he stood the photograph on his desk. It looked very good there.

He wondered what color her eyes were. Not brown, certainly. Probably not blue. Gray perhaps. Green perhaps. It was with the most curious, deep sense of sadness and loss that he realized that he would never know.

He sat down briskly. This wouldn't do—mooning like a teen-ager over a photograph of some girl who had no real existence as far as he was concerned. To work.

Only as yet there wasn't any work. His first audit wasn't due for a week. He leaned back in his chair, looked at the ceiling, studied (*Continued on Page 87*)

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When you're not feeling really appreciated, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

To get the most out of tea — make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

• TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

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**Aluminum Dual-Path Turbine Drive — optional at extra cost.*

SPECIAL-SIZE

BUICKSPECIAL

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

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(*Continued from Page 84*) the furniture, swiveled round and stared out of the window. Anywhere to keep his eyes off the girl.

He fetched the files on the clients that Mr. Wallace had handed over. He began to read them through, conscientiously making notes.

At the end of a few days he knew those files by heart. Each morning he mounted the short flight of stairs and entered his office, his only company the enigmatic photograph of the girl.

Nothing disturbed his peaceful quiet. Once he heard footsteps coming along the corridor, and he hurriedly bent his head over a blank sheet of paper. But it was only a boy who stuck his head round the door and said, "Is this Murphy's?"

"Upstairs," Frank said.

The photograph stayed on his desk. It would help him, Frank told himself, to establish a decent sense of proportion.

But her effect on him was cumulative, growing stronger day by day. He was continually discovering new subtleties about her face. She intrigued him. She fascinated him. In the end she was an obsession.

It was a fraud, he told hmself angrily, a fake imposed on him by accident. A photograph could be a lie, made up, posed, tricked effects touched up.

He slid the photograph out of the frame and examined it minutely. But there was no retouching of any kind, not a shadow had been deepened nor a highlight emphasized. It was just a plain picture of that girl as she sat in front of the draped curtain in the studio.

On the reverse of the photograph he now saw a rubber stamp, PHILLIPS, PHOTOGRAPHER, an address and a telephone number. His hands moving as though they belonged to someone else, he reached for the telephone and dialed the number. The receiver emitted an odd noise. He tried the exchange. The girl there said, "That number has been discontinued." Frank hung up.

He became aware of what he was doing, of his hands that were damp with nervousness. This was ridiculous!

He flung his chair back, went along to the cloakroom and washed his hands. While he absent-mindedly groped for the towel, he stared into the mirror. What he saw there reinforced his conviction that he was suffering from a minor aberration.

Even those who were fond of Frank Lang would never have called him handsome. "Solid," "reliable," were compliments that had been applied to him. "Good-looking," never.

Certainly his face had solidity, the solidity perhaps of a lump of granite. Or a chunk of concrete, Frank thought, staring with disfavor at the craggy contours. Maybe the lines at the corners of the eyes showed reliability. Or more likely they just came from squinting into the sun and wind while rock climbing. But whatever apologies he made for it, he could never associate it with the girl in the photograph.

He remembered his interview with Mr. Wood, his former employer, when he announced that he was setting up on his own. Wood said, "I admire your spirit. But I wonder if you have quite thought this out."

"I know what I want."

"You're a good accountant, Frank," Wood said. "I might almost say a dedicated man. But there's a difference between working in an office and being on your own. You've got to have a certain personality, a certain manner. Not," he said hurriedly, "that everyone doesn't like you, Frank. They do—when they get to know you. Oh, Lord, I'm not putting this very well."

But Frank knew what he meant. The code said he couldn't tout for business. But he could be seen in the right places, join the right clubs, move among the right people, get to know the men who mattered, be a good mixer. And he wasn't very good at that.

Frank irritably threw the towel at the towel rail. It missed and fell on the floor. "To hell with them," he growled. "Let them come to me."

That was all very well. He had confidence in the depth of his own ability. He was prepared to wait, to do it his way. But the girl in the photograph was clearly a girl of charm and grace and poise and laughter. She wouldn't look twice at a dull dog like him.

Still, at least he had thought it out. He could stop this nonsense. Whistling for the moon was an idle exercise. *That's that*, he thought. When you faced something soberly and sensibly, it could be reduced to its proper proportions. The obsession was therefore dismissed.

He went back to his office and resolutely picked up the photograph. He stood staring at it for a long time. His decision was a sensible one. He recognized that. He admitted it wholeheartedly. Only he was going to ignore it.

For sense had no place in this. He simply could not live his life without at least finding out about the girl in the photograph. So it was ridiculous. So he didn't know what he would say to her if he ever found her. So it was highly doubtful if she would be the least interested in him.

But he had to know.

Frank Lang put on his coat. He felt uncommonly cheerful. Perhaps, he thought ironically, he had a taste for the impossible concealed beneath his blue city suit.

He started at the auction rooms and, after a little difficulty, set off on a trail that wound back and forth across the city. To a commission agent who had bought the filing cabinet from an office-furniture shop, only kept it a month and then sent it to the sales rooms.

To the shop which had bought it from a Mr. Jones. To Mr. Jones, who was a dealer and had bought it in a job lot when Row's Self-Service Stores reorganized their head office. And none of them knew anything about a photograph.

To Row's Self-Service Stores. The office manager remembered the filing cabinet. It had been in the office of Mr. Row, the managing director, for five years. "Shall I find out if Mr. Row can see you?"

"No," Frank said. "No."

He knew that this was either the end of the trail or else there was no trail. And there was something he had to do.

"Tell him," Frank said, "that I'll be back at nine o'clock the day after tomorrow. Here's my card."

He had the photograph copied and bought another red-morocco frame. He was both excited and apprehensive. Row was his last hope. If he, too, shook his head and said, "A photograph? No," then the whole thing would be a will-o'-the-wisp. Perhaps the girl had no existence outside the photograph, was destined to live forever inside the red-morocco frame, her side-turned gaze, her perfect lips eternally tormenting him with a beauty he would never know.

There seemed to be a certain lack of enthusiasm in the office manager's reception when Frank called as arranged. "This way," he grunted, and led the way to an empty office. "If you'll wait here."

Left alone, Frank fidgeted nervously. The office was anonymously furnished in a hygienic-looking green. It was also small. Far too small for the managing director of a company the size of Row's Self-Service Stores. There was a typewriter, a shorthand book. For some reason he had been shunted into a secretary's office.

The door opened, and the secretary walked in. It was the girl in the photograph. Her hair was done differently. She wore it now piled high on the top of her head. But it was she. He would have known her anywhere.

Her eyes are green, Frank thought idiotically; *her eyes are green*. His tongue totally refused to work.

The eyes that were green were also distinctly cool. She said, "Mr. Lang? I'm sure that you'll understand that we have our own accountants. It's a little unusual to call like this, isn't it?"

Frank was jerked out of his dumbness. This was just how, in his gloomiest moments, he had imagined her looking at him. Aloofly, the eyebrows slightly raised, as unapproachable as if she were surrounded by an invisible belt of high-voltage electricity.

"That wasn't why I ——" Frank began. His voice sounded like the croak of an expiring frog. He tried again. "I found this." He handed her the package. "In my office. In a filing cabinet."

Puzzled, she unwrapped it, while Frank tried to render his explanation somewhat less incoherent. As she began to understand, her manner melted from coldness to a warm apology. "Oh, dear," she said, smiling at him. "I am sorry."

"It's all right," Frank mumbled.

"I'm afraid we jumped to a foolish conclusion. Please forgive me. It's very kind of you to take the trouble ——"

The communicating door opened, and a man in late middle age stuck his head in. "Has that fellow gone yet? Oh," he said as he saw Frank.

"Mr. Lang came to return this photograph, father," the girl said, showing it to him.

The explanations went round again, mixed with introductions. Mr. Row. Miss Margaret Row. Frank Lang. Mr. Row added his thanks. It was a photograph he had of his daughter about a year before. It disappeared. Never could understand where it went. Jolly nice of Lang to take the trouble. . . .

Frank began to feel that he had done something mildly meritorious, if not heroic. This was fine. They were all three standing around smiling and speculating politely on how the photograph could have been mislaid. Only what happened when this slender subject exhausted itself? Shake hands. More thanks. The door closing. Frank Lang outside. Alone. Ten past nine. All over.

In desperation he dragged out his cigarette case. That would gain minutes, anyway. Row insisted that Frank have one of his. They all moved into Row's office.

Margaret Row said to her father, "You saw the stocktaking result of Selway branch?"

"I did," Row said, his manner changing abruptly, his amiability dropping off him like a discarded cloak. "Too bad to be true. I'll fire that manager."

"The other branches aren't much better."

"I'll fire all the managers. That's where the trouble lies."

Frank cleared his throat. Margaret Row said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lang. We're being very rude."

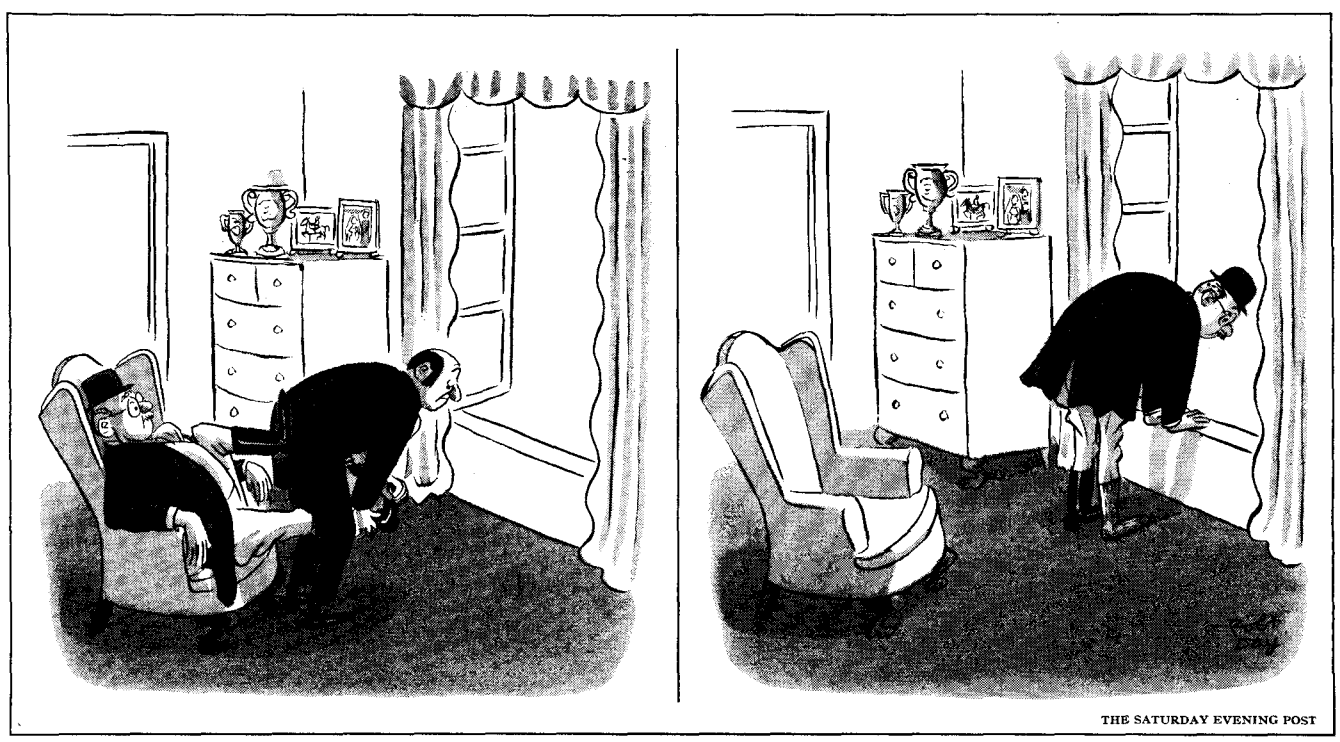
"I was going to say," Frank said, "that stocktaking results can be deceptive."

Row studied him. "You're an accountant," he said. "Are you any good?"

"I know my trade," Frank said with a trace of stiffness. "It's a matter of finding out the facts."

"Right," Row said, coming to a decision. "You can take a look at our accounting system."

"Well," Frank said cautiously, "I wouldn't want to fall foul of your present ——"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"You needn't tell me the ethical position," Row rumbled. "This is a matter of internal procedure. I'm pretty sure I know what's wrong. But it won't do any harm to have independent confirmation."

"If they were kept informed ——"

"I'll tell them what I'm doing. They can like it or lump it," Row said, dismissing them. "Selway branch should be enough for you. This stocktaking is shocking. It's not the first time. I want you to pin the responsibility firmly where it belongs. No waffle, no covering up, mind you. The truth. All right?"

"All right," Frank said.

"When can you do it?"

"Today," Frank said.

"Good," Row said, surprised, but pleased. "I'll tell them you're coming." He heaved himself to his feet. "You'll have to excuse me. I have to play hell with one of my suppliers."

Frank took his leave. He thought that the world looked incredibly rosy. He saw a pleasant future. Row nodding approvingly over his report . . . himself becoming Row's trusted confidant and adviser . . . as such, naturally, a fitting companion for his daughter . . . invited to the house for dinner . . . a friendship growing toward intimacy . . . until finally . . . *Wallace, Lang and Lang*, he thought.

Frank shook himself back to reality, to the passers-by jostling him in the street. All this was possible, on the cards. And there was now no doubt that Margaret Row, in the flesh, enchanted him even more than he would have thought possible from his fascination with the girl in the photograph.

But first he had to produce the report. It was vital that Row should approve it, that it should please him. Frank determined to bend every nerve to this end. Just the same, the thought of how much hung on the next few hours made his stomach twitch with nervousness.

He was slightly consoled to find that the manager of the Selway branch was far more nervous about his visit than he was. Mr. Row had already been pretty rough about the stocktaking . . . any help they could give . . . the staff could be vouched for. . . .

The man's agitation was understandable, perhaps. He was facing the high jump, and he knew it.

Frank took his time. He wanted to get the feel of the place. He watched the streams of customers, their movements carefully but unobtrusively channeled round the self-service racks, through the pay desks. Security precautions were good. Not much shoplifting went on in that store.

He went downstairs and checked the procedure for incoming goods, return of cartons and recording of waste. He wandered around talking to the girls who were prewrapping and weighing.

And he became somewhat uneasy.

Back upstairs he leaned patiently against the wall and watched, with growing concern, the girls dabbing at their complicated cash registers like light-fingered organists. He saw what happened when they went off for meal breaks, how the cash was collected and accounted for.

When the store closed, he stayed behind with the cleaners and went over the system of invoicing, banking and credit control. He sat for many minutes over the daily returns that had to be made to Row. Finally, in the grip of a deep and black depression, he sighed and went through the whole lot for the past year.

When the anxious manager locked the door behind him, Frank went back to his office. It was nearly midnight. He threw his notes on the desk, sank heavily into his chair, lighted a cigarette and smoked, staring sightlessly at nothing.

It was necessary that Mr. Row approve the report. It was essential. Both for his own interests as an aspiring accountant, and, more important, for his hopes of coming close to Margaret Row. Well, then.

He stood up and went to the window. It wouldn't be difficult to produce something that would delight Mr. Row. All he had to do was to play down this, emphasize that, conceal the importance of one thing and show the significance of another.

It could still be a perfectly factual report. He would merely fail to draw certain conclusions.

He turned and looked at the photograph of—as he still thought of her—the unknown girl. When he first saw Margaret Row in the flesh, he had sworn that there was nothing he would not do to make her his. Nothing.

He sat down and put his notes in order. There was, after all, only one thing that he, Frank Lang, could do. For several hours he sat, carefully tapping on the typewriter.

Just after nine o'clock in the morning Frank was in Row's office. He hoped that he didn't look as tired as he felt. He just wanted to get it over.

Margaret Row was there. She smiled at him briefly, and then bent her head over her notebook.

Row was in a thoroughly bad humor. He said, "I've been going over this stocktaking result in detail. It's ghastly. I hope you've got something a bit sensible to say about it."

Frank placed his report, carefully bound in a Manila cover on the desk. "It's all there," he said.

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Row flicked the pages without reading them and dropped the report on the desk. "I want it in one word," he said.

Frank felt overwrought irritation rising inside him. *One word.* He thought of the girl who was wrapping overweight every time; of the unnecessarily complicated forms for the recording of waste; of the relief girls on the cash registers who became nervous and flustered; of the girl who continued to use a rubber price stamp long after the figures were difficult to read; of the minutely detailed daily returns from which the stock figures were compiled, and the invoice clerk who had missed a sheet altogether; of the department managers who should have picked these things up, but who were bogged down by Row's own individual sales-record system, time consuming, lengthy, largely useless, mostly duplicated elsewhere; of the store manager who should have checked on the department managers, but who was swamped by altogether too much paper work.

"One word," Frank said.

"Yes. Who's responsible?"

"You," Frank said.

There was a dead silence. Row stared at him in utter disbelief. Margaret Row raised her head and studied him.

Frank took advantage of the silence, which he didn't feel was going to last very long. He said ruthlessly, because there was only one way to speak an unpleasant truth, "You're running a chain of grocery shops as if you were a small shopkeeper."

Row looked as if he were going to burst. "That's how I started," he said.

"And you carried everything in your head. Now you've got a paper chain stretching right through your business, duplicating that information over and over again. Most of it's unnecessary. Your managers get tangled up in it. They can't do their job because of it."

Row said in a quiet voice, which was about as peaceful as the center of a typhoon, "Let me get this quite straight before I have you thrown out of my office. There's no deficiency at Selway? That incompetent idiot is a good manager?"

"He is. The staff like him and trust him. The deficiency is largely a paper one. In most ways it's a well-managed, well-conducted store."

Row said in the same dead voice, "Congratulations. You're the first man to master the grocery business in one afternoon."

"I don't know the first thing about the grocery business," Frank said. "I couldn't sit in your chair for half a day. But I know about paper. In my opinion you've got too much paper. That's all."

The storm broke. Row rose to his feet, brandishing the report. "I ask for facts," he roared, "and you bring me insolence and impertinence. Now get out of my office! Get out!"

Frank said loudly, raising his voice to outmatch Row's, "You've got the facts. If you don't like them, that's too bad. It's all there, chapter and verse. And a suggestion for a revised and simplified system. With my compliments."

He headed for the door. Margaret Row stood up. "I can see myself out," Frank said stiffly. "Thank you."

As he closed the door behind him, there was a fearful slap as, Frank guessed, his report hit Row's desk on its route toward the wastepaper basket.

Back in his office, he stared at the photograph on his desk. "I'm sorry," he said silently. "I couldn't do anything else." He left the portrait where it was. Later on this feeling would begin to wear off. The time would come when he could put the picture away in a drawer and perhaps hardly look at it at all. Meanwhile, Frank Lang felt sick. He knew himself. He knew that he was the kind for whom this happened once. And once only.

He sat down and forced himself to start on an audit which had just come in. His client was coming in to discuss the result in three days' time.

The balance sheet was completed, and Frank was smoking, waiting—though it was past five o'clock—for the client, when there was a knock at the door. Frank stubbed out his cigarette. He said, "Come in."

The door opened. Frank scrambled hurriedly to his feet. "Miss Row!"

"Hello, Mr. Lang."

He went across the room toward her, hastily screening with his large frame the photograph of her that stood on his desk.

Margaret Row said, "I've come with something of an apology. My father was very worried, he was upset ——"

"I think he had every right to be," Frank said. "I'm not very tactful, I'm afraid."

"To tell the truth," she said, smiling, "nor is my father. No one's dared to speak to him like that for years. I didn't say anything at the time. It wouldn't have done any good."

"It's very kind of you to come."

"When he'd gone off the boil somewhat, I persuaded him to read your report. I'm not going to say he likes it, but—could you set up your new system? Put it into operation?"

"Of course," Frank said, "but ——"

"If it's successful, I think he will appoint you as accountant to the firm. He told me," Margaret Row remarked with a small smile, "to assure you that you need not worry about the ethics of the matter. It will be done properly."

She turned toward the door. "Thank you," Frank said with real gratitude, moving slightly, in case she glanced back toward the desk. "Thank you."

"Oh," she said, "he would like another copy of the report for the next board meeting. I expect you have one?"

"Yes. It's in the filing cabinet," Frank said miserably. He made no move.

She waited while a few seconds ticked by. "Could I have it, please?" she asked, her eyebrows rising slightly.

"I could send it," Frank offered. "Or bring it ——"

"I'd rather take it now. If you don't mind."

"Yes," Frank said. He moved slowly across to the filing cabinet, slid the drawer open and fumbled inside. His ears straining, he heard her movements, muffled by the carpet. Footsteps, one, two, three, four paces, and then silence. His face burning with such a glow that it threatened to ignite, he took the file out and turned reluctantly round.

She was standing by his desk, looking down at the photograph and the red-morocco frame. She raised her head slowly and looked at him.

Frank knew that, without saying anything, everything that he could ever say had been said.

"I—er—had a copy taken," he explained feebly.

Then he saw that her cheeks were flushed, that her eyes were shining with a curious warmth. He knew that he had to go back and start all over again until, much later, knowing far more of each other, they arrived at this point again.

But now it was not mere daydreams over a photograph of an unknown girl, but time—tangible hours and days—that could be anticipated with Margaret Row, a girl who could be shaken and moved by a revelation of something she had not expected.

He said, looking toward his watch without seeing the dial, "It's getting on. I'm going to close the office. Can I take you home?"

"Yes," she said. "Thank you, Frank."

THE END

"O.K., you guys, what do you say we give the gals a break? Ed, you can wash and Harry and I will dry."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

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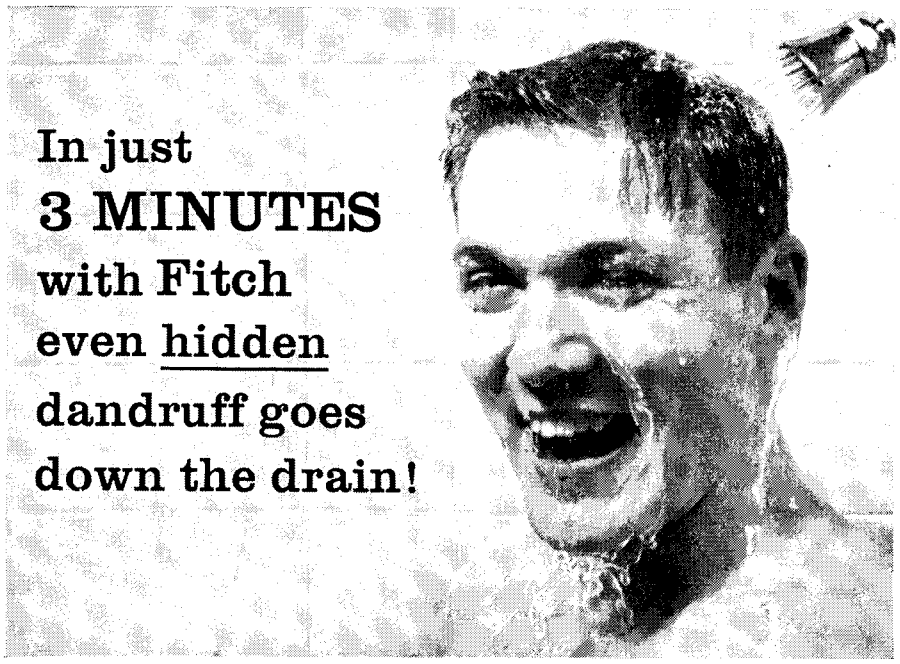

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The Soldier

(Continued from Page 43)

P-40's. The task force could either request all six planes in one mission, or two missions of three planes each. It was estimated that each flight could remain no longer than thirty minutes over the island. It wasn't much protection, but it might break up a Jap air strike if it were timed exactly. Farralon and the destroyer captain agreed to decide about the planes when they saw how the situation developed.

The destroyer mounted four five-inch guns and one three-incher and could provide fire support if necessary. The captain hoped it would not be necessary to stand in close to shore to give fire support. He did not want to be caught by Jap bombers without plenty of room to maneuver.

They checked over code signals, and the destroyer captain offered to lend Farralon a radioman and a portable sending-and-receiving set. Farralon accepted gratefully; he couldn't be sure what shape the radio equipment on the island would be in by the time he arrived. Then, because coding a message might take too much time in a real emergency, he asked the captain to set up a special frequency over which they could exchange messages in clear language. If Farralon and the destroyer did not use the clear-language frequency unless and until an emergency popped up, the chances were slight that the Japs would be tuned in.

Farralon and the captain picked a code word—Lollapaloosa—that could be sent on the code frequency and that would mean, "Clear-language message coming on other frequency."

At dawn on the third day out of Pago Pago the two ships were fifty miles southeast of Moon Island. The waters of the Emerald Sea lay like jelly in the bowl of the horizon, and even at reduced speed the ships' wake creamed out behind them for miles. A Jap patrol plane could have found them easily by following that highway of bubbles. However, the plane that trailed the wake in from the southeast was the PBY that was to take Farralon and the radioman to Moon Island. In the smooth sea it was a simple matter for the PBY to land and for the two men and their gear to transfer to the plane. Farralon sighed in relief. The first foulup of the operation had been corrected.

Fifteen minutes after take-off, Moon Island thrust up from the sea ahead of them. Twenty minutes later the PBY came in low and circled the lagoon while the pilot looked for coral heads that might rip his float. The flat-topped mountain loomed beside them, waiting. Nothing moved on the raglike strip of beach or back in the chewed-up palms or on the flanks of the mountain or among the jumbled rocks at the top. The pilot found a safe lane in the water and brought the plane down. The run carried them to the far end of the lagoon, and the PBY swung around to taxi toward the beach.

A hundred yards to the right, a "tree" of dirty water sprouted suddenly and wilted. Farralon stared at the spot where it had been. A few moments passed. Fifty yards to the left and slightly ahead, another tree sprouted with a bright blossom in its center. Now he knew what it meant. On top of the mountain, Number One gun of the 70-mm. battery was ranging in on them.

Farralon yelled at the pilot, "We're being shelled! Cut in to shore!"

The engine roar deepened, and the PBY skidded to the left. Off to the right flank, four trees of dirty water boxed in the spot where the original course would have taken them. The plane churned toward shore, and Farralon stared up at the mountaintop. It disappeared behind palm fronds, and he tapped the pilot's shoulder and pointed along the shoreline toward the landing beach.

"They can't see us now," he said. "Stay close to shore and head for the beach."

The plane turned and taxied parallel to the shore. There were no more rounds from the battery. The pilot cut his engines and coasted toward the beach. Nothing stirred among the gnawed tree trunks. There was no sound but the silky whisper of their wake on the sand and a few distant crackles that might be small-arms fire.

"Bad organization," Farralon said to the pilot. "They knew we were coming, but nobody's here. Well, thanks a lot. We'll unload and get out of your hair."

Farralon climbed down into warm, knee-deep water and carried his duffel bag to the beach and came back to help the radioman with the transmitter. Still nobody came to greet them. They got everything ashore, waved to the pilot and crew and watched the PBY prepare for take-off. The plane taxied along the shoreline a little distance, revving up its engines, then swung outward and roared across the lagoon toward the pass in the coral reef. The PBY cut white scratches across the glassy lagoon, lifted just short of the pass and banked to the right. Four small trees sprouted in the pass and waved their branches in spiteful farewell. Yes, indeed, the battery had that pass

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ticketed. Small boats would have trouble making the run in daylight. And tonight the moon would only be two days down from full; boats would show up on the lagoon like beetles on a mirror.

He turned away from the lagoon and saw that, finally, someone was coming to meet them. Three men in jungle uniforms, the green and yellow and black camouflage blotches merging into one dirty stain, were approaching. They walked like men who had been drinking too much and did not trust their sense of balance. The two on the outside carried rifles and studied the tops of trees; when they reached the last fringe of palms, they took cover and began watching the flanks. The man in the middle stumbled toward Farralon, cradling a Tommy gun.

He came up and said, panting, "Sorry we didn't get here sooner, sir. You're Colonel Farralon? My name's Jerrold, sir. Captain Jerrold."

"Glad to see you, Jerrold," Farralon said. "How's everything?"

Jerrold wrenched his face into a grin. "Not so bad, sir, now that we know they haven't forgotten us. I see you got in all right."

"The battery on the mountain worked on us a bit."

"That damned battery. Colonel, is the task force on schedule? Can they take us off tonight? It'll have to be at night unless that battery can be silenced."

Farralon lifted an eyebrow. The captain with the Tommy gun might be drunk with fatigue, but that still didn't excuse him.

"Captain," he said briskly, "suppose you take me to your C.O., and I'll go into all that with him. Lieutenant Colonel Beckham is commanding, I believe."

"Sir, Colonel Beckham is dead."

"Oh. Sorry to hear that. Then I suppose Lieutenant Colonel Connerly is senior, or. . . ." He fumbled for the name of the next ranking officer. The young captain didn't answer right away, and Farralon looked sharply at him. Jerrold was swaying on his feet, and his face looked like gray blotting paper. There seemed to be a stain, darker than camouflage dye or sweat, on his left shoulder. Farralon grabbed his right arm and steadied him. "What the hell," he said. "You're wounded. Why did they send you down here to meet me?"

"I'll be all right, sir. Got dizzy was all. And it's only a scrape on my shoulder. Colonel, I should have told you at the start. I guess I'm the C.O. here."

"You're what?"

Jerrold's tone was as blank as if he were reciting a page from a telephone book. "They hit us early this morning with a banzai attack. They got through to Colonel Beckham's C.P. We just finished cleaning them out an hour ago. They kinda wiped out the C.P., colonel."

"Everybody?"

"Looked like it," Jerrold said vaguely.

"And that leaves you as the senior officer?"

"Um—yes, sir, it does."

"How many officers are left?"

Jerrold scrubbed his forehead with a fist. "I'm not sure, colonel—four or five captains and lieutenants."

"How many men are fit for duty?"

"I don't know, colonel."

Jerrold was commanding the forces on the island and didn't know what he was commanding. There was no use getting tough with him about it, though. Jerrold had had it. "Let's go to your C.P. and check into things," Farralon said.

"It's kinda messy, sir."

"Let's go there anyway."

The two riflemen guarding the flanks made no move to help carry the portable transmitter, so Farralon helped the radioman with it. The riflemen didn't look as if they quite knew what they were doing anyway, except for the way they handled their rifles. They moved ahead up the trail, while Farralon and the radioman and Jerrold trudged along in the rear.

"What have you done since the attack?" he asked.

"Well, sir," Jerrold mumbled, "I was off on one flank with George Company when they broke through Charlie Company. I knew we didn't have any reserve, so I grabbed some of my men and headed back to the C.P. Some of the other company commanders did the same. The Japs had rolled right through Colonel Beckham's C.P., and all we could do was try to mop up."

"That wasn't exactly what I meant. I'm talking about reorganizing, adjusting the perimeter and all that."

"I guess we been too busy to get around to any of that, colonel. I ——"

Up ahead, a rifleman threw up a warning hand. Everybody froze. The heads of the two riflemen swung slowly, like the heads of bird dogs, then stopped. They seemed to be staring at the top of a tree. Jerrold jerked up the Tommy gun and fired a long burst into the tree. Nothing came down but a branch. The riflemen looked at Jerrold for a moment and began trudging on.

"I'd have sworn one of them was up there!" Jerrold cried. "I saw something move and ——"

"Take it easy," Farralon said. "He could have tied himself to the top of the tree. Then he wouldn't have fallen."

"Yeah, yeah, that's what he could have done. He ——" Jerrold scrubbed his fist over his eyes and said, "Yeah, only nothing was up there. My boys know that. I guess I'm not doing so good, colonel."

"You've done fine, son. Just relax."

A thought struck Jerrold, and he said eagerly, "Look, colonel, you're gonna take over, aren't you? What I mean is, you got the rank. You know all this stuff. All I know is how to run a rifle company. You're gonna take command?"

Farralon in command. It was a good joke on the people who were never going to trust him again with troops. He hoped it wouldn't be a good joke on the troops too. "Yes," he said, "I'm taking command."

You might think he had given Jerrold a present of Christmas at home. "Hey, Regan," Jerrold yelled at the riflemen. . . . "Hey, Kowalski. Colonel Farralon's taking over as C.O."

The two riflemen stopped, looked around slowly, turned away and shuffled forward.

"Dumb jerks," Jerrold muttered.

"It doesn't mean anything to them," Farralon said.

"Yeah, all they know is shooting Japs. Well, here's the C.P., colonel. Like I said, it's messy."

Only a man who was doped with shock and fatigue would have used a word like "messy." The little clearing looked as if a runaway threshing machine had gone across it, chewing up shelter halves and weapons and equipment and bodies, especially bodies—Jap bodies and American bodies, in a stinking, bloody harvest. There was a soft hum in the clearing. It came from flies.

He had to set up a C.P., but it shouldn't go here. The place would depress anyone who came to the C.P. and, to be honest, it would depress him too. He could organize a burial party, but he didn't want to waste the time or the remaining energy of his men.

"Is this a central spot?" he asked. "Where's the perimeter from here?"

"Yes, sir, this is kind of central," Jerrold said. "The perimeter is about three hundred yards away and curves

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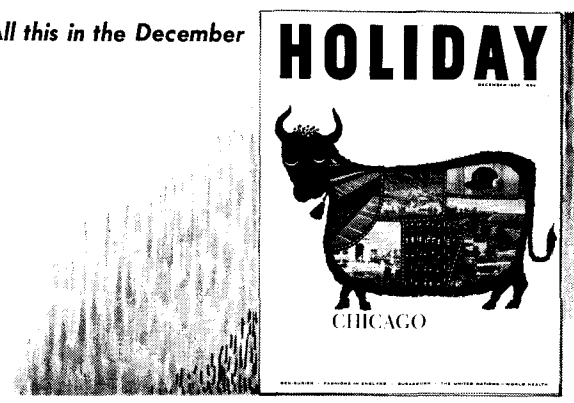

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around on each side. It's about half a mile long, with the cliffs along the shore holding the flanks for us."

They were only holding possibly a half square mile of the island. It didn't leave much room. In an evacuation the Japs might get to the beach fast enough to climb right into the boats. Farralon said, "I need a clear spot for a C.P. within about fifty yards of here. Pick one out for me, will you?"

Jerrold led the way to a spot where a couple of palms had been chopped down and dragged into a *V* banked with dirt. "How's this, sir?" he asked. "Colonel Beckham was gonna stick a machine gun in here to help protect his C.P., but I don't guess he got around to it."

"This is fine. Now, has anybody sent a report this morning to Port Solo?"

"Uh—no sir. The attack wiped out our message center, and the radio got chewed up by a grenade."

Farralon turned to the Navy radioman. "Can you get this set working fast?"

"In about fifteen minutes, sir."

"Can you transmit to Port Solo?"

"No, sir. It's too far. But I can raise the ship all right."

"O.K. Write down this message and code it. From Harpoon to Gimlet. Request following message be sent top priority to Port Solo. From Farralon to McGuire. Early-morning Jap attack wiped out island commander's staff and message center. I have assumed command. Transmit all messages through Gimlet. End of message. Got all that?"

"I have it, colonel."

Farralon turned to Jerrold. "Has there been any activity along the perimeter since the attack? I've heard only a little small-arms fire."

"It's been kinda quiet, sir."

"What's your guess about another attack soon? I know you can't be sure, but I'd like you to guess and to give me the reasons for your guess."

Jerrold hit his head a few times with the heel of one hand, as if trying to jar thoughts into order. "Well," he said finally, "I wouldn't think they'd hit us again right away. Up to the time they pulled that banzai attack, we always got warning because they would lay down a lot of machine-gun and mortar fire, and their battery would pound the area they were gonna hit. What caught everybody short was that it was their first early-morning attack, and they didn't throw the barrage ahead of time. My guess is they won't hit us today—or anyhow not unless they start shooting up the joint first."

"What happened to the Japs who attacked?"

"I think we mopped up most of them, colonel. I wouldn't doubt there are a few hiding in trees and bushes."

"Any idea how many casualties they took?"

"No, sir."

"But it's likely that they're a bit shaken up and will need time to mount another attack?"

"I'd go along with that, sir."

"All right," Farralon said. "Now, here is what needs to be done. I want every company commander to report here by—let's see, it's not quite 1000 now—by 1100. From what you say, I think it's safe to pull them away from their units for a short time. I want an up-to-date report from each on the effective strength of his company. I want a report from the first-aid station or field hospital, or whatever you have here, on stretcher cases. Leave one of your men here. You and the other rifleman hop back to your company and send out runners with that message to the other companies. O.K.?"

"Yes, sir," Jerrold said. He sounded more alert and sure of himself, now that somebody else had taken over. "Regan," he said, "you come with me. . . . Kowalski, stay with the colonel."

The two men disappeared into the underbrush, and Farralon sat down and lighted a cigarette. He glanced at Kowalski. The rifleman was squatting behind one of the palm logs with his rifle slanting over the top, watching him. Farralon lighted another cigarette and handed it to the rifleman. Kowalski took it and pulled a solid drag into his lungs. For the first time, a spark of life burned in his dull eyes.

"Tough night, huh?" Farralon said.

"Them skinny punks," Kowalski said.

That was an odd word to use—"skinny." The average Jap soldier was stocky. "Why do you call them skinny?"

Kowalski said sullenly, as if his honor had been questioned, "Because they're skinny."

The radioman had the set operating now and was putting out a call: "Harpoon to Gimlet. Come in, please. Harpoon to Gimlet. . . ."

Maps—he needed a map of the perimeter showing company positions. He could sketch a rough one after the company commanders arrived, but it might not be very accurate. Where could he find a map? He knew exactly where, but he did not want to accept the thought. There had to be maps at the C.P. where Beckham and his staff had been overrun. Could he send Kowalski? No. Kowalski wouldn't know about maps. Could he send himself? He knew very well that he could.

He got up slowly and said, "Kowalski, I'm going to the old C.P. to look around. Keep an eye open here."

Kowalski said, "How's for another butt, colonel?"

Farralon shook a few cigarettes from the pack and handed them to the rifleman.

Kowalski said, as if he grudged the information but had to return the favor of the cigarettes, "Don't take no chances wit them skinny yellow punks. They ain't always as dead as they look."

Farralon said thanks and walked back to the old C.P. Nothing had changed, except that the hum of the flies was louder. It had been easier looking at the place the first time, with others along. This way you got left with your own thoughts. He walked to a sort of shelter—open on three sides except for the supporting pillars of tree trunks—that must have been the C.P. Yes, there was Beckham. He had met the man a few times, years ago—a good officer, but sometimes forgetful of little things, such as emplacing a machine gun. He rummaged through the carpet of torn and muddy papers that lay on the dirt floor and found the map. A split-toed canvas shoe had left a print on it.

As he started to leave, he saw something leaning against the back of the shelter and went over to examine it. The object was a Browning automatic rifle. Under it was a knapsack holding a couple dozen of the magazines of twenty cartridges that the B.A.R. used. He decided to take it along. He slung it over one shoulder and the knapsack of clips over the other. Then he saw another knapsack. This one was filled with hand grenades. Cursing himself for a pack rat, he added the knapsack of grenades to his load and staggered outside.

As he walked back across the clearing, the load pulled him off balance, and he tripped over something. He caught his balance, looked down. It was a dead Jap—skinny too. Skinny was what Kowalski had called them. He went to another Jap body and to another and another, peering down curiously. They were all skinny. As a matter of fact, each looked twenty or thirty pounds lighter than any of the Japs he had killed on the patrol with General McGuire. And yet these Japs were about the same height. You might think they were half starved.

He stood for a moment, thinking. Then wearily he put the B.A.R. and the two knapsacks on the ground and got to work. He didn't know what had been wrong with him, forgetting this. He started going through pockets and knapsacks, looking for papers. These Japs were as slack about security as the ones north of Port Solo had been. In ten minutes he had too much stuff for his pockets; he took a Jap knapsack and began filling it. He finished collecting a mass of stuff, slung it over one shoulder, added the knapsacks of grenades and B.A.R. clips, tucked an arm into the sling of the B.A.R. and went panting back toward his command post.

He got back to the new command post and dropped his load. A couple of hand grenades rolled out of their knapsack. The radioman jerked his feet away from them as if they were scorpions. You couldn't blame him; ordinarily the Navy did not play with hand grenades. He picked up the grenades and stuck one in his pocket and bounced the other in his hand. It felt good. It felt a lot better than the .45 bumping against his hip.

The radioman watched the grenade go up and down. Finally he gulped and said, "Sir, Gimlet acknowledged your message. Their position at 1030 was twenty miles bearing one five zero from here. Gimlet requests schedule for evacuation."

"Tell them it's not ready yet," Farralon said.

He sat down and started to reach into the knapsack of Jap documents and then became aware of somebody standing beside him. He glanced up. It was Kowalski.

"Out of cigarettes?" Farralon asked.

Kowalski didn't answer. His eyes stared at something on the ground as if he were hypnotized.

"What's the matter?" Farralon asked.

"That's a B.A.R.," Kowalski said.

"I picked it up at the old C.P. Thought it might come in handy."

"The sarge never let me have no B.A.R.," Kowalski said. His fingers were twitching. "He give it to another guy in the squad."

"Too bad. You're husky. You could have handled one."

"I can handle one. I give five bucks to the other guy to show me how. He got killed and lost it."

"You say you can handle a B.A.R.? Give me a dry run."

Kowalski scooped up the fifteen-pound weapon like a feather. His fingers rippled over it, loading, unloading, aiming, switching from automatic to aimed fire. You could hardly follow his fingers.

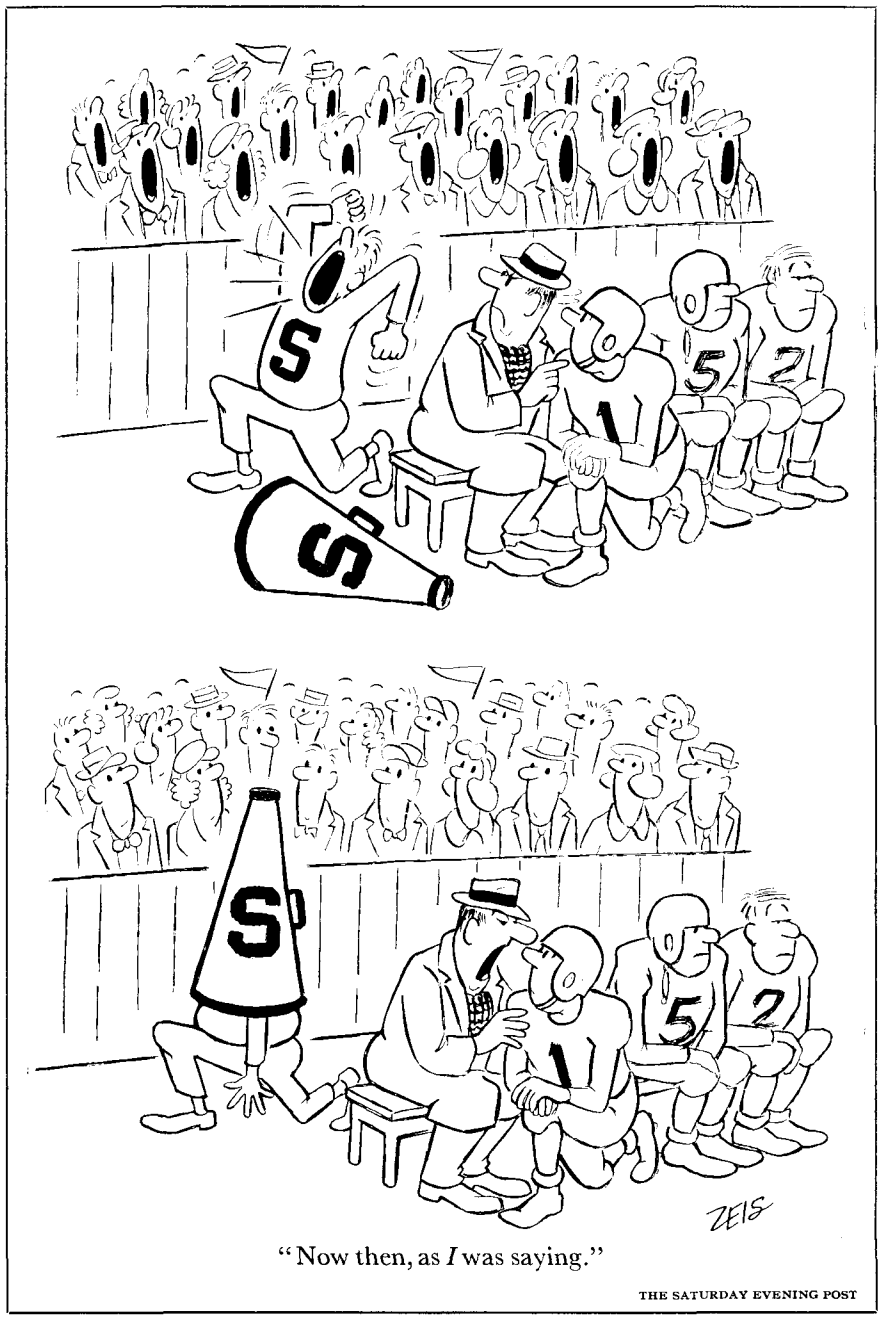
Farralon said, "What happens to the muzzle in rapid automatic fire?"

"It don't ride up on me," Kowalski said. "It rides up on other guys—not on me."

"You got yourself a B.A.R."

Kowalski snatched the knapsack of clips and retreated to his position like a dog with a bone. He peered up once, suspiciously, and saw Farralon watching him and said,

(*Continued on Page 94*)



"Now then, as *I* was saying."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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(*Continued from Page 92*) "You don't want it back." It was a flat statement, not a question.

"I said it's yours."

"Anyway," Kowalski said, "you got your hand grenades. I win that bet off Regan."

"What bet?"

"He bet you wasn't the one, and I bet you was. When I seen you wit them grenades, I knew I won the bet."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Kowalski took a deep breath and tensed himself for the effort of explaining. "Me and Regan was loading stretcher cases on the float plane yesterday. You know?"

"The one that flies casualties back to Port Solo?"

"Yeah. One of the guys on the plane tells me about you and grenades. You know?"

Farralon shrugged. Digging stuff out of Kowalski's head was slow work and not worth the trouble. "Sure, I get it now," he said.

Farralon began checking the Japanese documents. He looked at a couple of diaries and at some letters that the writers had not had a chance to mail. The Japs had been having their troubles—battle casualties, malaria, dengue, jungle rot, dysentery. On top of that, supplies had not been getting to the island regularly. Food had been short for weeks. That explained the half-starved bodies he had seen. He was hoping to find comments in the diaries and letters that would explain the banzai attack, but he couldn't locate any. Perhaps some of the other documents in the mass of papers held the answer, but he didn't have time to read everything. It might be significant, though, that one of the diaries had been kept by an orderly in regimental headquarters and that one of the letters had been written by a cook.

Officers began drifting in, and Farralon had to give up his search. The company commanders—three captains, two lieutenants and one sergeant—looked less like soldiers than like bums coming out of a hobo jungle. Their eyes were as red and watery as if they had been drinking canned heat and were panhandling for money to buy more. They reported to him in toneless voices and then flopped down.

The reports were bad—Able Company, twenty-eight effectives; Baker Company, forty-three; Charlie Company, fourteen; (Charlie Company had been hit head on by the banzai attack); Easy Company, forty-eight; Fox Company, seventy-two; George Company, thirty-one. That was a total of only two hundred and thirty-six effective out of an original strength of about nineteen hundred, and a big drop from the strength of nearly seven hundred that had been reported at the staff meeting in Port Solo. Dog and How Companies, the heavy-weapons companies, no longer existed; their units had been parceled out among the rifle companies, and their men were included in the figure of two hundred and thirty-six. The figure also included the few remaining members of an antitank platoon, who had been sent to rifle companies after their 37-mm. guns had been destroyed. The medical officer reported he had one hundred and seventeen stretcher cases awaiting evacuation.

"How about walking wounded?" Farralon asked.

The medical officer shrugged. "If they can walk, they walk back to their outfits," he said. He turned to the company commanders and said, "You fellows included them in your reports on effective strength, didn't you?"

Everybody nodded. The effective strength was two hundred and thirty-six including walking wounded.

"All right," Farralon said. "Now let me outline the general situation for you. A destroyer and a small transport are cruising offshore, out of observation range by the enemy. Obviously they might get plastered if the Japs spotted them and called in the bombers from Balikovo. The pass through the coral reef into the lagoon is too shallow for the ships, so the evacuation has to be a small-boat job all the way across the lagoon and out through the pass. Originally we figured three round trips by small boats would be needed."

Easy Company's captain said, "Sir, what about that Jap battery?"

"I know what you mean," Farralon said. "While that battery is in action, the lagoon is no place for small boats."

"It'll have to be at night," a lieutenant said.

"There's a moon tonight," another officer said. "That won't be good. Anybody know what the weather forecast is?"

... ...

Rabbit

By Anne Blackwell Payne

He seems afraid,
And I know why;
His ears have grown
So big and high,
That anything
That makes a noise—
Chickens or dogs
Or little boys—
Can frighten him
And make him start,
And beat the small drum
Of his heart.

... ...

Farralon said, "The forecast is for clear skies."

Easy Company's captain said, "I see some big clouds right now. Might get good and cloudy by night."

Farralon told himself to be patient. They shouldn't run away with the meeting like this, but he was an outsider and hadn't established his authority. He put a slight edge in his tone and said, "Captain, the clouds over the island now are strictly local. It's a thermal effect produced by the land heating faster than the water and starting an updraft. By night the clouds will blow away."

"Yes, sir," the captain said.

"My estimate," Farralon said, "is that small boats cannot operate in the lagoon, day or night, while that battery has the lagoon under observation. Question: Can our destroyer knock out that battery?"

"It's worth a try," the Fox Company captain said.

Worth a try. Nothing was worth a try unless you had some idea whether it would work. "Has the battery ever been bombed and strafed by our planes?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Jerrold said. "A couple of times some of our P-40's have worked over the top of that hill."

"Results?"

"They still had four guns in action afterward."

"Then we can assume that another air strike, with the limited number of planes we can call on, won't do any better," Farralon said. "That still leaves the question of the destroyer."

"Uh—sir?" a voice said.

Farralon saw that the sergeant now commanding Able Company wanted to speak.

"Go ahead, sergeant," he said.

"Sir, we used to hold the top of that hill. It's a jumble of rocks and caves. They can get those guns behind boulders or roll them into caves, and unless you lay something right on them, they can laugh at you. We used to try when we still had the thirty-sevens and we never touched them. I wouldn't want to bet the destroyer can knock them out."

There was a soldier who knew his stuff. "Thank you, lieutenant," Farralon said. "Anything more?"

"Sergeant, sir. Just one thing. Even if the battery does have to pull in its ears, their observers will see what's going on. How can we make it across that lagoon if the Japs get to the beach with a couple machine guns?"

Good boy, Farralon thought. "What's your full name and serial number?" he asked.

"Campbell, Howard J., sir. 48011764."

"Thank you, lieutenant."

"Uh, sergeant, sir."

"Not now it isn't," Farralon said. He turned to the Navy radioman and said, "Please send this message. From Harpoon to Gimlet. Request following message be sent to Port Solo. From Farralon to McGuire for Fikes. Have given battlefield promotion to second lieutenant to Sergeant Howard J. Campbell, A.S.N. 48011764, commanding Able Company. End message." That would give them a fit at Port Solo. They would be waiting on edge for word of the Moon Island situation, and that idiot Farralon sends them a promotion.

The new second lieutenant said, "Thank you, sir." There was a crisper tone in his voice.

Farralon thought grimly, *Don't thank me, son. In the first place, you rate it. In the second place, it's a trick to win you over and to show the others who is running things.* Aloud he said, "Gentlemen, on the basis of the facts you have given me, my conclusion is that any try at evacuation will fail. I am canceling that operation."

The new second lieutenant set his jaw and nodded. Captain Jerrold looked puzzled. The four other company commanders stared at him as if he had pulled the pins from a few grenades and started a juggling act.

"Colonel," the Fox Company captain said, "I don't get what you mean. I thought you were sent here to get us on those ships."

There was a company commander who had the makings of a fine laundry officer. But this was not the moment to relieve him from duty. Who else could he put in command? "Captain," he said, "the purpose of the evacuation was to save the remaining troops here. It turns out that an evacuation will not do that. Small boats would be sitting ducks for the battery and for any Japs who advanced to the beach. Furthermore, I can see no way to evacuate one hundred and seventeen stretcher cases. That would increase the number of boat trips beyond all reason."

"But, sir," the captain said, "if we stay here, we can't hold the Japs."

"Right," Farralon said.

"But—but, colonel, it sure beats me how ——"

"We're not going to sit here," Farralon said. "We're going to knock the Japs the hell off the island."

First he had juggled live grenades and now he was letting the things explode in their faces. In the silence that followed his remark, the only sound was the sharp click as Kowalski seated a magazine in the B.A.R.

"I'll outline the plan of attack for you in a few minutes," Farralon said briskly. "But first I want all of you to go to work on this situation map that Colonel Beckham used and mark in the enemy defensive positions as accurately as you can. Captain Jerrold, suppose you take charge of collecting all the reports and marking in the Jap defenses."

They gathered around the map, at first glancing nervously at him, but finally getting interested and arguing with one another and starting to mark in the positions. That would keep their minds off their troubles for a few minutes. And it would, he hoped, begin to switch their ideas from evacuation and retreat to an attack psychology. He had picked his words carefully, talking about enemy "defenses" and avoiding such words as enemy "strong points." He wanted them to think of the Japs as having weak points not strong points.

Meanwhile, the conference around the map would give him time to decide on a plan of attack. The key to the whole situation was the battery on the mountain. He couldn't throw enough air power at it to take it out. The odds were very much against the destroyer's being able to do the job. Who else was there to do it? Infantry. And how could you get infantry up there? First you had to smash through the Jap lines; and if you succeeded in that, the attacking force had to advance up the hill. The battery would blow them to bits on the way up.

Some other element was needed to make the plan workable. What other elements did he have? Well, he had sea power. For the next twenty hours, barring an unexpected Jap air strike, he had command of the sea around Moon Island. What could you do with sea power around Moon Island? The Japs didn't know about the Navy task force. They didn't know that it came to evacuate, not to reinforce the American troops. If the destroyer and transport circled the island to the northern, or enemy, side and cruised into view and launched boats and bombarded the Jap beachhead, the Japs would think it was an assault landing. The gun crews on the mountain would sweat the trails of their pieces around and prepare to go into action to repel a landing from the north. At that point, an infantry assault from the south would wipe out the battery.

It sounded neat and workable. At the Command and General Staff School a plan like that would solve such a problem and you would move on to the next page of the textbook. The trouble was that the war on Moon Island was not being fought in a textbook. It was being fought—or not fought—by dirty, sick, bloody, dispirited, tired-to-the-marrow soldiers. The biggest problem was not dreaming up a plan that might work, but finding some way to coax or goad or inspire or bully men into carrying it out.

"Well, gentlemen," he said in a confident tone, "have we got the Jap defenses mapped out yet?"

The group around the map moved apart slowly, as if the mapwork had provided an escape from reality that they hated to leave. Jerrold said, "I guess we have things marked down as good as we can, sir."

Farralon glanced at the marks that indicated strong points and machine-gun nests and pillboxes and the lines that indicated fields of fire. He was not really interested in these details. What he had to find out was the best way and the best place to attack. "Captain Jerrold," he said, "what basic problems do you meet when you attack a Jap position?"

Jerrold didn't get the idea. He talked vaguely of machine guns and grenades

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and rifle fire. The Fox Company captain was worse; all he could think of was that if you had enough artillery and mortars, you could probably get through. A lieutenant commanding Baker Company was no help. But another lieutenant, commanding the fourteen men of Charlie Company, knew what was wanted.

"Sir," the lieutenant said, "the thing about Jap positions is they're hard to crack, but once you bust through, things get easier. We cracked their lines a couple times the first few weeks we were here, and it was always the same—real tough to crack, but no depth once you got through.

"They use narrow lanes of fire instead of setting up their weapons for the widest sweep they can make. Each of their positions supports the ones on each flank. That makes any position hard to flank, because while you try to take pillbox B, pillboxes A and C knock hell out of you. But after you take pillbox B, you can swing right or left and then start chewing up their line."

"Good going," Farralon said. "That's just what I wanted to know." He thought about the lieutenant's words. To crush the Jap defenses, they had to force open a crevice in them or find one that already existed. "One thing more and we'll be all set," he said. "How about a weak spot in their line? Some gully or stream or place that isn't covered by direct fire. Who knows of one?"

Nobody spoke for a few moments, and then the new second lieutenant cleared his throat and said, "Colonel, there's a little ravine, no more than six feet deep, running off our front. It's masked by bushes on each side. We've been sending a guy up that ravine as a listening post every night for the last week. It cuts right through the Jap lines, and we never found it guarded. A squad of guys could get through there if they didn't make any noise."

"Or," Farralon said thoughtfully, "if there was so much noise they couldn't be heard."

"Right, sir."

Farralon thought for a minute. Had he missed any angle? Yes. Air power. The fake landing staged by the task force would bring Jap planes howling down from Balikovo. At best he could meet them with two flights of P-40's, if the timing was exact. But timing could go haywire in battle. Therefore the two flights of P-40's weren't the right answer. Was there another answer? Yes. Cancel the air support for Moon Island and ask for the heaviest possible raid on the Balikovo airfields, to give the Japs something else to think about.

It looked as if his plan was all set. Was it simple? As simple as he could make it, considering the problem. Was it workable? Yes, if he could get beaten troops to fight. Was it the best plan? God only knew. All you could say was that a poor plan, carried out with energy and decisiveness, was better than a fine plan carried out half-heartedly. What was it that Arrian had written of Alexander the Great? "All that had to be done in uncertainty, he did with the utmost daring." Well, he supposed this was uncertain enough.

"All right, gentlemen," he said. "First I want you to listen to some messages I'm sending out. Then I'll give you the details on the attack." He turned to the Navy radioman and said, "Take down the following message, please."

"Aye, aye, sir."

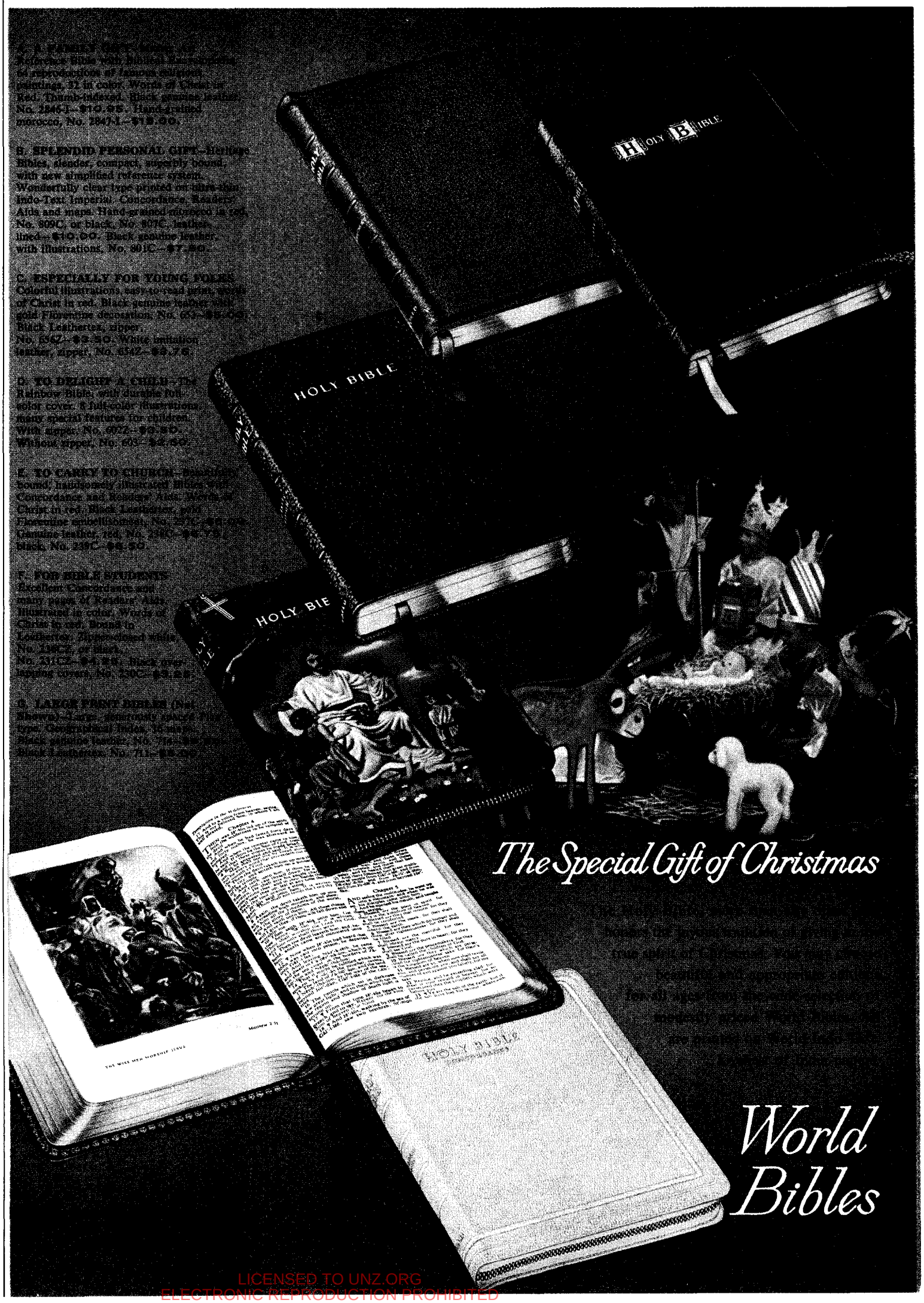
"Harpoon to Gimlet. Send following message top priority to Port Solo. From Farralon to McGuire. Evacuation impossible. Am attacking to clear island of enemy. Request immediate air strikes on Balikovo airfields to pin down enemy planes. End message.

"Harpoon to Gimlet. Request demonstration off Jap beachhead on north coast—repeat north coast—to simulate assault landing, involving launching of boats and bombardment of beachhead. How soon can you be in position to carry out demonstration? End message. Got all that, son?"

The radioman scribbled feverishly, then turned quickly to Farralon and said, "I have it, sir."

Farralon turned back to his officers. "Do you get the picture?" he asked. "We neutralize Jap air power by strikes on their home fields. We send the Navy task force to fake a landing on the north coast of this island. That will trick the battery on the mountain into swinging its guns around to repel an assault landing on the north. That neutralizes the battery for a time, as far as we're concerned. Then it's our job to get the hell up that mountain and take the battery. Got it?"

TO BE CONTINUED



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The Gunslingers (Continued from Page 35)

but he figured she'd find out anyway. "Saturday nights," he said, "I play cards."

"I see," she said coldly.

"There's worse ways of makin' a livin'."

"There might be," she conceded.

"I try not to be a pig about it," Clem said defensively. "Matter of fact, there've been weeks I didn't win a cent."

"I'd think a big, healthy man like you would be ashamed not to try to make more out of his life."

Clem shook his head stubbornly. "There's advantages in my line of work others haven't got."

"There are?"

"Well, for one thing, it don't interfere with a man's fishin' much."

Mary Caroline sniffed. Clem sneaked a look at her. "I may quit," he announced suddenly.

"Quit playing cards?"

"Yes, ma'am. Come to think of it, I already have quit."

"You have?"

"Yes, ma'am. I quit last Saturday night."

"Good." She turned to him with a smile. "Now you just get a good job and make up for lost time."

Clem flicked a rein at the off horse and shook his head. "I don't know about that. The only good jobs I can think of are ownin' the bank and bein' the sheriff. The bank's not for sale and the sheriff's not up for re-election right now."

"You mustn't expect things to be too easy."

"Tell you what," Clem said. "Till a good job opens up, I'll get me a lot of little ones."

And the smile he got for that was worth all the fish he wasn't going to catch and all the easy money he wasn't going to make for the next hundred years.

The work Clem liked best was sweeping out the one-room school building after everybody was gone except the teacher. But he also loaded wagons, bought cows for a cattle trader, clerked in the dry-goods store, tended a little bar, broke a couple of broncs, drove Doc Gordon's buggy when the old man needed sleep, and trained a litter of tree-dog pups for a man out on Sunfish Creek.

And he remembered that the town was supposed to have a poundmaster. He got the mayor to appoint him to the position, and it was one of the easiest jobs he had.

Mostly he just had to stocklaw a few milk cows that got in other people's gardens, which meant impounding them until their owners paid for the damages. And every now and then he had to pen up a dog with running fits so somebody wouldn't shoot it for a mad dog.

Nights when he didn't have to work, Clem would sit with Mary Caroline Devore on the front porch or in the parlor at Mrs. Corcoran's boardinghouse. Inside of a week he was seen holding her hand, and some people said he was kissing her good night by the end of the first month.

He'd bought a ring and saved $200 toward the cost of setting up housekeeping, assuming he got to use the ring, by the time the four strangers showed up and pretty near ruined everything. The strangers came to town the day Clem decided for sure to make the race for sheriff.

He was telling Billy Bob Henry about it at the time. Billy Bob was a deputy sheriff and all the law there was in the whole west end of the county.

"You'll be wastin' your time," Billy Bob said. "Why, Arthur Jenkins has been sheriff of this county since Sheridan was a corporal."

"Maybe so," Clem said. "But you tell Arthur I'm goin' to run, so he can't say I snuck up on the blind side of him."

"I'll tell 'im when I see 'im. But, shucks. William Jennings Bryan hisself couldn't beat Arthur Jenkins for sheriff of this county."

"I'm goin' to run on a platform of why doesn't Arthur catch more outlaws, like Sudden Death Sam Greer and them, instead of spendin' so much time sittin' around watchin' the trains come in?"

"He's supposed to watch the trains come in. Besides, I doubt if Sam Greer's ever set foot in this county."

"A lot of people figure he hides out a lot in the Panther Hills."

"All the Panther Hills aren't in this county."

"Arthur hasn't looked in the ones that are in this county."

"Any sheriff that went lookin' for Sam Greer in the Panther Hills wouldn't stay sheriff long. He'd be dead."

"Well, anyway, you tell Arthur —— Who's that?"

• •

A Night as Still as This

(Oaxaca, Mexico)

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

A night as still as this, at home,
Would bring a frost,
Or crisp white ice
Along the edges of the brook,
And children skating on the ponds.
The stars would hang like crystal balls
Among the hemlock boughs.
Instead, I see them in the fronds
Of palm.

• •

Billy Bob turned to look at the four horsemen who had ridden in from the end of Main Street.

"Never saw any of 'em," he said. "Wonder what they want."

"I doubt if they're waitin' around for Sunday school to take up," Clem said.

The riders had stopped in the middle of the street, and now they kneed their horses over to the sidewalk where Clem and Billy Bob were standing. A bearded, thick-built man who was maybe the toughest-looking of the lot did the talking.

"Howdy," he said politely. "Where could I find the sheriff?"

Billy Bob looked grateful he'd left his deputy's star in his pocket. "Sheriff's at the county seat," he said.

"Where's that?"

"Eighteen miles east."

"Whereabouts is the railroad station?"

"The nearest one's on the railroad. That's at the county seat too."

"Well, then," the black-bearded man said, "if you ain't on the railroad, I don't guess you've got any telegraph line."

"No, sir," Billy Bob said. "That's why there ain't any telegraph poles."

"Well, sir," the stranger said, "you've got a right nice-lookin' town here. Believe we'll stay a couple of days and rest our horses."

"The roomin' house is full up," Billy Bob said. "But the man at the saloon will rent cots in the back."

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"Much obliged." The black-bearded man pulled his horse around, and Clem watched the four men angle across to the saloon.

"You know," he said, "every man in that bunch has got a gun in a holster and a Winchester on his saddle."

"That ain't all I know," the deputy said. "That one that did the talkin' has got a scar on his neck."

"I noticed that."

"Sudden Death Sam Greer's got a scar like that. They say a man started cuttin' his throat one time and never lived long enough to finish the job."

"Why don't you arrest 'em?"

Billy Bob rubbed his jaw nervously. "Well, you can't just go around arrestin' people because they've got a scar on their neck."

"I guess not."

"Besides, they've got me outnumbered too bad. What I'd better do is go tell the sheriff. He's liable to have a picture of Sam."

"Or you could send somebody else to the county seat and stay here to keep an eye on them four."

"No," Billy Bob said. "No, sir. When you want a job done right you better do it yourself. I'll go to the county seat."

"Well, you're the deputy."

"You try to keep them scoundrels from leavin' town."

Clem shook his head doubtfully. "They've got me outnumbered just about as bad as they have you."

But Billy Bob was already on his way to his horse. "You try," he said over his shoulder. Clem looked at his watch and headed for Mrs. Corcoran's.

It took more than people that might be the Greer Gang to make him forget it was almost suppertime. And you needed to get to the boardinghouse early to get one of the seats next to Mary Caroline Devore.

After supper he took her for a walk and they sat on the grass and watched the moon come up over the bluffs across the river. Clem didn't get his girl home until after eight o'clock.

"You're not forgettin' about me takin' you to church tomorrow evenin'?" he asked her.

"I'm not. But are you sure you wouldn't rather try to find a poker game?"

"Mary Caroline," he said earnestly, "if there was enough girls like you to go around, playin' cards would die out in one generation."

That was Saturday. The four strangers drank moderately at the saloon that evening and retired early. A four-inch rain fell during the night and washed out the rest of the river bridge.

It had rained upriver, too, and the whole bottom was flooded. That meant the sheriff's posse would have to go clear down to the Horseshoe City bridge. It would take them most of two days.

The visitors spent most of the day Sunday sitting on the bench in front of the saloon. Once the black-bearded man called Clem over from across the street.

"Friend," he said, "what do you do for excitement in this town?"

"Well ——" Clem scratched his head. "Last week a man's team ran away and tore up the wagon."

"Ain't hardly the kind of a thing you can count on, though."

"Well, no. We have horse races and calf-ropin' on Sundays in the summertime. And there'll be a picnic the Fourth of July."

"We'd hate to wait that long. How about card games?"

"Sometimes they have 'em," Clem said. "I'll find out."

He found Chad Emerson, a regular poker player. Chad shook his head grimly. "I don't play cards with strangers that wear their guns down towards their knees, like them four. And that one's got a scar on his neck and Sam Greer ——"

"I know," Clem said.

"I'm 'most afraid to open the bank Monday mornin'."

"If you do," Clem said, "you'd better have some men with guns handy."

"Who'd I get?" Chad demanded. "There ain't a man in this town got any business goin' up agin the Greer Gang. Includin' you."

"That's what makes it so bad," Clem said. He talked to some more poker players and found no takers. The strangers were looking more restless, and Clem had a feeling they wouldn't leave town without seeing the inside of the bank, whether it was officially open for business or not.

He thought about the problem for most of the afternoon and then went to see Mary Caroline. "I'm sorry," he told her, "but somethin's come up and I won't be able to take you to church tonight."

She was smiling. The smile took quite a while to fade away, but when it got through fading you could tell it wasn't going to come back any time soon. "All right," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right. It's just possible I can find somebody else to take me to church."

"You can, all right, but I wish you wouldn't."

"I don't see where that's any of your business."

Clem sighed. "You'd know more about that than I would. But I guess maybe I might know more about what I need to do than you do."

"Like whether you need to play poker instead of going to church. I heard you were trying to get up a game, but I didn't believe it."

"Yes, ma'am." Clem set his jaw. "Like playin' poker instead of goin' to church."

The man who might be Sam Greer wasn't happy about it when Clem showed up after supper at the back room of the saloon where the four visitors were staying.

"Four men's money against one man's money," he said, "don't sound like our kind of odds."

"Maybe not," Clem said. "But most any game would beat sittin' around and drinkin' that whisky-flavored branch water."

The black-bearded man conceded the point.

"Besides," Clem said, "there's not hardly any card-playin' money in this town I don't already own."

The leader looked at his companions and they nodded. "All right," he said to Clem, "you've got yourself a game."

Three of his opponents, Clem soon learned, played with more enthusiasm than skill. The fourth, Red Dog Moore, played a good game, but not good enough.

Everybody was yawning pretty steady by midnight, and Clem was glad to see that. The leader looked at his watch when it was two o'clock and stood up.

"We're gettin' so light on table stakes," he said, "that I doubt if it's much fun for you. Let's quit."

"Well, shucks," Clem said. "I'd play for guns. Or horses."

The man with the scar grinned. "We may play pretty poor poker," he said, "but we're not plumb simple-minded."

Clem stood up. "Well, then," he said, "guess I'll go to bed."

"Good night," the strangers' spokesman said. "Enjoyed the game. Red Dog, you'll stand the first watch and remember I'm a light sleeper. First snore out of you will wake me up and I'll bend a gun barrel over your flat head."

And that ended whatever plans Clem had to come back and surprise four

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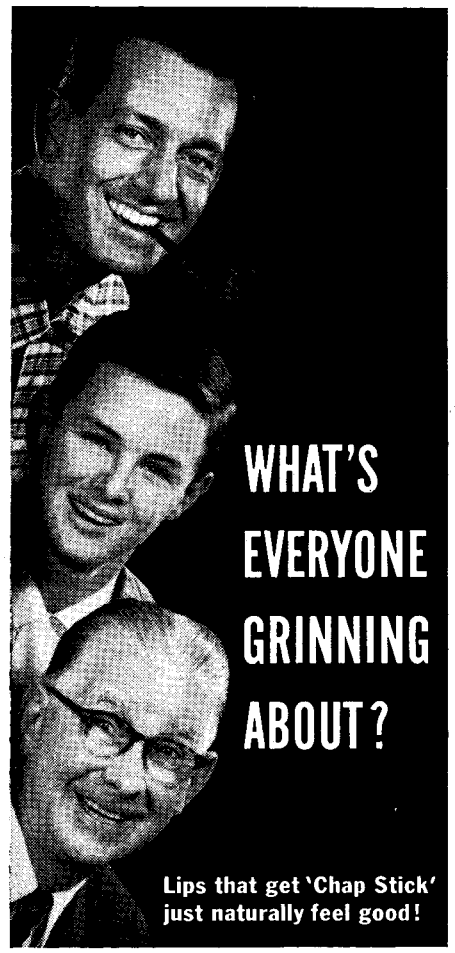

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soundly sleeping men. It was hard to think about anything but his bed, but he made himself go down the street to the livery stable. The livery-stable man took quite a bit of waking up.

"Look," Clem said when the man seemed fairly conscious, "where's the horses belong to them four hard-lookin' strangers?"

"Them four?" the man said. "Only four in the place right now."

"Good. I'm impoundin' 'em."

"What for?"

"Never mind."

The livery-stable man shrugged. "You're the dogcatcher."

"Poundmaster," Clem said.

"Whatever it is, I'm glad you're it instead of me. When them four finds out about this, they'll shoot you in two."

Clem was already untying halter ropes. "Just so they don't find out till I've got these horses hid out in the country."

"You'd better hurry, then. 'Cause one of them fellers looked in here every hour or so all last night."

"Doggone!" Clem said. "I ought to have thought of that. Put out that light."

The livery-stable man doused his lantern, and Clem started for the front door, feeling his way in the dark and leading the four horses. He was six feet short of the door when he saw the light from an approaching lantern and stopped. A second later Red Dog Moore appeared in the doorway with a lantern in one hand and a gun in the other.

There wasn't time to think of something smart, and Clem didn't even try. Instead he dropped three of the halter ropes, jerked around the horse he still controlled, and got the three other horses between him and Red Dog.

He hit the nearest horse in the rump with his hat and yelled like a disturbed Comanche. The three horses broke for the open, in spite of the fact that Red Dog Moore stood between them and it.

The fourth horse wanted to follow the others. Clem got both hands full of mane and swung on as he went past.

Red Dog had dived out of the way. He didn't get his first shot off until Clem's horse was a dozen jumps away and picking up speed fast. And he didn't hit anything, though he kept trying as long as there was an unfired cartridge in his gun.

It sounded real good to have the shooting over with. Clem noticed he'd had his arms locked around the horse's neck, and he sat up and let his mount follow the other horses. He didn't have much to say about what the horse did anyway, with only a halter to influence him.

The frightened horses turned left at the first corner. When that street dead-ended after a block, they went straight ahead into Mrs. Murphy's yard. They went on past the house and hit the garden fence and went along the fence until they came to the open gate, and went on in. They stopped when they hit the opposite fence, all four of them, and Clem slid to the ground and ran and closed the gate.

He stood still and listened while he thanked the Lord that it was the dark of the moon and that Mrs. Murphy was out of town.

Red Dog had taken a horse left on the street by a saloon customer, it turned out. The horse rounded the corner at a dead run and slid to a stop in front of Mrs. Murphy's house.

Red Dog yelled back at his boss, who seemed to be about in front of the livery stable by now. "You, Sam!" Red Dog yelled. "That cussed card player done stoled all our horses."

Sam swore in a loud voice. "Get 'em back!" he yelled.

"I will," Red Dog yelled back. "They about had to turn west. I ought to be able to head 'em off all right."

"You better had," Sam yelled back to him.

"Wouldn't hurt if you all scouted around town too."

"Of course we will, you hammerhead!" the boss outlaw yelled.

Red Dog said no more, but followed up his bad guess and spurred his horse into a run on the street that became the west road out of town. And that gave Clem something else to think about.

West of town was where he wanted to take the four horses. There was a hidden draw a mile from town he'd wanted to use. But now Red Dog was between him and where he needed to be, and Red Dog was smart enough to stay there until daylight.

Any other direction, it was too far to the edge of town. Too good a chance of running into one or more of the well-armed Sam Greer Gang before you got there.

Have to hide 'em in town, Clem decided. But that meant in somebody's barn, and there weren't so many barns in Utopia Bluffs that four men couldn't check all of them in a few minutes, come daylight.

Clem sighed hopelessly and then this idea came to him. It wasn't a real good idea, but it was likely the best one he was going to get.

He collected the four halter ropes again, led the horses out of the garden and into the heavy shadows behind Mrs. Murphy's house and did some more listening.

A house divided against itself is a duplex.

DONALD B. KLINE

Here and there people awakened by the shooting and yelling had lighted lamps and come out to investigate. Clem waited until the last lamp in that end of town had been extinguished and he was sure that Sam and his two helpers were over on the east side. Then he led the horses at a fast walk down the street a couple of blocks west and opened the unlocked door of the one-room schoolhouse.

Then it was necessary to get the horses to climb three steps to the front porch. Clem had to tie three of them to a tree in the schoolyard while he pulled the fourth into the building. He coaxed and jerked the others in, one at a time. It took quite a while.

It was the first time in his life that Clem had slept sitting up in a schoolhouse with four horses for company and his back to the door and his gun in his hand. He didn't enjoy it especially, and as a matter of fact he was glad when it got good daylight and time for him to go see Mary Caroline Devore.

She was at breakfast in Mrs. Corcoran's dining room. She came out on the back porch to talk to him, but you could tell she wasn't real happy about it.

It made it easier, in a way, for her to be mad at him in advance. That way you didn't have to worry about making her mad.

"There's no school today," he announced.

"Oh, there isn't?"

He shook his head. "No school."

"You, Mr. Clem Edwards, are getting mighty masterful all of a sudden."

"Masterful? Does that mean bossy?"

"That's what it means."

"Well, Mary Caroline, there's times when a man's got to be bossy. There's times when he's got to figure out what needs doin' and then see that it gets done. I guess maybe you ought to have found that out before this."

She didn't say anything, but you could tell she was trying.

"No school today," Clem said, "and I don't want the children runnin' around makin' it too plain there's no school. You skedaddle around and get their folks told before it gets time for them to leave for school."

"I don't see ——"

"You don't have to see," Clem said wearily. "It's so foolish nobody with good sense could understand it anyway. You just do what I tell you."

She looked real pretty, even when she was mad, Clem noticed. He looked at her pretty good, since he likely wouldn't have another chance, and turned and went down the steps and headed for Main Street.

Sam Greer and two other outlaws were standing in front of the livery stable, having a war parley. Red Dog, Clem supposed, was conducting a mounted patrol on the only horse the Greer Gang had in its possession.

Sam pulled his gun when Clem turned into Main Street, but Clem kept walking toward him. He stopped a step away from the end of the gun barrel, happily still unshot.

Sam Greer pulled the hammer back on his gun. "You've got just ten seconds," he said, "to tell us where we can find our horses."

"Had to stocklaw 'em," Clem said.

"Stocklaw 'em? What for?"

"For gettin' in Mrs. Murphy's garden."

"Garden!" Sam choked. "There ain't no gardens in March."

"Not usually," Clem admitted. "That's what makes this one so doggone expensive."

"You mean you want me to pay for the damages to a garden before I get my horses back?"

"That's what the law says."

Sam thought that over. "How much?"

"Sixteen hundred dollars."

He almost got shot then, but not quite. And when Sam realized how close he'd come to pulling the trigger, he looked down at the gun, let the hammer down and put it in his holster.

Clem took a deep breath. "If you won't pay the damages, I guess I can't let you have the horses."

"You're crazy," Sam Greer decided.

"Just doin' my job."

"Don't you know you're just standin' there and askin' for me to blow a hole through you?"

"You can't."

"What you mean I can't? I can't hardly keep from it."

"You can't," Clem said. "Because people wouldn't stand for it."

"I didn't plan to ask 'em."

Clem ignored that. "People in Utopia Bluffs," he said, "are just ordinary people."

"That's givin' 'em the best of it."

"They sure as the world don't want any fight with a bunch of people that shoot guns for a livin'. You know that. I know it, too, else I'd have got me up a posse and smoked you out before this."

"I don't know what you're sayin'."

"I'm sayin' that people will only stand for so much, no matter how peace-lovin' they are. Let three of you take and shoot down a citizen on Main Street, and there'd be more than one man in this town get the gumption he ought to have already had. They'd be gettin' out their squirrel rifles and slippin' around behind houses and start shootin' different ones of you right between the eyes."

Sam Greer laughed to show he wasn't worried, but he didn't do a real good job of it.

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"Three of you afoot," Clem went on, "and one ahorseback. And no place you can walk to. One of you might get away if he was lucky."

Sam didn't laugh any more. "There's other horses around."

"A few," Clem said. "All of 'em watched pretty close by now, I expect. Well, I haven't had my breakfast."

And he turned his back square toward Sam Greer and walked across the street to the restaurant.

While he was eating, Clem saw Red Dog ride up to the stable on a tired horse. The four outlaws conferred briefly and then fanned out to hunt again for their horses, and probably for any other horses they figured they could get away with.

In an hour the four were together again in front of the stable, and they still had only the one stolen horse. They held another conference and then went off down the street. As soon as they turned the corner, the livery-stable man came running across the street. Clem met him at the front door of the restaurant.

"Clem," the man said, "they heard about you bein' sweet on the schoolteacher."

"They probably did. It ain't much of a secret."

"But they figure on gettin' her and tradin' her to you for their horses."

"That won't work. By the time they find out where she lives, I can have her moved someplace else. If I can keep 'em afoot a few hours longer, the sheriff ought to be here and ——"

"They figured she'd be at the schoolhouse by now."

Clem stared. "The schoolhouse!"

He ran back into the restaurant and out the back door. He ran across the alley and between two houses and across a man's cow pasture. He got to the back door of the schoolhouse five seconds before the gang got to the front door.

He threw the back door open and ran inside, waving his hat and doing his Comanche yell. The horses whirled and bolted.

The front door swung outward, and Sam Greer got it open just in time to let the first horse out. By the time the fourth horse crowded through the door, Clem was right behind it with his gun out.

The door had slammed Sam Greer back off the porch to the right, and some or all of the horses had run over the two men standing just behind him on the porch. Red Dog had jumped off the porch on the left side.

Red Dog was surprised to see Clem, but not too surprised to go for his gun. Clem dodged and caught his heel and fell down the steps. He shot while he was falling and just winged Red Dog in the right shoulder, which turned out to be good enough.

Clem got to his knees on the ground below the last step, and Sam Greer came into sight across a corner of the porch. Clem shot and missed and Sam shot and missed and Clem shot again and knocked Sam back out of sight.

One of the unshot outlaws had a shoulder and some ribs broken from being run over by the horses. But the other was on his feet, pretty dazed and walking around in circles looking for his gun. Clem saw it first and ran over there and kicked it out of his reach.

After that it wasn't much of a job to capture the four of them, even for a dogcatcher. Sam Greer was hit pretty bad in the chest, but Doc Gordon said he'd make it and he did, though he wasn't in shape for the sheriff to take back to the county seat with the others.

Right after the sheriff's posse left, Clem went down to Mrs. Corcoran's. Mary Caroline was sitting in the porch swing, like maybe she was waiting for him. Or maybe not.

"Mary Caroline," he said, "I'll have the schoolhouse fixed up and you can have school tomorrow."

She didn't say anything. She looked at her hands in her lap.

"I may run for sheriff," Clem said.

Mary Caroline looked up. She didn't look mad any more. Come to think about it, she didn't look like he'd ever seen her look before. "That's for you to decide," she said.

"I know it is," Clem said. "I might not run for sheriff. I might go back to playin' cards and catchin' fish."

"That's for you to decide," she said again.

"Sure it is."

"Only ——"

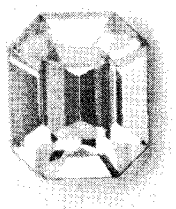
"I guess I'll run for sheriff," Clem said.

"Good," she said.

Clem sat down beside her and reached for her and got her. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It took a lot of will power, but I've finally given up trying to give up smoking."



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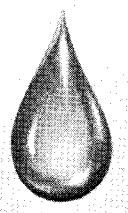

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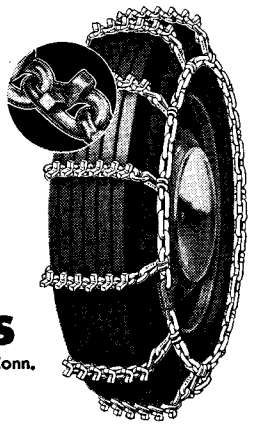

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I Call on Perry Como (Continued from Page 34)

my mother and father.' I said, 'We'd love to.' You can't hurt an eight-year-old kid's feelings, can you?

"He led us to a house we'd been admiring from the beach. His mother was a lovely woman. I said jokingly, 'Any time you want to sell your house, let me know. I'll buy it.' The boy's dad said, 'I'll sell it right now.' I said, 'You've got a deal.' He said, 'Make me an offer.' I made him an offer. I went up a little, he went down a little, and we did have a deal. The whole thing took ten minutes.

"Nowadays we can fly from New York to West Palm Beach in two or three hours," he added. "Once we are there, we are only seventeen miles from home. It's a great place for real loafing."

I said, "I've heard that you occasionally call up kids you have never met to tell them they've done well on a TV show. I've also heard that you do such impulsive things as sending Danny Thomas a three-hundred-word telegram if you think his show is extra good."

"I do do those things occasionally," he admitted. "But not as often as you seem to think."

I said, "I once met a girl who'd been on a straight dramatic TV show, and she told me that you had called her out of the blue."

"I did do that," Como said. "She was on the General Electric show. I called her on the backstage phone. I asked the guy who answered to let me talk to her, and he asked who was calling. At that point I hedged a little. The trouble is, if I give my real name, people think it's just some joker clowning. In the end, however, I got her and said, 'You'll think I'm drunk or something, but I'm calling you for no other reason than I've been sitting here with my wife, enjoying what you've done, and we just thought it would be fun to tell you about it.'"

I said, "The first time Bing Crosby *really* came over to me on television, I sent him a telegram—I couldn't resist it. When I'd seen him on TV before, he had looked stiff and nervous. Then suddenly one night he had all of his charm and ease of manner. I had to tell him."

Como said, "The first TV show he did disappointed me too. If he had forgotten about putting the rug on his head and about his tux and his black tie and had just walked out there in an old sport shirt, he'd have been himself. Of course, that's only my personal opinion. Later, as you say, he came on one night and all at once he was the insouciant, easy, debonair, rollicking Bing I knew. I don't know what happened to him. I think at first he had a psychological block about live TV, but when he was on our live show last year as my guest, he strolled through his songs as if he were strolling over his favorite golf course. Moreover," Como added appreciatively, "if a rehearsal was called for twelve o'clock, he was there at eleven."

"He's a great boy for promptness," I said. "When I worked with him some years ago on his story, CALL ME LUCKY [*The Saturday Evening Post*, February 14, 1953—April 4, 1953], I was told that if I were a few minutes late, he'd be away and gone when I got there. He doesn't wait for people who are sloppy about keeping appointments."

Como said, "Nick Venoff, the kid who's producing our shows, was quite excited about getting us two elder statesmen together. My chief writer, Goodie Ace, wrote a lot of funny stuff for us; we did a couple of medleys and we had the French comedienne, Genevieve, on our show. Bing got a bang out of her."

"Bing enjoys a little *parlez-vous*ing," I said. "Time was when he was a prize-winning French student at Gonzaga University in Spokane."

"He did give her a little French, come to think of it," Como chuckled. "I asked, 'What's going on here?' and Bing said, 'Oh, I mangle the Gallic a bit.' Bing was fun to work with."

Como went on, "I hope you won't mind a switch, but I have a story about TV ratings which I think will amuse you. When my present sponsor, Kraft Cheese, assigned a representative to work with me, this chap claimed that his boss was completely disinterested in ratings—all he cared about was having the sales of cheese go up. Well, a while later I was visiting my oldest son Ronnie at Notre Dame; and when I left, I was picked up by the Kraft VP in charge of Como, who took me to Chicago. He said, 'Why don't we go to see the president of our company?' It was just after the show I'd done with Bing, and when we walked into the president's office, the first thing he said to the VP in charge of me was, 'Did you see our ratings yesterday?' I looked at my VP friend, who'd been belittling the rating system to me and I smiled at him quietly. I thought he was going to have a stroke."

"To be honest with you," I said, "I don't know what your ratings are. I don't pay too much attention to that angle of this curious business."

He rubbed his nose with his forefinger and said, "Well, to be real truthful, I haven't been too happy about them although we've bounced back into the Top Ten this fall, and I think I've got the hottest list of guests lined up for the coming months anybody in television has. Among them are Ethel Merman, Sid Caesar, Keely Smith, Thelma Ritter, Andy Williams, Casey Stengel and Elroy Face, Della Reese, the Crosby Brothers, Tommy Sands, Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Judy Holliday, Jimmy Durante, Barrie Chase and the Kingston Trio. I like to see our ratings high because it gives the people who work with me a shot in the arm. Although sponsors have assured me that they pay no attention to them, I notice that they send me exultant post cards when our ratings soar."

"I'm ashamed to admit it," I said, "but I don't know who was on opposite you last season. Who was your competition? I guess I'm not a station flipper."

"Last winter," he said, "there were two shows on against us, *I've Got a Secret* and *Hawaiian Eye*. *Hawaiian Eye* came on strong. Naturally I never got to see it, but I heard it was good. We had our problems with those two shows, but not anything frightening. They haven't been doing that well."

"It works both ways," I said. "I'm told that Jackie Gleason once had a problem with you too."

"To use a stale phrase," Como said, "that's show business. But it's no fun if you get caught in one of those traps. The truth is that you get the really big, big ratings when there's nothing hot opposite you. On the other hand, you need competition to keep you sharp. Without competition you grow fat and careless on a diet of false security."

"You went to Princeton! Do something!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I said, "Let's get to the play by play of how you spend your week. How about starting with Friday night and taking me through a typical week. I'd like to know exactly how you put an N.B.C. TV show together."

He said, "On Fridays we start work in a conference room with a piano in it, and early in the afternoon Goodie Ace, our chief writer, reads our script to us. The script has been prepared with our guest star in mind, whoever he or she may be. We put in a couple of hours making any necessary changes in Goodie's script, and then our music men come in. There's our musical conductor, Mitch Ayres. He has a lot to do with putting our arrangements together, and his arrangers are with him in case he needs them. Mitch has been with me for twelve years. We've grown up together. And Ray Charles is there too."

"What does Ray do?" I asked.

"Everything," Como said. "He's our choral man, with a brilliantly trained choir. He also does special lyrics if we need them. Then there's a producer and a director to be consulted while I fit in the songs. If our guest is doing a ballad, I try not to do a ballad. My idea is to pick the show up or let it lie there snoring quietly, whichever it needs. We certainly don't want all ballads or all bouncy tunes. Incidentally, we have a library of twenty thousand arrangements, mostly standards, to choose from. Also we try to put in a pop tune if there's one current and it's not too bad. If it is, we fall back on the standards again."

"I've noticed that the standards are the backbone of your show," I said. "I'm a big standard guy myself."

"They are," he agreed. "But I don't want to keep our show too much in the past. Some good new things come out occasionally. While we're fiddling with the music, the production staff is in an adjoining room behind a sliding partition, working out the sets and the scenery. If we need any advice from each other, we rap on the partition. We work until five or six or even seven o'clock, and when we're through, we lower a few blasts of Scotch and go home. I take Saturday off and come back to work on Sunday. Sunday is our first meeting with our guest star. Sometimes the guest is someone I've known for years, other times we get new kids.

"We meet our guest and we find out if he's happy with our script, and make sure what it is he is going to sing. We seldom pick his songs for him. The guest may come in with recordings of things he's done, as a suggestion, or a song he has had specially arranged. Then I go over my own songs again and make up my mind whether I like them or not. If a song doesn't come off, we take it out and put in something else, even if it's as late as the day of the show itself."

I said, "Your library of twenty thousand tunes already arranged sounds enormously valuable."

"It is," Como agreed. "It cost millions. When I left Chesterfield for Kraft, they gave me the musical library we had accumulated while I was with them. It was of no use to them, and it was like giving me ten million dollars. Having a standard song arranged runs to two, three or even five thousand dollars. Sometimes more. The men who do such work are paid by the bar."

Thinking of guys who frequent bars and brag about it, I couldn't help giving vent to something I thought was funny, which popped into my mind, "What a business that would be for Dean Martin or Joe E. Lewis."

Como grimly ignored my feeble joke. "Of course," he went on, "when enough years pass, we (*Continued on Page 102*)

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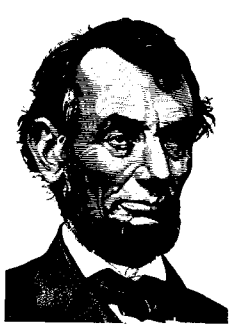
Warning to young fathers—from one who became "uninsurable."



If you're like a lot of young married men, you probably own less life insurance than you really need—figuring you can buy more later.

But you can't be sure. Every year thousands of men become "uninsurable"—unable to buy more life insurance anywhere at any price. If this should happen to you, you could never give your family adequate insurance protection.

That's why it pays to look into a Lincoln Life *guaranteed insurability plan* while you're young and healthy. If you own such a plan, it guarantees you the right to buy until age 40 specified amounts of additional life insurance—*no matter how poor your health becomes.*

If, for example, you buy a maximum $10,000 plan before you're 25, you'll have six opportunities—at three-year intervals—to buy additional $10,000 amounts. By age 40 you could own $70,000 of life insurance without having provided further proof of insurability.

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(*Continued from Page 100*) have to redo our library of arrangements. Musical styles change."

"What do you do Mondays?" I asked.

"Mondays we move into one of the two rehearsal studios we lease," he said, "and we revise just about everything we did Sunday. If there are any duets, we work on them. In the meantime, the dancers are downstairs rehearsing. Monday night we put the whole thing together in an even bigger studio. By this time there are a lot of people milling around, maybe twenty singers, six to fifteen dancers, the guest star and the technical crew.

"On Tuesday, the day before our show, our band moves into the Ziegfeld Theater at nine in the morning and rehearses until twelve. I come in at eleven-thirty or twelve, and we rehearse my numbers. By this time everyone else has been working for three or four hours—the dance numbers have already been gone over, the guest's numbers have been run through. At one-thirty we do a complete dry run. That gives our director a chance to see what he's going to do. Then we break until four. At four o'clock we get on camera and, since we're a color show, we have to be on camera for parts of two days for the benefit of the technical crew. Usually at first the lighting isn't right. In fact, nothing is right except that they know roughly where the cameras are going to be come Wednesday. This can go on from four until eleven o'clock at night, depending on the show we've got.

"The next day I don't come back until three in the afternoon. The others get in at eight o'clock that morning and have one more technical run-through. When I arrive, we have another run-through on stage from three to five-thirty. We start, stop and start again, depending on who's balling things up and where. Then from six until seven, or sometimes from six-thirty to seven-thirty we have a dress rehearsal. Everybody is in costume but me. This is when we decide if the make-up is right and whether what the various people are wearing is O.K.

"We let an audience into the theater for the dress rehearsal as well as the show itself. That rehearsal audience gets a kick out of being there, and we're glad they're on hand so we can bounce our show against them and get their reaction.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I've skipped something. Just before the dress, we all take turns sitting in the theater, making notes of things on stage that should be changed. If there are cuts to be made—if the show is long or short—we find it out then. Usually it's too long. Our show has been too short only once in six years."

"How do you lick your overlength problem?" I asked him.

"We cut a little of the script," Como said, "or, instead of doing two choruses of a song, we may do a chorus and a half, or instead of walking slowly we walk a little faster."

"How many minutes do you really have?" I asked.

"Actually about fifty-seven," he said. "The commercials and the camera movements take the rest of it. Anyway, if we end up with a sixty-three or sixty-four-minute show in dress rehearsal, the raw egg hits the electric fan.

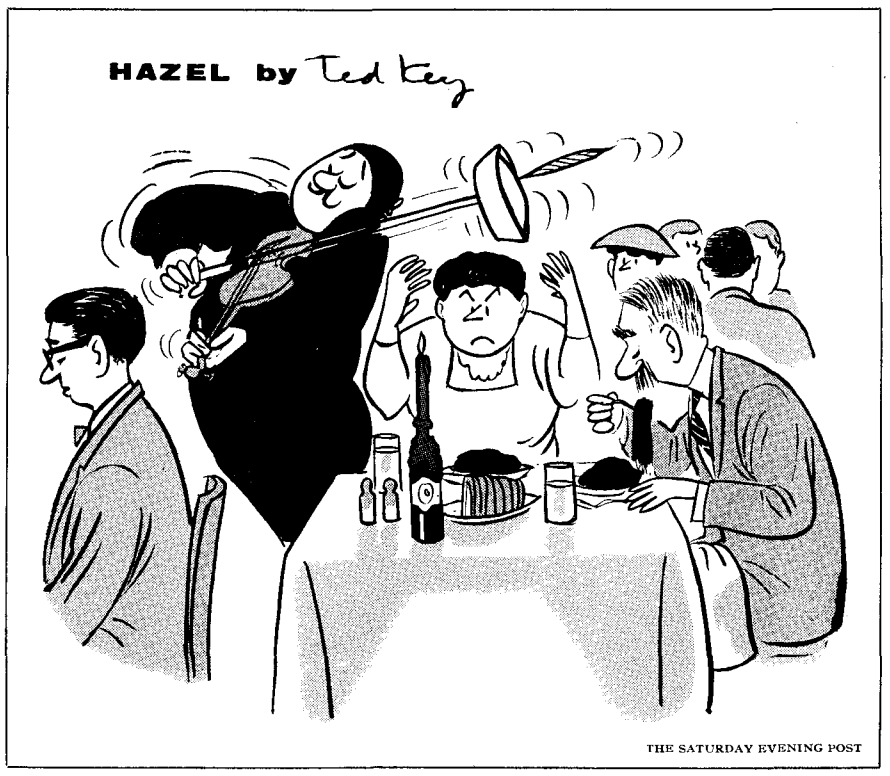
"I can always solve things by cutting out one of my songs. That's all right with me. I'm going to be there next week, and our guest stars aren't. Also, it's not polite to cut a guest too much. They come in happy and expectant and eager, with their numbers arranged, and I can't find it in my heart to prune their part of the show too much. Consequently, you may have noticed that some weeks I do five or six songs and some weeks only three.

"After the dress rehearsal everybody gets off stage—sometimes we get off as late as eight-thirty before a nine o'clock deadline. A little while before air time, Frank Gallup, our announcer, comes out and warms up our live audience. Ten seconds before the show goes on I walk onto the stage. I say 'Hello,' and off we go. As you know, we're through at ten o'clock. Then a few of us go to my favorite restaurant, a tiny place on Third Avenue which serves delicious Italian food.

"We toss off a few blasts to calm our stomachs and have a bite to eat, and I get home about two or two-thirty in the morning. Once I'm home, I try to sleep, but my eyes usually are wide open until six while I wonder what I've been doing for a week. One day later, I go back and start all over again."

"When do you do your recording?"

"I don't record much these days," he said. "Right now R.C.A. is angry at me.



They called me yesterday and said, 'We've been waiting for you for six months. When are you going to begin your next album?' They pushed me pretty hard, and in a way that's fine. Somebody has to stay on top of me to get me to do all these extra things like recording. Nowadays if I make a record and it becomes a hit, I'm happy moneywise, but I'm a lot happier because it's on top of the list."

"Pride?" I suggested.

"With me it's more that now than anything else," he agreed. "If I work for three hours, recording, and nothing happens, my pride is bruised."

"What was your last million-copy song?" I asked.

"It was *Catch a Falling Star*, I think." He smiled wryly. "It's funny, but I didn't want to make most of the twelve golden records I've recorded."

"Did somebody force you into them?" I asked.

"'Forced' is not exactly the word," he said. "They'd just tell me, 'You may be right, but why not try doing it our way?' If I'd recorded only the songs I wanted to record, I'd still be working in a barber-shop."

I said, "Some friends of mine have just moved to Sands Point, not far from where you live. They tell me they go to church each Sunday hoping to hear you sing."

"I haven't sung in a church in years," Como laughed. "I did a little singing with Ronnie when he was a choirboy at St. Peter's, but when his voice changed, that was that."

"Why did you sing at a church when you did?" I asked.

"I was trapped into it," he said. "I was sitting in a little loft with the choir and with Ronnie. I never sang with that choir as a member; I joined them unofficially. Then one Sunday for no reason the organist went into *Adeste Fideles* and shot me a look. When I realized that he was pointing at me, I wanted to crawl behind a curtain. *Sotto voce*, the organist insisted, 'Come on, sing it!' I could have killed him, because the minute I opened my mouth I was singing for an audience instead of being a member of a church congregation. Heads turned and looked at me, and I was embarrassed because I was disrupting the service."

I said, "I gather the church you attend is a small church, almost a chapel."

Como said, "You must mean Our Lady of Fatima. That's really our church, but I do go to St. Peter's occasionally for a couple of reasons. If I get into the habit of going to a particular Mass, the first thing I know I've got an audience again. When that happens, I go to the other church, or instead of going to eleven-o'clock Mass, I go to the twelve-fifteen or the ten o'clock Mass. Otherwise the neighborhood kids get a little too carried away by their fan fever. It's ridiculous, but I just give them a fatherly look or a pat on the head or the fanny because they're cute. They don't know that they're embarrassing me, but they make me feel like a show-off."

He changed the subject. "Occasionally," he said, "I do repulsive eating."

"You mean 'compulsive,'" I said. "I have the same trouble. When I'm nervous or I'm worrying about something, I raid the icebox and pantry hourly on the hour."

"'Repulsive' describes it far better," Como said. "I really fluctuate. I can go from a low of one hundred and sixty-five pounds to a high of one hundred and ninety in a relatively short period. If I go over one hundred and seventy, I feel bloaty. When that happens, I stop drinking and start belting fresh fruit and beef. In a week I can take off as much as ten pounds. But," he added sadly, "I go on a spaghetti binge once or twice a year, and I'm pigeon for calories."

"Tell me about your tipping habits," I said. "I've been told that since you don't go out very much, when you do, you like to spread a little joy."

"When it comes to tipping," he said, "I'm pretty bad. I never know how much to tip, so I overtip. Take Italy. I overtipped so much there that even our hired chauffeur bawled me out. It's my worst vice; and when I'm out on someone else's expense account, I'm even more vice-ridden." He grinned. "I guess it's all right to tell you this one now. About twelve years ago, when I was working for Chesterfield, they sent me out to Beverly Hills, California, for seven weeks to tape our radio shows. But I guess they weren't quite used to my spending habits. Anyway, when we checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel, the tab for my sleeping quarters was a hundred and twenty-five dollars a day."

I said, "You must have moved into one of their bungalows."

"I did," he said, "and I took the bungalow next door for two of the people who were working with me. When I added their bill to mine, it came to two hundred and fifty a day just for sleeping and sitting. When our breakfast of a cup of coffee and some orange juice was brought out to us, it was convoyed by two captains and three waiters. I had a feeling that that called for a twenty-dollar tip. What with one thing and another, by the time the seven weeks were over and Chesterfield got the results, Jack Katz said to me ——"

"Who's Jack Katz?" I interrupted.

Como said, "My attorney. He's also a very good friend of mine and a very strong guy who's been doing chores for me for fifteen years. Anyway, he took a look at my bill and said, 'How will I get the nerve to show them this thing? It looks like the war debt.'"

"How much was it?" I asked.

"A little over twenty thousand," Como said. "In the end Chesterfield paid it fairly peacefully, although they were a little balky at first."

We both laughed awhile, and then I said, "It is my considered opinion that you are a happy man."

"If I weren't happy doing what I'm doing, I wouldn't do it," he said.

I reminded him. "Some people do things they're not happy doing."

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I have my unhappy moments. I even have unhappy days, especially when we've beat our brains out all week long and then somebody tells me, 'This week our rating wasn't so hot.' That can make me feel sick in my stomach. I'd like to pretend that I'm one of those jolly boys who, when they have a bad rating, say to hell with it. I say that too, but I don't mean it. There's too much involved to be all that unconcerned.

"We all have a tendency to get a little bitter at times," he went on, "but when I hear people who are in this business start criticizing television viciously, it burns me up. This sort of thing usually comes from performers who haven't made the grade, and you can put it down to jealousy. I've never heard Bob Hope or Jack Benny or Dinah Shore rap television. I don't do it myself. I'm a dedicated TV fan. Maybe," he said, grinning, "that's because I'm working; although I suppose some people think I shouldn't be. If I suddenly found myself on the outside looking in, I'm sure I could find a slew of things wrong with television. I'll bet you could find a lot of things wrong with *The Saturday Evening Post* if they fired you."

"That," I said earnestly, "is not my idea of a happy way of achieving critical wisdom."

This is the last of three articles about Perry Como. —THE EDITORS

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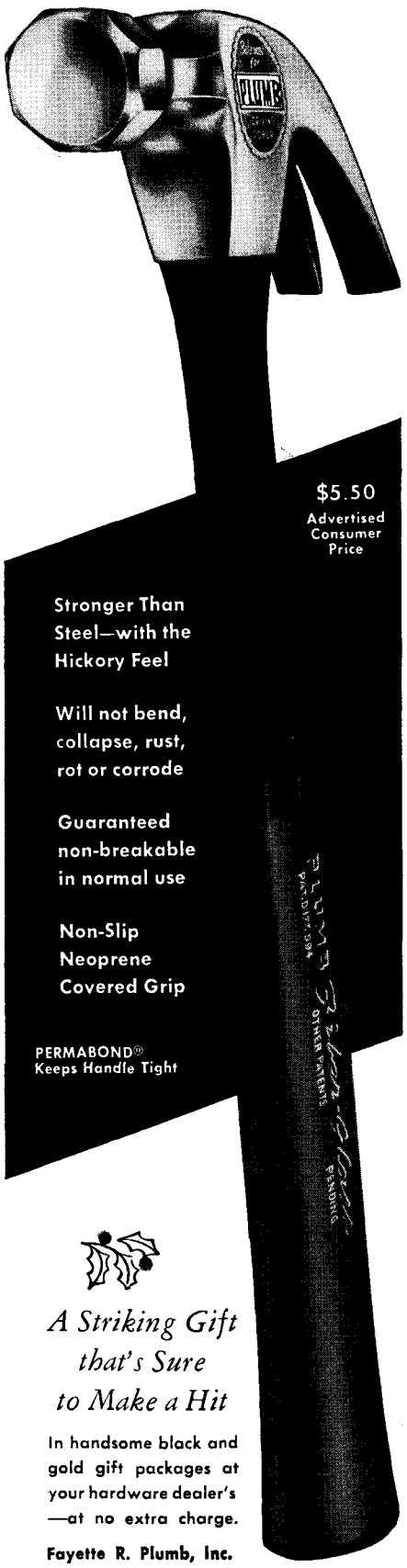

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Keeping Posted

Humor Is a Funny Thing

In the world of POST SCRIPTS character Heinrich Schnibble, a dog is a barkenpantensniffer and a dog catcher is a barkenpantensniffer-snatcher. Consequently, when the following item from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* was called to our attention, we suspected that Schnibble's creator, **Dave Morrah** of Greensboro, North Carolina, was pulling a fast one on the Associated Press.

Seidenstriker Really is a Sideswiper

SHELBY, N.C. (AP).—A Charlotte motorist was ordered to pay the court costs here after his car struck the side of another.

The motorist's name: John A. Seidenstriker.

Readers who dig Morrah's seiden-splitters will be pleased to learn that a new volume of Deutscher-doubletalk will be published by Doubleday next week, under the title, *Who Ben Kaputen Der Robin?* It consists of fifty-nine of Mein Grossfader's Rhymers und Fable Tellen, a majority of which first appeared in POST SCRIPTS.

Dave Morrah.

When Morrah began writing and illustrating his Deutscherdoubletalk tales, almost fifteen years ago, he knew only a few words of German. He still knows only the same few words—yet he hasn't been able to squelch the impression that Schnibble is Morrah's alter ego. Not long ago a friend of Morrah spotted several Morrah volumes in a San Francisco bookstore and just for fun he asked the clerk what she knew about the author. "A very amusing man," she replied. "He's an aged German refugee who is trying to adapt himself to writing in English."

POST SCRIPTS contributor **Robert Fontaine** never has been taken for an aged German refugee. But—and this is more irritating to a humorist—he *has* been taken seriously. His August thirteenth satire, MY POLITICAL PLATFORM, so amused Massachusetts State Sen. Kevin B. Harrington that the senator decided to read it to a service-club gathering he had been asked to address.

"I am for the people, always," the senator read, trying to keep a straight face. "I am for justice. Anyone who is opposed to justice or the people or nice weather is my enemy." To his surprise, there was a ripple of applause, which increased when he read, "I demand the Federal Government assist the states in better schooling, bigger dams, more post offices and relief to stricken cotton, tung nut, catalpa bean, carrot, lettuce, peanut, Spanish moss and 'chittling' growers, at the same time keeping their hands off the states whose rights are inalienable." The Boston *Herald* reported that the conclusion of the recitation was marked by a table-thumping ovation and that one listener told the senator, "For years I've believed in all those things you were saying today, but not until today have I heard anybody express them so clearly and forcefully. Thank you."

"*Himmel!*" Herr Schnibble might have said had he witnessed this dismaying lesson in practical politics. "Mit outenspouten das sameish foolischer speechen meinself ben electen barkenpantensniffersnatcher!"

Our Unathletic Authors

When we mentioned **Victor Cohn** on this page two years ago, we casually noted that the Cohns are able to play tennis and swim and skate within a block or so of their Minneapolis home. We didn't intend to portray Vic and his wife, Marcella, as another George and Babe Zaharias; but they took a ribbing, nonetheless, from neighbors who had the impression that weed pulling is Vic's most violent form of exercise. The picture at right was taken to silence neighborhood hecklers once and for all. Exhibited here are "just a few items out of our vast array of household sporting equipment, each piece of which has been used at least once by some member of the family."

Readers of the Minneapolis *Tribune* know Cohn not as an athlete but as an able interpreter of the worlds of science and medicine. He is vice president of the National Association of Science Writers and the only two-time recipient of the George Westinghouse Prize, awarded annually for newspaper science writing by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Like all good reporters, Cohn is a dogged researcher. He declares that while he was researching THE MARVELOUS MAYOS, his article series which starts on page 19, his car learned by heart the eighty-five-mile route from Minneapolis to the Mayo Clinic.

Debbie, Vic, Mar, Phyllis and Jeff Cohn.

"Mornings I write," says **Willard Temple,** of Santa Barbara, California. "Afternoons I play golf or tennis." Evidence of Temple's writing is on page 22 (MONEY ON HER MIND), and as for evidence of his athletic prowess—"Recently I entered an open tennis tournament and was upended in the first round. My golf handicap is thirteen, which means I shoot in the eighties and dream of getting that seventy-nine." Temple compensates for his golf-course frustrations by expounding occasionally on his glory days as a prep-school pitcher, when he planned to succeed Carl Hubbell as the meal ticket of the New York Giants. His wife and three daughters graciously tolerate these orations, to a point. When it's time for old dad to come down to earth, they refer him to the fattest headline in his scrapbook—TEMPLE POUNDED HARD IN EARLY INNINGS.

Speaking of sports—we assigned photographer **Frank Ross** to cover last month's Navy-Notre Dame game, to get pictures of **Jim Henry** (WE CALL THE PENALTIES, page 31) calling penalties. Ross failed to produce the asked-for pictures, but did produce a reasonable excuse: For the second time in his eighteen years of college officiating, Henry worked a game without detecting a single infraction.

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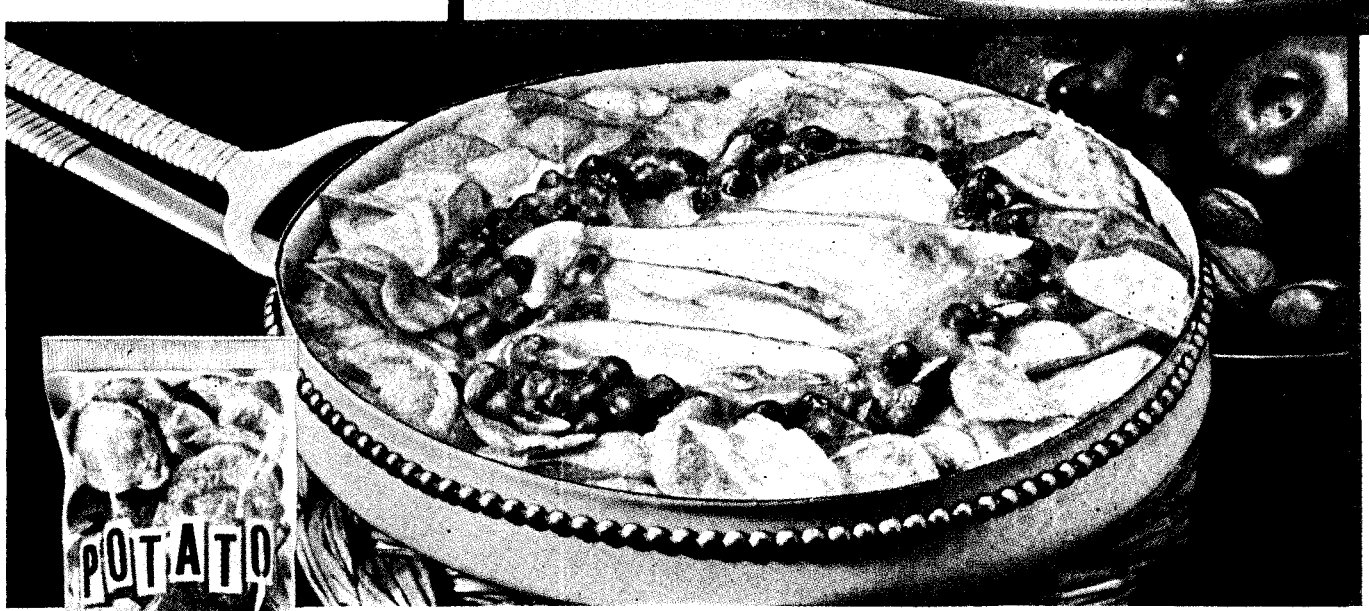
3 great Holiday Dishes...made with cellophane-fresh potato chips!

PARTY HAM CASSEROLE

Brown ⅓ cup each minced onion and celery in 3 tbsp. shortening. Blend in ¼ cup flour, 2 tsp. dry mustard, ¼ tsp. pepper. Stir in 2 cups milk; boil sauce 1 min., stirring constantly. Fold in 2 cups cooked ham strips, 1 can sliced mushrooms, 1 cup each cooked green beans and sliced carrots, drained; heat. Sprinkle 1 cup coarsely crumbled chips in 1½-qt. casserole; add ham mixture. Top with 1 cup crumbled chips. Bake at 375°F. 20 min. 5 servings.

GALA PIMENTO-NUT DIP

Soften 2 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese. Blend cheese with 3 to 4 tbsp. light cream until smooth. Stir in ½ cup chopped ripe olives, ⅓ cup chopped walnuts, 2 tbsp. chopped pimento, 2 drops bottled hot pepper sauce. Cover bowl and chill 1 to 2 hours to blend flavors. Serve as dip for potato chips. Garnish with chopped parsley. And if you desire, you may add more chopped walnuts and chopped ripe olives for extra-rich flavor. Makes about 1½ cups of dip.



TURKEY JUBILEE

Dissolve 2 chicken bouillon cubes in 2 cups hot water; thicken with 2 tbsp. cornstarch and gently boil gravy 1 min. Add ½ tsp. savory, ¼ tsp. oregano, 1 cup cooked peas, ⅓ cup each chopped onion and slivered almonds, ¼ cup chopped pimento. Sprinkle 1 cup coarsely crumbled chips in 1½-qt. casserole; arrange 9 slices cooked turkey or 2 cups diced cooked turkey over chips. Pour hot gravy over. Top with 1 cup crumbled chips. Bake at 375°F. 20 min. 6 servings.

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